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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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ELVA IN THE CLOVER

H. F. PAGE.

Elva sitting in the clover,
  Blooms breeze-tangled with thy hair:
April rain-racks sailing over
  Dash soft shower-drops on thee there.

One brief moment shadow lingers
  Then the sun burst comes again;
And those careless pink-tipped fingers
  Stray midst blossoms dashed with rain.

Glows the April sky the clearer
  For the clouds that hovered there;
And thy charms, my love, are dearer,
  For the rain mist in thy hair!

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THE INFLUENCE OF THE PANAMA CANAL ON THE SOUTH

JOHN HENRY BURNETT.

It has been said that St. Louis is to be the future great city of the world, while New Orleans is our destined commercial center. The Panama Canal will have a decisive influence upon these old predictions. The ambitions of St. Louis to become a seaport, by way of the Gulf of Mexico and the Great Lakes, will be realized through the aid of the isthmian waterway.

By the capture of Constantinople in 1453, the Turks thrust themselves across the routes, by which the silks, perfumes and precious stones of India and China were carried by caravans, through the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and on the Mediterranean to the western nations, and Europe was compelled to seek an ocean route to Asia. It was this that started Columbus across the unknown Atlantic in 1492, and six years later sent Da Gama, the Portugese navigator, down along the coast of Africa, around the Cape of Good Hope, through the Indian Ocean and into the Bay of Bengal. This all-ocean route killed Genoa, Florence, and Venice as trade centers, built up some of Portugal's ports, and ultimately made the fortune of Holland. The discovery of Columbus made the Spain of Charles the Fifth almost as powerful in the world's politics, as was Rome in the time of Cæsar and of Trajan.

In a similar way will the Panama Canal shift trade currents and build up new centers of empire. The Panama gateway between the world's two great oceans will establish new balances, and shift the country's trade center to the Mississippi Valley. The states of that region contain such

a vast natural wealth, and are so advantageously situated for development that they alone can sustain a population, greater than the population in the United States today. This vast wealth has remained undeveloped until the present time, but with the Panama Canal it will no longer remain idle.

"The nation," said Sir Walter Raleigh, "which controls the isthmus of Darien is master of the world." The waters of the Gulf and the Carribean are a strategic point, from which the United States would be open to assault in a war between this country and a great naval power. With our control over Panama we gain a mastery in our southern seas which adds vastly to our prestige in the western hemisphere, and which increases our influence throughout the world.

Through the Panama Canal will flow all the commerce from Europe and our Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi Valley, bound to the western coasts of the United States and South America. Through it also most of the east and west coasts of South America as well as the two coasts of Canada will communicate with each other. It will be the busiest waterway in the world. It will become the point at which the trade streams from the four quarters of the Globe converge.

The great changes in trade currents, the making of new currents, and the creation of new trade, will make the canal a revolutionary force in civilization. The activity of the Southern States will become greater and greater; new cities will spring up and old cities will grow larger. Then will the South become the recognized leader in trade and commerce. "Her soul will be stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day will fall fair on her face, and she will thrill with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity." She will be the great factor in making the United States the greatest nation in the world.

The North has come to realize that the development of the South means the enrichment of the nation. "It was the leveling of an empire in the West that relieved and enriched the East as well as the West." The enormous energies used in that task, unparelleled in the magnitude of the work, and greatness of reward to all, are now seeking new fields of investment, and the only spot on earth sufficient for them and within their reach is the South. "From the great mountain ranges that form its backbone, innumerable streams and rivers flow to the Atlantic and the Gulf." Thus will the Panama Canal cause all nations to recognize that Dixie is the richest and most beautiful portion of God's earth.

The Canal's economic, social and political consequences will be vast. It will not only strengthen our hold on the islands of the Pacific, but it will give us an imperative reason for insisting on the preservation of the open door in China, and will make the United States a power in the politics of Asia. Jefferson's vision of a confederated West Indies under a United States protectorate was something more than a dream. Porto Rico belongs to us; Cuba will one day be a state of the Union. The aspirations of Jamaica and the other British islands of the Caribbean for annexation may be gratified, ultimately, by a friendly arrangement with England. The President of Mexico has predicted that within half a century, that country will ask for political union. The protectorate over Panama is only a preliminary to annexation, and the rest of Central America will sooner or later be with us. By the shifting of trade routes an immense impetus will be given to the forces of political gravitation, which are drawing the Dominion to the United States.

With the focus of its social and political activities firmly fixed in its Great Central Plain, the American republic, be-

fore the midnight bell rings out the first quarter of the twentieth century, will be filling a larger place in the world's affairs, than did Spain under the mighty Charles the Fifth. Then never did song of conquest thrill the hearts of victorious soldiers, as will the song of Dixie thrill the hearts of Southern men. And every man in this Union who is loyal to his country

> "Will join with me in my song of praise,
> And tell the world, that since the world began,
> No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
> Or given a home to man."

WHEN PRECAUTION PLAYED A PART

LEVY L. CARPENTER.

Four or five men were seated around the front of the principal store in the little town of Derby. There was Cy Fetler, a young man, a rural mail carrier, who had just come in from his day's round; Bill Irvin, a farmer who lived in the edge of the town; and besides two or three others, there was Jake Ward, a venerable old man who had retired from active business. Jake Ward was honored in his country as a man of parts; he always led the topic of conversation in whatever little crowd he happened to be.

Cy Fetler, on this summer afternoon, had just told of meeting with a dangerous looking character that day who he believed intended to rob him.

"Talking about being robbed," spoke up Jake Ward, "nobody ever had such an experience as I had."

"Uncle Jake is going to tell us an exciting story of road agents out West, now," said Bill Irvin. "Go ahead, uncle."

Jake Ward reached over and cut off with his knife a small piece of wood from the further end of the box on which he was sitting. Then looking straight at Bill Irvin, he began:

"No, Bill; this didn't happen in the West, but right here in Georgia. It was a good many years ago when I was hauling from Harlem for old man Tom Sutton's store. There was no railroad here then; and you know it is twenty miles from here to Harlem. All the merchandise for the stores had to be hauled in wagons that distance. I had four good mules, and a strong, heavy wagon with which to haul regular.

"The bank had just been started here in Derby. I always had to bring the money from Harlem for the bank. One day,

about this time of year, Mr. Groves, who was then president of the bank here, gave me an order for one thousand dollars in cash to be brought from the Exchange Bank at Harlem. Well, on that day I reached town all right, and got my load of freight ready to start back by about 5 o'clock that evening. I then stopped up town to get the money which I had to bring. I was always careful that nobody, who would seem suspicious, saw me when I got money from the bank. This time there were no visitors in the bank at all. The cashier gave me a sack full of money, and I placed it in a bucket in the front part of my wagon. Just as I stepped from the bank I saw two negroes loitering on the sidewalk—one was a large, dangerous looking negro; the other of medium height and not so fierce in his eyes. I didn't at any time think that they had an eye on me.

"Ten miles from town on the right of the road there was a place in the woods where I generally camped out at night, and came into Derby the next morning. It was too far to make the trip in one day. That evening I had to hurry to get to my camping ground by night. I reached there just as it began to get dark. Taking out my mules at once, I tied them close together to some small pine trees, and fed them. I then built a beggarly camp fire, and ate my supper there alone. After eating my lunch I sat there and smoked awhile. Two or three boys, who lived near by, came and chatted with me for several minutes. They all knew I camped there, and so they would come and spend some time with me to hear the news from town. The boys didn't stay long that night. After they left I placed a big oil-cloth over the wagon; fixed my fire so it would hold as long as possible; and then I prepared my little bunk beside a large oak tree. I always slept when in the woods with my Colt convenient under my head.

"I was aroused twice during the night by a sprinkle of

rain. Late in the night I was about half asleep when I thought I heard something rustle in the leaves; and in a few minutes something rattled about the wagon. I was awake at once; and springing to my feet I just caught a glimpse of two negroes in the feeble moonlight. The tall negro was seen jumping from the wagon with a small sack hugged to his breast. If you ever saw negroes run, they ran; and I was right after them. They turned through the woods and across a bottom thick with undergrowth. I was wild with excitement because I just knew they had that thousand dollars. I fired six times but didn't stop them. A little blood was seen on the leaves the next morning—I must have hit one of them.

"I rushed back to my wagon, looked into the bucket in which I had put the money. My heart was in my throat—the money was gone!

"Then I happened to remember that before night I had taken up several sacks of flour and dropped the bag of money to the bottom of the wagon; and then covered it with flour. Hurriedly making a way to the bottom—there was the money. I seized it with delight. The negroes had escaped with a small bag of iron bolts which I was taking to a store at Derby—not money, as they supposed."

"Uncle Jake, you got to Derby with the money all right, didn't you?" asked Bill Irvin.

"Sure, I did," replied the aged Jake Ward, "but those negroes never intended that I should. Nothing but my precaution in placing it under the flour saved the money."

A SABIAN'S PRAYER *

Divine Astrea, stella mea,
Spirit, fairy, angel dea,
Fairer than all nymphs or naiads,
Lovelier than the clustered pleiads.
Hear my prayer,
My invocation—
My heart's desire—
My invocation.

Guard me from all vain delusions,
Save me from insane conclusions,
Tell me if you love or hate,
E'en reveal to me my fate—
And forever
Stella dea,
I'll adore thee,
Princess mea.

*This prayer is supposed to have been used by Nimrod the Great at Babel (Babylon) about the time of the confusion of tongues. Hence the slight mixing of the language (or languages).

THE CALL OF PUBLIC HEALTH

CHARLES I. ALLEN.

Through all the ages while man has been climbing the ladder of civilization, which lifted him from a state of savagery to his present height of attainment, he has been confronted with problems and difficulties, which have arisen from the varied activities to which he has lent his energies. And now when he has overcome the difficulties of the past, has reached what seems to be the topmost rung in the ladder of civilization; now after he has invented a system of government and founded a religion which acts as a panacea for all the social, political and moral aches and pains to which mankind is heir, he finds himself face to face with the greatest problem ever brought to the forum of human thoughts. For in the problem of disease he has one that is sapping his own life away and which causes him to ask for the first time: "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own life?"

For thousands of years man has accepted the theory that disease was the wrath of an unknown god, and upon this theory he (though active in other matters) has been content to stand idly by and see the life cord of loved ones snapped in twain by this invisible wrath. But scientists with the heart cry of the suffering ringing in their ears, and with the realization of what life means have turned their minds toward eliminating disease. That monster—the vastness of whose devastation and whose far-reaching effects have only recently begun to be realized, and that agency which for thousands of years has been laying its clammy hands upon the young and the old, the poor and the rich and hastening them, untimely, into an unknown world, began to reveal its

secrets before the scrutiny of such stately oaks in the forest of humanity as Pasteur and Robert Koch. And the theory that disease was the wrath of an unknown god upon which man has consoled the death of loved ones who in reality died from preventable diseases has been disrobed. And it has been found that most diseases are caused by certain specific micro-organisms. Upon this fact rests the birth of preventive medicine, sanitation, the modern triumphs of medicine and the hope of its progress in the future. And these achievements so early in their birth have brought forth the sweetest aroma in the urn of man's accomplishments. For it is through them that science has proved that disease and death can be controlled to an appreciable degree; and it is through them that we can truly say with Pasteur: "It is within the power of man to rid himself of every parasitic disease."

We are told that in the United States during the next three or four minutes ten or twelve people will die; the next sixty minutes will be the hour of death for 175 others, and tomorrow's sun will set on 4,000 new-made graves, while as many undertakers will make preparation for tomorrow's repetition of today's tragedy. This means that there is an average of 1,500,000 deaths in this country annually, with 4,200,000 on the sick list, involving the comfort and well-being of 5,000,000 homes and 25,000,000 people. After a careful study of these figures Professor Fisher and other experts tell us, that more than a third of this annual sick and death rate, a tax upon the resources of the nation almost beyond belief, is caused by preventable diseases. About 150,000 of these deaths every year are caused by tuberculosis, 50,000 from typhoid fever and the balance from other like diseases which should be considered a reproach to our civilization. As an argument in favor of peace we are told that 210,000 men lost their lives in both armies during the

five years of war between the states. As an ever stronger argument in favor of better health laws and methods of living it should be known that during the Spanish-American war sixteen soldiers lost their lives from disease for every one killed in battle, and during the last five years in this country 750,000 people have lost their lives from tuberculosis alone, 250,000 from typhoid fever and 6,500,000 from other like diseases, which ought not to have occurred. In striking contrast with this reckless disregard of health and life, which has no parallel in any other progressive nation, it should be a cause of shame to have to record that within the last ten years, congressmen who are supposed to have the interest of the people at heart, have appropriated $40,000,000 to the Department of Agriculture and it is now proposed that $250,000,000 more be appropriated to prevent tick fever in cattle, cholera in hogs and to protect other commercial interests, while in all our history medical men have never been able to induce those in authority to lift a hand or spend a dollar to protect the homes of the people, the men, women and children, more valuable than all other interests combined, from the domestic pestilences which levy an annual tax upon them just as real and far heavier than that imposed for all governmental activities.

Have we drifted so far into commercialism as to value animal life above human life? Is this the boasted land of liberty which can not stand to see labor crucified upon a cross of gold, but which does stand to see its people crucified upon a cross of preventable diseases? It is, and that liberty and patriotism which allows preventable diseases to steal away the sands in the hourglass of its people, is but a farce.

In this state last year there were 33,400 deaths, of this number 14,028 were caused by preventable diseases. Tuberculosis leads the list with 4,760 to its credit. Up until a few years ago it apparently baffled all efforts of which man

was capable, but today it is slowly and surely giving way to the great fight which is being waged against it. German government statistics show, that at the present rate of decrease there will be no tuberculosis in the German empire after thirty years. Massachusetts has reduced its death rate sixty-three per cent. in the last fifty years. With this the most dreaded of all preventable diseases yielding as statistics show to sanitation and preventive measures; does it not behoove us, the people of the great commonwealth of North Carolina, to bestir ourselves in behalf of the 4,760 who die annually in this state from tuberculosis. For life is as dear to the people of North Carolina as it is to the people of Germany and Massachusetts.

Human life has a value that can not be estimated in dollars and cents. It has a value that can not be expressed in words, and we can only feel it when we see some heart-broken mother from whose heart strings have been torn the chubby fingers of a child, and who hears no one call her that sweetest and tenderest of words "mother." And as we look upon this vast cemetery of 14,028 graves filled by victims of preventable diseases in this state last year; think of the heartaches of those who mourn them, the pain, suffering and lost opportunities of those who slumber beneath the clods; then we can say with Gray:

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rods of empire might have swayed,
  Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
  Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless heart
  The little tyrant of his field withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Disregarding the suffering and economical loss caused by disease, there are many other reasons, which should bestir the very best efforts in us in the prevention of the same. For within its lair may be found the tap roots of poverty, insanity, suicide and the problems of depopulation of which we hear so much. And the great social problem which remains the blot upon our civilization has inexplicably blended with it two preventable diseases, which have caused nine-tenths of all racial degeneracy and whose untoward effects on the progress of the human race has been greater than that produced by all the wars and famines since the history of mankind. One of these diseases is transmitted from generation to generation and innocent children have to bear upon their tender shoulders the sins of their parents. While the other robs 5,000 children yearly of that dearest of all senses, sight. And the sad, pathetic faces of the blind depict too well the story of eternal darkness.

In preventive medicine, sanitation and eugenics we have the means of eradicating all of these problems, and of keeping undefiled our bodies made in the image of the great God who gave us life.

And as Professor Fisher has said: "The conservation of health will promote conservation of other resources by keeping and strengthening the faculty of foresight, for a normal and healthy race of men and such alone—will enact the laws or develop the public sentiment needed to conserve natural resources for generations yet unborn. The problem of the conservation of our natural resources is therefore not a series of independent problems, but a coherent, all-embracing whole. If our nation cares to make any provision for its grandchildren and great grandchildren, this problem must include conservation in all its branches—but above all, the conservation of the racial stock itself."

The conservation of health is but one of the endeavors

which so permeates this century of liberating the human species from the drudgeries and pains of life. And toward this end the army of mankind is on the march, decrepit age and vigorous life and blooming youth and helpless infancy, pushing forward toward the ever-receding goal of perfect understanding, some on crutches, some in the pride of strength and health, some in the full blush of promise, and some at the mere dawn of life; the laggards and the weaklings fall by the wayside; the craven and unknightly are dropped from the rolls; but to the loyal and the steadfast, the faithful and unswevering, comes the victory of duty honestly performed, the benediction of having made the world a little better, safer place to dwell in. No blaring, tawdry triumph waits the sanitarian returning from the conquests of disease. For him a real triumph is given in the depths of his own heart, far better than most fulsome praise and richer than rewards of princes. Ours is the privilege of living in an age unequaled in the number and character of these victories; one by one the noiseless messengers of death and pain have been vanquished, and, though the battle is far from won, we have the inspiration of a supreme confidence in the successful outcome of the war for the health of the nation and the safety of the home.

To each of us is a part in this great war and when we as loyal citizens come to the realization of the menaces of preventable diseases, and tread them beneath the footsteps of time; then will we have solved the greatest of all problems toward having the great tree of life stand out, with no branch stunted, no leaf withered, no flower decayed. Then will the children of America, with the heritage of health coursing through their veins, arise and sing with a new meaning:

"My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty."

REFERENCES: North Carolina State Board of Health Bulletin. Annual Report of Secretary of Health, Kentucky, 1906-7. Some Present Day Health Activities, Medical Record, April 22, 1911.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MONA LISA

D. S. KENNEDY.

The air in the cafe was hot and nauseating with tobacco smoke. However, the half-secluded corner in which Louis Perdamon, the great French detective, and I sat was comparatively pleasant. Outside the dusk was settling, and here and there winked out suddenly the glimmer of a lighted lamp. Before us, just across the street, loomed the immensity of that great museum of art, the Louvre. In the gathering blackness the shining electric bulbs seen through the windows made the appearance of a huge, Argus-eyed monster. In that building were contained many of the world's masterpieces of painting. Out of there, about two months before, had been stolen the greatest pictured conception of a woman, the Mona Lisa.

For seven days, while awaiting the solution of the mystery, the world had stood on tiptoe with excitement. No conceivable reason could be assigned for the theft since it was evident that the holder of the picture could neither sell nor exhibit it openly. I knew that the Mona Lisa had been recovered through the efforts of my friend, Louis Perdamon, but had not heard the details of the search.

"The circumstances of the disappearance were rather peculiar, were they not?" remarked Perdamon.

"Very," I replied. Then, catching the meaning of his remark, I looked up in surprise.

"Nothing easier than to follow the course of your reflections," said Perdamon. "The sight of the Louvre would naturally raise in your mind the recent mystery connected with it. Do you recall the circumstances attending the theft?"

I related them briefly as follows. On the night of the twenty-second of August, the curators of the museum had closed the building, leaving everything secure, as they thought. The next morning they were astonished to find that the Mona Lisa had disappeared. The only clues to the disappearance were an open window, several splinters knocked off the window sill, and an abrasion of the paint on an upright column near the window, as if some object had been rubbed heavily across its surface.

The attendants could mention only one suspicious incident. Ten days before, on the twelfth of August—they remembered the date because the circumstance was unusual—a stranger, well dressed in an apparently new suit of clothes, had come to the museum early in the morning, and had stood for several hours gazing at the Mona Lisa. His chin, they said, was considerably whiter than the rest of his face. His eyes were an intense black. His glance, except when fastened on the Mona Lisa, seemed to shift uneasily and uncertainly from place to place. He would not engage in conversation with any of the visitors or attendants. This peculiar personage had made his visit not only once but every day up to the date of the theft. After that day he was not seen again, and there was absolutely no trace of his whereabouts.

"That does very well, my dear Konan," said Perdamon, "and now I will supplement your account with my own findings. As you say, the case seemed to be difficult in the extreme. And the most difficult part of all to the detectives was the seemingly complete lack of motive for the crime. We always look for a motive before we try to find the criminal. In this case the thief would be caught if he ever tried to sell the painting, and also it would be recognized if it were put upon exhibition in a private art gallery. Any man as clever as this particular one seemed to be would understand that at the outset. But Konan, my dear boy, this very in-

consistency gave me my clue. Listen. This constant visitor, supposing he were the thief, must have been a man of sense and ingenuity, mustn't he?"

"From the way in which he covered his tracks, I should say so," I replied.

"And from the fact that he openly excited the suspicions of the attendants what would you deduce?" Perdamon was leaning forward in his excitement.

"Probably that his judgment was to some extent impaired," said I.

"Exactly. Now look here."

Perdamon reached hastily into his inner coat pocket and drew forth a note-book, from which he extracted a newspaper clipping. Taking it, and translating from the French, I read as follows:

"PARIS, AUGUST 10TH—INSANE ASYLUM.—Monsieur Philippe LeBlanc, formerly a connoisseur of fine paintings, who has been for some time confined in the asylum for treatment of a mental weakness, last night escaped from his cell and was supposedly drowned in the near-by river. Some articles of clothing known to belong to him were found floating on the surface of the water. This fact has confirmed the belief in his death. The search for his body has been discontinued. Monsieur LeBlanc once lived near the Louvre in the most fashionable part of the city, and achieved a great deal of fame as an art critic."

"Now, tell me," cried Perdamon, "supposing LeBlanc to have lived and to be connected with the crime, what could have been his motive for desiring the picture?"

"Merely a love for its beauty," I replied.

"Some day," said Perdamon, slapping me on the back, "you will make a detective. You see where I got my clue. The following day I called at his former residence. The owner of the house had seen or heard nothing at all about him.

"This was disappointing, to say the least, for I was certain that he would return to his old home. As I walked back up

the street, I noticed a woman, a friend of mine who kept a boarding house, beckoning to me. I went to her door where she was standing and asked what was her desire. She seemed to be excited.

"'I have heard some unusual noises in my garret,' she said, 'and I wish you would please find out what it means. Sometimes I imagine I can hear a man's voice, as if some one were gibbering to himself.'

"The meaning of this communication," said Perdamon, "flashed upon me at once. I called up two policemen from their beats and we went to the garret doorway. There was no sound from within. 'All together, men,' I whispered, and at one blow we forced the door.

"As we did so the man who had been described to us sprang from a pile of rugs and ran at us furiously. After a struggle we overcame him. I dispatched him to the asylum in care of the two policemen and remained myself to search the garret. The Mona Lisa is a large picture and it would have been almost impossible to have concealed it in the garret, yet I continued to turn over rug after rug hopelessly. Nothing at all could be found of the great picture.

"It began to look as if I were upon the wrong track, still there was one more resource to fall back on before I gave up the clue. This resource was to attempt to frighten or cajole the lunatic into a confession.

"I ordered a taxi and proceeded to the asylum. At the door I was met by an attendant who told me it would at that time be impossible to see Monsieur LeBlanc—for it had proved to be he, in spite of the beard which he had shaved off. The attendant said that on the way to the asylum the prisoner had made a violent effort to escape and in the struggle had struck his head against a sharp corner of the carriage. As a result of the blow he was lying between life and death, suffering from concussion of the brain. The doctors entertained little hope of his recovery.

"I returned to my room much cast down. I was sure that LeBlanc was the criminal, but where was the Mona Lisa?

"Three days later I received a message from the manager of the asylum that I was wanted immediately. Feeling a premonition that glad news was awaiting me, I drove over quickly in a cab. I was ushered straight into the patient's room.

"As I entered I saw LeBlanc reclining in bed. He was weak and white, but his eyes seemed to show the glimmer of reason. I sat down and looked toward him inquiringly.

"'Mr. Perdamon,' he said, 'they say it was you who arrested me and brought me back here. In fact I remember all those events, but of course I did not know your name. I feel that it is to you that my confession is due.

"'I admit that it was I who stole the Mona Lisa. But of course you understand that at that time I was not responsible for my actions. The blow upon my head has restored my reason, and I am today a different man.

"'When I escaped from this place I seemed to be animated by a fiendish sort of cunning. I went to the river and threw my coat and hat upon the water so as to throw my pursuers off the scent. Next I forced the window of a small dry goods store. I found a razor and shaved off my black beard. I changed my asylum suit for a good suit, then hid my old one. I found a boarding house with the front door open. I climbed the stairs to the garret and walked in. I would leave in the mornings before day and return late at night. One day I wandered into the museum. I felt strangely at home there. The Mona Lisa attracted me powerfully. It seemed to me that I had met an acquaintance from another world. Often I could feel the vain strugglings of my memory to recall former events. Curiously enough I knew, without being told, the name of the Mona Lisa.

"'The picture had a remarkable fascination for me. I

attracted me as the lodestone attracts the magnet. Little by little the impression grew upon me that I must own the picture. It must be mine, to hold, to gloat over. No definite plan had formed in my mind, yet, at the place where I daily stole my bread, I also stole a long piece of cord, strong enough to bear my weight. I wound this around my body and went as usual to the museum.

"'During the evening I slipped behind a statue which stood in a dark corner and remained hidden until the night had lengthened towards midnight and the attendants had closed the building. Then I came out and went about my task.

"'With great difficulty I removed the picture from its place and carried it to a window. I could raise the window easily. Unwinding the cord from my body, I lowered the picture. As I let it slip, it scraped several splinters from the window sill. When the Mona Lisa rested safely on the ground I shook my loop free and drew up the rope. Sliding one end around a column which stood near, I grasped the two strands and lowered myself. Then I drew the rope down after me.

"'I carried my new possession through a broken window into the little-used basement of the great wholesale house which stands just two blocks from the Louvre. I slept at night and on some days in the garret where you found me. The remainder of my time I spent gazing into the face of the Mona Lisa.

"'It was at that period that you found me, and it is to your unconscious agency that I owe my reason now. Let me thank you. You will find the Mona Lisa in that basement. The civil authorities will do nothing against me, because then I was not responsible for my acts. Good day.'"

"Thus, my dear Konan," said Perdamon, smiling, "was the Mona Lisa restored to the civilization of the twentieth century."

GOETHE: THE MAN OF SCIENCE

GORDON POTEAT.

"Wenn man sich nach diesem Treiben hinabbeugt, so belauscht man die geheime Bildungsgeschichte der Pflanzen und das ruhige Herzklopfen des Berges."—*Heinrich Heine.*

The year 1860 marks the date of the modern scientific awakening. Two principles contributed by the science of Biology, the principle of comparison and the principle of development or evolution, were the distinct notes struck at the beginning of this new era of scientific thought. In 1859 Darwin published his "Origin of Species" in which he set forth his doctrine of evolution. Over a century before the publishing of this great treatise there was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main a man whom Haeckel has called one of "the illustrious fellow workers of Darwin." It is with that man Johann Wolfgang Goethe, that this essay is concerned.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe is recognized as a man of almost boundless activity. He busied himself with all manner of undertakings,—he had his law degree, he was a royal officer in charge of the multifarious cares of the petty state Weimar, he was a painter, a musician, a traveler, an art and literary critic, a conversationalist entertaining in the highest manner the society in which he constantly moved and then—he was a poet, the greatest of Germany, one of the world's greatest. But we are not thinking of Goethe's life in any of these aspects, we are thinking of Goethe, the man of science. That he was a scientist is not so often recognized, yet his inclination toward studies of a scientific nature and his wide and active participation in such studies is made evident by a reading of his "conversations" with his friend Eckermann.

Interest in scientific investigation manifested itself early

in Goethe's life. Chemistry was one of his first loves. He was introduced to this fascinating subject, then called alchemy, by his physician during a serious illness. The physician had concocted a mysterious potion which he administered to his patient when he seemed to be in the last stages of the disease. Goethe immediately began to improve and was soon strong again. This marvelous cure attracted him to the study of chemistry. He made many experiments and read all the books he could find on the subject. Later on when at school in Strasburg he was associated for sixteen months with medical students. His meals were taken at the home of Fraulein Lauth. At the head of the table sat a medical professor and around him were students of medicine. As the result of this intercourse Goethe began to attend medical lectures. He took courses in anatomy and chemistry, engaging himself particularly in the latter study. And these months between the ages of twenty and twenty-two have been mentioned as "perhaps the most important of his life. During them he came into active contact with most of those impulses of which his after life was a development." Lavater visited the home of Goethe in 1774 and Goethe became strongly attached to Lavater and to his theories concerning Physiognomy. This visit brought about an accurate study of Osteology and later Comparative Zoology occupied some of his time, investigations concerning the skulls of men and animals. Nevertheless, Goethe's scientific studies were not carried on in a methodical way; as Goedeke says, "Jedoch in Goethes damaliger Weise"—(in Goethe's own way at that time). Goethe himself writes in his diary: "A calm glance back on my past life, on the confusion, restlessness, lust after knowledge, of youth, how it roams about everywhere to find something satisfying. How, especially, I found delight in mysteries—in dark imaginary relations.

How, when occupied with anything scientific, I only hal attacked it, and soon let it pass."

His friend and companion, the Duke of Weimar, ap pointed Goethe a member of the Privy Council in 1776 One of the duties placed upon him was the resuscitation o the disused mines of Ilmene and this induced him to stud Geology. Other efforts to build up the duchy led him in the study of different sciences. He had a garden by hi house and this, with the forests of the duchy, afforded hin an abundance of material for botanical study.

The assiduousness with which Goethe attacked the task of office began to tell on his health in a few years, and s in the summer of 1783 he made a trip to the Harz Moun tains. It was on this jaunt through the mountains that h turned his attention directly upon science and began th series of investigation which were to occupy many of th best years of his life. Quoting from Sime: "He took u the study of science in a serious spirit, and, as the result proved, he had a high capacity for it. He was a careful an most exact observer, and his imagination, so far from stand ing in the way, was the power to which he owed the greate and most fertile of his ideas." The important discovery o the intermaxillary bone was made in the spring of the ne year. Later still on a visit to Venice, he discovered in sheep's skull which his valet handed him, that the bones o the head are only a differentiation and transformation o vertebræ. As Goethe advanced in age he spent more an more time in philosophical and scientific pursuits, choosin to engage himself in these quiet studies rather than to i volve himself in the literary unrest of the period. He tur his attention to the science of colors and made many an varied experiments. He made botanical investigations loo ing toward publishing a book on the morphology of plan with the general idea that there must be an original plan

the "Urpflanze," from which all others may be derived. On his visit to Italy in 1786 opportunity for such study was afforded by the luxurious vegetation of the country. This "Italienische Reise" also stimulated him to renew the study of the human body, for he was greatly charmed by the wonderful statuary in Rome. A great part of the time until his death was actively occupied with a continuation of these scientific studies to which this journey aroused him. His last work was a treatise entitled, "Principes de Philosophie Zoologique par M. Geoffrey de Saint Hilaire." Goethe supported St. Hilaire's views in the great scientific controversy between Hilaire and Cuvier concerning the justification of the theory of development, which occurred in the French Academy. Cuvier was the conservative, Hilaire the radical representing the new theory of natural development. Goethe's deep interest in this dispute in his eighty-first year is shown by the following incident related by Soret.

"Monday, August 2d, 1830.—The news of the Revolution of July, which had already commenced reached Weimar today, and set every one in a commotion. I went in the course of the afternoon to Goethe's. 'Now,' he exclaimed to me as I entered, 'what do you think of this great event? The volcano has come to an eruption; everything is in flames, and we have no longer a transaction with closed doors!' 'A frightful story,' I returned. 'But what could be expected under such notoriously bad circumstances, and with such a ministry, otherwise than that the whole would end in the expulsion of the royal family?' 'We do not appear to understand each other, my good friend,' returned Goethe. 'I am not speaking of those people at all. I am interested in something very different, I mean the dispute between Cuvier and Goeffrey de St. Hilaire, which has broken out in the Academy, and which is of such great importance to science.' This remark of Goethe's came upon me so unexpectedly

that I did not know what to say, and my thoughts for som minutes seemed to have come to a complete standstill. 'Th matter is of the highest importance,' Goethe continued, 'an you can form no conception of what I felt at the intelligen of the session of the 19th of July. We have now in Goeffr de St. Hilaire a powerful and permanent ally. I see h great must be the interest of the French scientific world this affair; because, notwithstanding the terrible politic commotion, the session of the 19th of July was very fu attended. However, the best of it is, that the sympathe manner of treating nature, introduced by Geoffrey in France, can not be kept back any more. The affair has n become public through the free discussion of the Acade and that in the presence of so large an audience. It is longer referred to secret committees, and arranged and rid of, and smothered behind closed doors. * * * I have erted myself in this great affair for fifty years. At first was alone, then I found support, and now at last, to my gre joy, I am surpassed by congenial minds. When I sent first discovery of intermediate bones to Peter Camper was, to my infinite mortification, utterly ignored. W Blumenbach I fared no better, though, after personal in course, he came over to my side. But then I gained kind spirits in Sommering, Oken, Dalton, Carus, and oth equally excellent men. And now Geoffrey de St. Hilaire decidedly on our side, and with him all his important sc ars and adherents in France. This occurrence is of incre ble value to me, and I justly rejoice that I have at last w nessed the universal victory of a subject to which I have voted my life, and which, moreover, is my own par ex lence.' "

At the close of the year 1831 and the beginning of year 1832, in which Goethe died, Eckermann speak

Goethe as again turning "to his favorite studies, the natural sciences."

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The subjects of scientific research which most interested Goethe were the Science of Colors and Biology. He published two volumes which are discussions in both these realms, entitling them respectively—"Farbenlehre," and "Morphologie." Goethe made his greatest intellectual mistake in proposing a theory of colors contradictory to the theory held by Sir Isaac Newton. Because he believed that his own ideas concerning color were true and that the opposition of other scientific men toward his conception was simple narrow-mindedness, he entered violently into a controversy which largely caused scientists to disregard and discredit the real value of other of his scientific efforts. Goethe was attracted to this study from the side of beauty. He was unprepared for any accurate scientific investigation in a subject which required a minute knowledge of mathematical law. In fact, he impatiently referred to Newton's mathematical exactness as "pedantry." "I receive mathematics as the most sublime and useful science," said he, "so long as they are applied in their proper place; but I can not commend the misuse of them in matters which do not belong to their sphere, and in which, noble science as they are, they seem to be mere nonsense. As if, forsooth! things only exist when they can be mathematically demonstrated. To understand the phenomena of color nothing is required but unbiased observation and a sound head, but these are scarcer than folks imagine." A considerable portion of the "Farbenlehre," under the suggestive title, "Polemische Teil," is devoted to attacking Newton. "Newton's assertion of his theory, and his unwavering adherence to it to the end of his life, Goethe ascribes straight off to moral obliquity on Newton's part." And when Goethe turns from Newton to that

great scientist's fellow-workers and associates his usual dignified self-control is lost. Goethe is as a little boy,—petulant! He accuses them of maintaining the theory blindly, shutting themselves off from conviction in self-satisfaction. We have the spectacle of Goethe falling directly into the error which he attributed to his opponents.

Goethe stood steadfastly by his theory until his death. A revision of the historical part of the book occupied part of his eighty-second year. He was convinced that Newton had constructed (perpetrated) a great error and he regarded himself appointed to overthrow the tower of fallacy. "Have I not had sufficient reason to feel proud, when for twenty years I have been forced to own to myself that the great Newton, and all mathematicians and august calculators with him have fallen into a decided error respecting the theory of colors; and that I, amongst millions, am the only one who knows the truth on this important subject? With this feeling of superiority, it was possible for me to bear with the stupid pretensions of my opponents. People endeavored to attack me and my theory in every way, and to render my ideas ridiculous; but nevertheless, I rejoiced exceedingly over my completed work. All the attacks of my adversaries only serve to expose to me the weakness of mankind." Goethe continually said to his friend Eckermann: "As for what I have done as a poet, I take no pride in it whatever. Excellent poets have lived at the same time with myself, poets more excellent have lived before me, and others will come after me. But that in my century I am the only person who knows the truth in the difficult science of colors—of that, I say, I am not a little proud, and here I have a consciousness of a superiority to many." Yet despite his pride and self-assurance (in his "Farbenlehre") Goethe was radically wrong. The theory of Newton, on the other hand, has stood the test of time. Tyndall explains Goethe's failure in

the "Fortnightly." "The instincts and capacities of the poet lend themselves freely to the natural history sciences. But when we have to deal with stringently physical and mechanical conceptions, such instincts are out of place. It was in this region of mechanical conceptions that Goethe failed. It was on this side that his sphere of capacity was sliced away. * * * Goethe proves himself master of the experimental conditions. It is the power of interpretation that he lacks * * * When he comes to deal with physical theory, the poverty and confusion of his otherwise transcendent mind became conspicuous. * * * Had Newton attempted to produce a Faust, the poverty of his intellect on the poetic and dramatic side might have been rendered equally manifest. But here, if not always, Newton abstained from attempting that for which he had no capacity, while the exuberance of Goethe's nature caused him to undertake a task for which he had neither ordination nor vocation, and in the attempted execution of which his deficiencies became revealed. * * * Goethe erred in seeking to engraft in his "Farbenlehre" methods altogether foreign to physics or to the treatment of a purely physical theme."

In 1790, Goethe published his famous treatise on "Morphologie." There are two main divisions in the book, the first treating "The Metamorphosis of Plants," the second "Osteology." The writing is in Goethe's clear and attractive style and throws "a glow of imagination over a dry and technical inquiry." In the discussion of plants Goethe endeavored to show that all parts of the plant are developed from a single structure, the leaf. He also pictured in his mind a plant which was the original type of all other plants. This plant he named the "Urpflanze." The development of the different plant organs and structures is recounted in order and in a late paragraph the following conclusion is reached. "The

same organ, which extends itself on the stem as a leaf and has taken on the highest manifold form, contracts now into the calyx, expands again into the flower leaf, contracts again into the reproductive organs in order to spread out at last as fruit." The only reason that Goethe could go back no further than the leaf and discover the ultimate unit of structure, the cell, was that unfortunately he lived before the development of the microscope. The discussion itself is "a model of scientific treatment." Goethe himself speaks thus concerning his work: "My metamorphosis of plants is based on the method of observation and deduction. With it, I went on singularly enough. I came to it as Herschel came to his discoveries. Herschel was so poor that he could not purchase a telescope, but was obliged to make one for himself. In this his good fortune consisted; for the home-made telescope was better than any other, and with it he made his great discoveries. I came to botany by the empirical road. I now know well enough, that with respect to the formation of the sexes, the theory went so far into detail that I had not the courage to grasp it. This impelled me to pursue the subject in my own way, and to find that which was common to all plants without distinction, and thus I discovered the law of metamorphosis. My only concern was to reduce the phenomena to a general law."

The first chapter in "Osteology" bears these words as its title: "There is to be described in man an intermedium (intermaxillary) bone of the upper jaw, just as in animals." In another chapter,—"The skull is built up out of six vertebræ." The remainder of the section largely treats of Comparative Anatomy. The discovery of the intermaxillary bone in man, and the discovery that the skull is formed by a transformation of spiral vertebræ, which are discussed in the two chapters just mentioned, constitute the real and distinctly individual contributions which Goethe made to

science. Although Oken also discovered the intermaxillary bone independently, yet to Goethe belongs the honor of first discovering in a human skull traces of this bone. The anatomists of Goethe's time maintained that the absence of the intermaxillary bone in man and its possession by the apes and other mammals, constituted the principal osteological distinction between the two classes. This bone which bears the incisor teeth and which may be easily recognized in mammals, is hardly distinguishable in the adult man. Goethe could not satisfy himself with the idea that it was lacking in man alone of all mammals, and so, working in the belief that such a bone was to be found, he made observations on a large number of skulls. Goedeke tells of the final discovery: "On the 27th of March, 1784, he took a pleasure trip to Jena and with Loder (Professor Loder of the University of Jena) he made a comparison of the skulls of men and animals, and with unspeakable joy he made the important and fine (schoene) discovery, that man has the intermaxillary bone of the upper jaw just like the mammals." Goethe's discovery has been confirmed by later investigators. The intermaxillary bone is visible in human embryos, and in children, and even persists in some cases to adult life. The published essay setting forth this discovery was, however, ridiculed by anatomists of that time. The celebrated Peter Camper wrote to Merk that the object was not interesting enough for science. "The intermaxillary bone," he asserted, "does not exist in man." Only toward the end of Goethe's life was the justice of the discovery acknowledged in anything like a general way. Sime values the discovery highly: "Goethe's discovery of the intermaxillary bone in a human jaw finally disposed of the notion that it is possible to draw a sharp line of distinction between the physical nature of man and that of other vertebrates. And it led Goethe to the theory that all organic beings of the same class

are formed in accordance with ideal types or patterns, whic Nature modifies indefinitely to suit varying conditions."

Goethe's second osteological discovery was made acciden ally as he was observing a sheep's skull. It suddenly dawne on him that the bones of the skull are developed from ve tebræ, "that Nature, in creating these bones, modifies ve tebræ to suit special needs." This discovery was of a sim ilar nature to the first discovery indicating Goethe's co ception of the theory of development.

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What is a proper estimate of Goethe's rank among scien tists? In considering this question let us remember that h lived most of his life in the century which preceded the won derful scientific awakening of the nineteenth century. An he made investigations in the realm of natural science i the face of adverse criticism which at times seemed like crushing weight upon him. Also, science was Goethe's ave cation, though he spent many of his most valuable hours try ing to read the deep secrets of Nature. He was first of al a poet. Therefore he did did not connect himself with th scientific guilds of the day, and because he was unattache and independent, these corporate societies would concede t him no place in real scientific endeavor. "They held th phantasies of a poet to be irreconcilable with strict investig tions." Goethe often complained of the narrow-mindness his contemporaries, and he was at times deeply hurt tha while his word in literature and in poetry was almost a law, yet his scientific suggestions and theories were usual utterly ignored. His poetic nature, his wonderful imagin tion, his power of accurate observation, his insatiable (i sistent) thirst for truth, his prophetic foresight, were req sites in searching out the great laws of Nature, and h Goethe turned himself over entirely to science, "he would as Prof. Osborne says, "have ranked among the very highe

if not the highest." And yet, although this was not his chief occupation, he outshone many scientists of his time and saw more clearly than those around him the coming scientific dawn. Quoting from Sime's life of Goethe: "It is the supreme merit of Goethe's contributions to biology that they all pointed in the direction of evolution, and were among the influences that made the recognition of it, sooner or later, inevitable." And again: "As a man of science he ranks among the foremost investigators of his age. He had no sooner begun to reflect seriously on scientific problems than he placed himself in what proved to be the central current of modern thought. The supreme idea of the 19th century is the idea of evolution, and the position of those inquirers who immediately preceded Darwin in necessarily determined by the answer which must be given to the questions—Were they, in their observations and speculations, guided by aims which in the main accord with Darwin's principle? Were they among the forerunners who prepared the way for the doctrine in which all that was best and most vital in pre-Darwinian scientific thought is summed up? In regard to Goethe, these questions must be answered emphatically in the affirmative. His discoveries resulting almost equally from the exercise of his perceptive and imaginative faculties, were on the lines which led directly to the theory of evolution. It is only, indeed, since the law of evolution was detected that the world has recognized the full meaning and importance of his contributions to scientific progress."

Goethe's work as a scientist was precursory to the establishment of the two principles of comparison and development which we mentioned in the beginning of this paper as the main factors in the scientific awakening of 1860. The facts which have been mentioned also justify us in having quoted Haeckel's designation of Goethe as "one of the illustrious fellow-workers of Darwin." Yet we can not claim

for Goethe the development and completion of great scien tific theories or preeminence among the scientists of time He made grievous mistakes which he never correcte He failed completely in his theory of colors. Still h was a harbinger of truth later to be revealed. He himse acknowledged the incompleteness of his work; to him is du the honor of having pointed out the right road. "Advance such as I could never have foreseen are now made even paths which I opened, and I feel like one who walks towar the morning dawn, and when the sun rises is astonished its brilliancy." We can only repeat in conclusion the word of Goethe's friend Eckermann—"Thou hast investigated n ture as few others have."

THE GOLDENROD

BENJ. F. SLEDD.

(From *Cliff and Scaur.*)

A trifle, love, I send you here,
  The earliest spray of golden rod;
A trifle that makes me worthier you,
  Worthier heaven and God.

You remember the day we had wandered where
  The river takes in his sliding arms
The retiring hills which were putting on
  The autumn's tender charms?

And you silently gathered the golden rod,
  Which my woodland ways unheeded bore;
And the little flower I now beheld
  With eyes that were blind before.

O cruel one, can you longer doubt
  The love that is more than love to me?
Has taught me the good of life to know,
  The beautiful to see.

THE AWAKENING OF THE "SLEEPING GIANT

C. R. SORRELL.

We have heard all our lives, both from the pulpit and the press, of the great nation of the East, China, as lying in darkness, superstition, and heathenism. We have been told of its people and of their deplorable condition. The picture of the great continent has been painted time after time as an effort to show forth this country in all its blackness. And too, it gives a most pathetic picture to behold, seeing in an army of four hundred million men, women, and children most of whom have no conception whatever of God.

Dark as the picture may have been during the past four thousand years, and gloomy as it may appear even now, we are glad to learn that every message which comes to us from the Orient brings a more encouraging report than the preceding one, and that this great giant is now awakening from his long continued slumbers, shaking off his shackles of heathenism, and embracing the life and ideals of western civilization. This country has, once for all, turned her back upon the past and is now looking to the enlightened nations of the world for knowledge and leadership. She has made a more radical adjustment to modern conditions during the last five years than any other nation of the world, not even excepting Japan. She may have been compared to a closed room, without a breath of fresh air from the outside world, but for the last five years we have seen the windows and doors of this wonderful country thrown wide open and the breezes of heaven sweeping through. President Lowry, of Peking University, says, "The change which has come over this great empire within the last decade has been so marvelous that it is almost impossible to describe

the contrast with the past without seeming extravagance of language." He regards it as one of the most sweeping revolutions ever effected in any great nation in the history of the world.

Let us observe some of the various changes which have been forcing themselves into the life of the empire. The material development has indeed been a striking one. It was only twenty years ago when the telegraph system was confined to one line, connecting merely the fort cities. Now there is a network of more than twenty-six thousand miles of lines connecting six hundred offices, spread over the entire empire. For thousands of years rivers and canals were the only means of transportation, while at the present there are about five thousand miles of railroads in operation and above nine thousand more under construction. It has been less than a quarter of a century when the post-office system was introduced, and today there are offices in more than three thousand five hundred cities and towns. Ten years ago we would find a daily paper in but few of the largest cities and now dailies are established in every city and town of any repute.

However, investigation shows that the political changes which have been brought about in China are, probably, of more far-reaching importance than the material development. The people have been informed that a constitutional government was promised recently by the Imperial Edict, which thing was not dreamed of by its subjects some years previous. This great step toward political freedom, with others which are taking place, year by year, will no doubt soon culminate in the establishment of a modern constitutional form of government for its people. May we not hope for these political changes to continue to manifest themselves in the life of the nation until even "Conservative China"

will become, with America, "The land of the free and t home of the brave"?

In order to show the marvelous social development whi is taking place in China we need merely to mention t anti-opium crusade which is fast revolutionizing the co plete social life of the country. No later than 1907 the I perial Government decided that the opium habit must exterminated within ten years. As a result of this the pe ple are arraying themselves, and marching in almost a sol phalanx, in order that they may free their country fro this deadly habit. It is said by those who are best a quainted with conditions that this crusade against opium one of the greatest social, or moral movements of mode times. And at the present rate it will likely be driven o before the ten years have expired.

But China's progress is not only along material, politic and social lines, but her most important changes are u questionably those pertaining to her educational life, out which comes a new spirit for her people. During the la few years, literally thousands of Chinese students have bee sent abroad to study modern methods of government, a ideals of life. More than fifteen thousand are finding the selves in the schools of Japan; no less than six thousa in the United States, while a large number of others a scattered throughout the rest of the civilized world. Ne before in the history of education was there such a mi tion of students from one land to others.

A more weighty change than this is the abolition of old Chinese system of education and the establishment modern methods in its stead. Educational authorities that more modern schools have been established in C during the last four years than in all the other nati the world combined. Such schools are springing up l mushrooms all over the empire. In Peking alone there a

two hundred of these schools, giving training to seventeen thousand pupils. And, too, these Chinese realize that they are incapable of teaching themselves. For this reason they are calling for men of other nations to come over and lead them. We might add that they are especially anxious for teachers from America. And since their teaching force is inadequate, and the teachers they have so poorly equipped, it is indeed a case of "the blind leading the blind." No doubt but that many mistakes are being made, and a vast amount of money being wasted, yet the significant fact is that this gigantic empire is going to give western education to her millions of youths. This goes to show that the day will come, and that soon, when China will have more students than any other country in the world.

Taking the above as a fair description of the changes which are transpiring in the various departments of Chinese life, what should be our attitude toward this "Awakening Giant" seeing that he is beginning to realize his strength, and is year by year, throwing out his gigantic paws with a craving desire for western knowledge and power; and yet having no higher motive than a material one? Consider, if you will, what it must mean for a nation of four hundred million people moving forward into modern civilization with no higher purpose than this. It seems that we all might well afford to do our best in giving to China the "One Thing" which can save her: viz., the gospel of Christ.

HIMSELF AS ANOTHER SAW HIM

GILBERT T. STEPHENSON.

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

John MacManus, class of 1908 of the University of Alabama, had gone to Harvard to take a graduate course in Government and later to study Law. At the University he had made a name for himself as an orator and had been chosen one of the Commencement speakers. At Harvard he had kept up his interest in public speaking and in that line had achieved some distinction.

Selva Altamarano was a charming little Spanish girl who had come with her mother and sisters from their home in Puerto Rico to the United States to be educated. They had made their home in Boston for a number of years, had mastered the language and customs of our people beautifully, and had become as thoroughly Americanized as is possible for one belonging to such an old and aristocratic Castilian family as theirs was.

In the fall of 1910, while John was a second year student in the Law School and two years after he had left the Graduate School, he was introduced to Selva and her mother and sisters in their Boston home. As soon as he could arrange it, he took Selva to a sofa in a corner of the parlor and there engaged her in conversation. She soon found that he was Southern born, and he found that she was still more Southern born and as Southern in sympathy and tastes. She pointed to a picture of Robert E. Lee on the wall, the first that John had ever seen in New England. She told him that once she had visited the Battlefield of Gettysburg and wept, off and on, all day as she thought of this battle

being the turning point for the worse in the Southern cause. She told how she disliked the apparent aloofness and indifference of the New England people, how hard it was to make friends with them, how chilling and cheerless were the snowbound Northern winters, and how she longed for the sunshine and flowers of her Puerto Rican home. She talked of the idyllic charms of this land of perpetual spring, where flowers bloom and birds sing all the year round.

One may reproduce the words of this little princess of the South, but her voice and expression beggar description. Her language was as chaste and idiomatic as that of the most cultured Bostonian, altogether free from the slang that so often taints the language of refined people even. There was a peculiar charm about her enunciation—an unusual emphasis upon certain vowels and an unexpected sliding over others. She spoke with much animation. Her piercing brown eyes flashed. Smiles played across her face, making dimples here and there. With her arms and hands she made gestures constantly but always gracefully.

John was aroused to his best as a conversationalist. Her enthusiasm was catching and helped him find his tongue. Thought outran his words. He told her the charms of Southern life and said that he, too, felt the chill of New England manners and climate. In every way he showed himself the enthusiastic, demonstrative Southerner.

They talked of the race problem and found that they were in hearty accord upon that, too. John had never before experienced such a complete harmony of ideas and tastes—that, too, with one neither born on our soil nor a member of the Anglo-Saxon family. He was fascinated by her charms.

At length, they began to discuss the style of public speaking, North and South. Selva said that she liked to hear one speak with feeling and vigor, one who appealed to the

heart as well as the head. She wanted the speaker to be so full of his subject that he could not keep his hands still. "I can not think if I keep my hands still," she went on. "When I was in the high school in Boston, my teacher used to tell me to keep my hands still, and I would say, 'Teacher, please madam, I do not know my lesson unless I can move my hands.'" John said that he liked the animated style of speaking, too, that, when he got interested in his subject, he simply could not keep his hands still. As he talked to Selva there on the sofa, his hands were moving in gestures the same as if he were addressing a large audience.

All of a sudden Selva said, "Were you at the Harvard Commencement of 1909?"

"Yes," he replied, and was on the point of saying more when she continued:

"I was there in Sanders Theater, too. I noticed on the program that one of the orations was to be on the race problem. I suspected that it would be by a Southerner. My interest was aroused. I thought that if he was a Southern man he would speak as I like to have people speak and that he would express my sentiments on the race question. Oh, I was so anxious for his time to come. First, some one spoke in Latin. The people seemed to enjoy it because they laughed. I laughed, too, but I did not know what he was saying. Another spoke of faith, but it was so deep and dry that I was bored. Neither of them knew how to speak. They stood upon the rostrum with their hands at their sides and said their pieces. They looked as if they were afraid to express themselves. I could hardly wait for the man on the race question. When his name was called—I did not take pains to remember the name—I held my breath as he mounted the rostrum and began. And, oh, Mr. MacManus, I was so disappointed. He was just like the others. He stood up there with his hands at his sides. He spoke as if

he were afraid to express his views. If one had said, 'Boo!' I believe he would have fainted. I have never in my life been so disappointed. He was just like the others. He was afraid to express himself."

"Yes, Miss Altamarana, I suspect he was afraid," said John calmly, and changed the subject.

For John MacManus was this Southerner. But Selva did not find it out until nearly two years later when John told her, just before he was leaving for Alabama to get ready for the day when he could go back to Boston to elaim for his bride the little woman who had been so loyal to the history and customs of his people and who had shown John himself as others saw him. And then Selva was in the mood to forgive him for not telling her sooner.

NOTE.—This story is founded upon facts, liberties having been taken only with the names, places, and dates.

SMILES AND TEARS

H. T. HUNTER.

In parent arms, a blinking new-born child,
Weeping thou lay'st, while all around thee smiled;
And while the sweets of childhood thou hast quaffed
The world has alternately wept and laughed.
At twenty, smiles, tears, fears and hopes combine,—
The mystic joys of womanhood art thine.
So live, that as o'er thee the long years creep,
Calm thou may'st smile, though all around thee weep.

THE ŒDIPUS MYTH IN GREEK DRAMA

A. B. COMBS.

The three great Greek dramatists, Sophocles, Euripides and Æschylus, have all dealt with the Œdipus myth. The essence of the myth is the son slaying an unknown father; which act, however, was decreed beforehand by Fate. Although the original myth does not bring in the marriage of the son with the mother after the murder, yet this part of the story seems to have been an early addition.

The idea of poetic justice was foreign to the Greeks. Hence, we find brought out in the plays which deal with the Œdipus myth an idea of the irresistible power of destiny. This is an idea which it is very hard for our modern minds to understand, yet it was a very common conception among the ancients.

In the Œdipus Rex we look in vain for the principle of poetic justice. According to our modern feelings we can not make it right for any one to suffer, except for his own guilt, yet in the case of Œdipus we have an innocent man suffering for the sins of his father, and his thoughtless mother. We can find no real guilt in the life of Œdipus. The idea that the sins of the father were visited upon his children seems to have been very prevalent among the Greeks. Sophocles and the other poets gave this idea concrete expression in the story of Œdipus.

In the legend we find beautiful heroism and innocence alike sacrificed to the fatality attending an accursed house. We see also the Greek idea of Nemesis. The house of Labdacus is involved in a guilt that is hereditary. Laius begets a son by Jocasta, in spite of a warning oracle. As a result of his despising the oracle, he is finally slain by that

son. Œdipus, being but a youth, is reckless. He slays his father whom, of course, he does not know at the time, and marries his mother, after he has been made king of Thebes. On account of this act, a plague is sent on Thebes. The punishment of Œdipus begins with his utter prostration, after he learns of the net of horrors he has fashioned for himself. Then he blinds himself, and goes forth to wander accompanied only by his faithful daughters.

The second idea of the Œdipus myth is the sacredness of natural ties. In the Seven Against Thebes, when Creon orders the body of Polyneices to remain unburied, Antigone buries him in spite of Creon's threat, saying,

> "Strange power there is in ties of blood, that we,
> Born of woe-laden mother, sire ill-starred, are bound by."

In the story we see the great horror of sin against these ties, and the heavy punishment that follows such a sin, even though it be committed unwittingly.

As we said above, the myth of Œdipus has been dealt with mainly by Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. We have several minor references to it in the early Greek poets. The first of these is from Homer. In the twenty-third book of the Iliad mention is made of the father of Euryalus as having gone "to Thebes of yore, when Œdipus had fallen to his burying." In the eleventh book of the Odyssey we have a short sketch of the entire story. In the account which we have in the Odyssey, however, we should note that, in the first place, it has nothing about the deliverance of Thebes from the Sphinx, and contains nothing about the self-blinding of Œdipus. Besides, it has nothing about the expulsion of Œdipus from Thebes, and excludes the notion of the queen having borne children to Œdipus.

Pindar makes a very slight reference to the myth in speaking of how Destiny has often brought evil fortune after good.

and in another fragment he alludes to the riddle of the Sphinx and the wisdom of Œdipus.

The traditional story of Œdipus, which dates back further than the story of the Odyssey, had been elaborated in the epics of the early poets. There were varied versions of the story which allowed a large scope for selection. The main outlines, however, were fixed.

Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides agree in a trait which does not belong to the early versions of the story. They make Jocasta the mother of Eteocles and Polyneices, Antigone and Ismene, instead of Euryganeia as in the early accounts. They also make the punishment of the two brothers as due to a curse pronounced by Œdipus.

The very scanty fragments of the Œdipus of Euripides, and the few hints in the Phœnissæ make it impossible to get his exact treatment of the story.

Æschylus was the first of the three great dramatists to treat of the story. He wrote a trilogy in which Œdipus was the central figure. The trilogy consisted of the Laius, the Œdipus, and the Seven Against Thebes. The last named play is the only one extant. In this Æschylus has pictured Œdipus as Sophocles did, at the height of his fame and power. He has just delivered Thebes from the terrible Sphinx, and is looked upon by the Thebans as the first of men. Then follow his misfortunes fast. "But when, hapless one, he came to knowledge of his ill-starred marriage, impatient of his pain, with frenzied heart, he wrought a two-fold ill." The "two-fold ill" was the blinding of himself and the calling down of the curse on his sons, that they should divide their heritage with the sword.

Thus we see that Œdipus of Æschylus included the curse on the sons. The main purpose of the story, as Æschylus had it, was to exhibit the continuous action of Erinyes on the house of Labdacus. "The true climax of the Æschylean

Œdipus would thus have consisted, not in the discovery alone, but in the discovery followed by the curse. * * * The Œdipus of Æschylus, however brilliant, was only a link in the chain which derived its essential unity from 'the mindful Erinyes.' "

In the Seven Against Thebes, when the seven warriors are stationed at the seven gates of Thebes, and Eteocles himself is about to go against his brother, the former realizes that his father's curse is drawing the race of Laius to destruction and exclaims,

"For none may 'scape the ill which heaven sends."

He hurries forth to the fight and the chorus express their fears as to the outcome:

"Now is come punishment for the ancient sin on the house of Laius. The waves of evil rage, one falls, one rises, thundering on the ship of state. To his children has Œdipus left his curse, which now the Erinyes, swift of foot, fulfil."

From Sophocles we have the finest presentation of the story. His Œdipus Tyrannus is a complete work in itself, however, and not a part of a trilogy. Its climax is in the discovery and its immediate effects and not in its consequences. At least two new features were introduced into the plot by Sophocles. According to previous accounts, the infant Œdipus, when exposed on Mount Cithaeron was found by herdsmen and reared in Southern Boetia, at a place associated with the worship of the Eumenides. But Sophocles makes the herdsman of Laius give the babe to a herdsman of the king of Corinth, who rears the infant as his own, thus making two threads to the story which meet finally in discovery.

In the play of Æschylus the father and son are brought together near a spot sacred to the Furies, but Sophocles has

the "three-roads" at a place near which the worship of Apollo is carried on. Thus Sophocles makes Apollo the supernatural agency instead of the Furies. Sophocles departs from the idea of Nemesis which Æschylus brings out so strongly. He moralizes the tragedy without losing one whit of its religious force. This religious feeling is brought out very clearly in the Œdipus Coloneus. "The sanctity of tone throughout harmonizes with the pious, unassuming faith in a divine control. Elevation and serene calmness are united to tenderness and warmth of feeling. There is no tenderness for Œdipus on the part of the gods, but after having sorely vexed him from youth to old age, they grant him this favor,—that at his death he will be recognized by men as mysteriously sacred. They also grant him a painless death, after so many years of bitterness and suffering. This is where Sophocles revealed the master hand. In the happy death of the suffering hero there is a profound and touching pathos."

In the Antigone, Sophocles departs still further from the Æschylean idea. The Antigone in the Seven Against Thebes was not alone in her actions, but was accompanied by a band of maidens who openly declared their sympathy. The herald announces the decision of Creon, but does not specify a penalty for disobedience of the command. But the Antigone of Sophocles stands alone. The penalty of death is set before her if she attempts to bury her dead brother. She does not hesitate to choose death in order that she may do her duty. In his characterization of Antigone Sophocles goes beyond the region of hereditary guilt into a higher sphere. The tragic interest depends, not on the evolution of the ancestral curse, but on the conflict of duties in a single heart. The issue that remains the central interest throughout is the conflict of the divine with human law. Sophocles seems to teach that, when the two come in

conflict, the human must yield. The Antigone is thought by some to be the masterpiece of Sophocles. "No tragedy of antiquity that we possess approaches it in pure idealism, or in harmony of artistic development."

Sophocles does not use the prologue as Euripides to set forth the action antecedent to the play, but we have to gather the supposed antecedents from hints in the play. Hence, it may be well to give an account, in brief, of the antecedents as imagined by Sophocles.

Laius, king of Thebes, asks the oracle of Apollo if it is not fated that a son shall be born to him. The answer comes that a son will be born who will slay his father and marry his mother. When the son is born, his feet are pierced with thongs, and he is given to a herdsman to be exposed on Mount Cithaeron. The man who is ordered to expose the child takes pity on him, and gives him to a servant of the king of Corinth. The latter servant takes him to the childless king and queen, and he is brought up thinking that he is their true son. But one day a man at a feast threw out a hint that he was not their son. This worried him so much that he determined to seek the oracle of Apollo. The oracle did not tell him about his parentage but prophesied that he would slay his father and marry his mother. Fearing this he fled from Corinth toward Thebes. On his way at a narrow place where three roads meet, he met his real father accompanied by three servants. He slays his father and all but one of the servants, after a quarrel. When Œdipus reached Thebes, the people were suffering from the destructive Sphinx who was slaying them because they could not solve a riddle. Œdipus solved the riddle, and saved them from the Sphinx. The grateful people made him king, and he married his own mother, thus fulfilling the oracle.

An interval of sixteen years elapses before the opening of the Œdipus Tyrannus in which time Jocasta bears Œdipus

four children. And now a great blight fell upon the land. The fruit of the field failed, and the cattle died in the pasture. At the opening of the Œdipus Tyrannus the people are praying and offering incense to the gods that the pestilence may be removed. It is in the effort to find out the cause of this pestilence that Œdipus finds his own guilt. He is, indeed, a pathetic picture, as he goes forth self-blinded, a wanderer in the world.

And now in the short space we have left, let us take up more definitely the character of Œdipus as brought out by Sophocles. In the Œdipus Tyrannus we have in Œdipus a man of great haughtiness, self-reliance and heat of temper. In the end we have this man crushed because, without knowing it, he has committed two crimes, parricide and incest. He has sinned and he must suffer. He cries out in his agony that "he has become most hateful to the gods."

In the Œdipus Coloneus we meet with this man again, after a lapse of years. As a matter of fact, he still rests under the same stain. Yet with the passing of time he has mentally risen to a point of view where he can survey his past more clearly. He has come to see his moral innocence. He feels that he is not entirely guiltless, but that at the same time he is not entirely guilty. He feels that he has been set apart by the gods to illustrate their will. We find no word of reproach from him. He realizes that the gods will recognize his good intentions, and grant him a peaceful end. The sorrows and melancholy of the first part disappear at the end in a peace that comes from the gods.

We may see even from this brief survey of a part of Greek literature that Greek tragedy can no longer be deemed to have lost its virtue for the modern world, for apart from the artistic interest, it has an educational value of the highest importance.

SIMPLE CONFESSIONS

G. C. K.

It's quiet now. The boys have gone
To hear and see the singing girls.
Now, I'll just write my girl a note
And tell her all the things I know.
There's no one here to see me write
What I like not for all to know.
With no further delay I'll write:

"My dearest Liz:—To-night I'll tell
You what I've been afraid to do.
You know a timid boy I've been
Since first I met you by the lake.
But I have had a secret love,
'Way down, down in my heart, you know.
And now 'splain it all to you.

"When first I saw those big blues eyes,
That smiling face you always wear,
Those golden curls which crown your brow,
And heard thee speak so charmingly,
I found that I was almost mute
And in a state of ecstacy—
I did my best to keep it hid!

"Some unknown pow'r has been at work
And made me fall in love with you.
It's queer, I know, but yet it's true.
If I might make a call or two,
No one can tell just what would happ'n.
If you could only half consent,
Barkis would tell you that 'he's will'n.'"

The Wake Forest Student

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OCTOBER, 1911

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

H. TYRAM HUNTER, Editor

A Word With Our Readers

The editors are ever on the outlook for articles of unusual interest to the general reader. We would mention a few of these papers which will appear in THE STUDENT during this year. In the November number will be published an interesting account of the history of the Wake Forest Church, from its beginning in 1834 to the close of the Civil War. This article is writ-

ten by the Faculty Editor, who as church clerk has had all the old documents at his command. In the December number will begin a series of letters from the battlefields of Virginia and South Carolina by a young soldier who had just been graduated from Wake Forest College, and who afterwards for forty years was one of the most able and best beloved members of its faculty. The Anniversary issue will be a Memorial Number in honor of "that friend of all Wake Forest men," Professor John B. Carlyle.

After Two Years of Absence

The writer has been out of college for two years, and comes back to find almost a new body of students here. One can scarcely realize that those who were raw Freshmen in 1908-09 are now Juniors and Seniors; and it was quite humiliating when, a few days ago, a dignified Senior and editor had to walk the Campus, like a string-halted horse, to the whistling of some upstart of a Sophomore. That's all right, Sophy; for you can't always go by appearances.

But the faces that are missed—where are they? Who would have thought that Wake Forest College could even maintain a respectable existence with Fred Brown, "Bull" Collins, Marshbanks, White, Martin, Eller, Murchison, Combs, Jones, Creasman, Wheeler, Jenkins—these and many others—gone from the ranks? What energy, what eloquence, what patriotism, what strength of young manhood even their names suggest! Into the bustling world they have gone to play the part of men; and the common current of American life must feel the impulse of their invincible spirits, and run swifter by the addition of their impetuous energy. But, after all, we can spare them; for the Southern homes have been so lavish in their gifts of young men to Wake Forest, that we believe that there are those here now.

who will make for themselves records unsurpassed by even the most brilliant of former years.

But there is one whom we miss, whose place none can take. I scarcely need tell you to whom I refer. As we hope soon to dedicate a number of The Student to his memory, I can now but pause to drop a fresh flower upon the mound of tear-stained roses that feebly express what we have lost in the death of Professor John B. Carlyle. He was our friend, and we loved him. That's all that can be said. He was great here; but from the "quaking pulp of life" has risen the super-man. As Edwin Markham fittingly says, "He broke these ancient bars, laughed, and reached out his hands amid the stars."

Our Task

Happy greetings are now over; and as we settle down to serious business, let me whisper a confession into your ears: the incoming board of editors approach their task with some degree of trepidation. They are keenly sensible of the difficulties of the position with which the societies have honored them, and of its attendant responsibilities. To make The Wake Forest Student the best college magazine in the South; to make it worthy of the old College we love; to make it representative of every activity of student life; to make it a forum for those who have something to say and will say it; to pour upon its pages the best thought and energy and blood at their command,—this is their task, and this shall be their constant aim. Will you help them in this ambitious undertaking? They believe you will, and are going to count on you. You can't afford to be content to pour over scores of papers for your professors, only to have them returned to you to be consigned at last to the waste basket. Put some thought on the story or essay, polish it up, and hand it in

to the editors of THE STUDENT. Then send a copy home. Your parents will be gratified to know that your compositions are considered worth publishing.

A Better Spirit

As the opening number of THE STUDENT goes to press, we are glad to note the good will and fellowship existing between the different classes. So far, the session has been notable for the entire absence of anything suggestive of hazing. We believe the whole student body is a unit in standing for the permanent abolishment of this barbarous practice. Its complete disappearance from the college campus marks the passing of an old custom that for years was a curse to Wake Forest as well as to countless other colleges.

Now, if the boys will bethink themselves and quit congregating about the front of the chapel on Sunday morning after services, thus relieving the ladies from the embarrassment of their weekly inspections; if they will be a little more courteous to passengers on trains stopping at the station—just leave off all that is discourteous and disrespectful, that's all—then Wake Forest students will be entitled to go ahead.

Our Creed

We believe in education, physical, intellectual, and moral. We believe in athletics, because it contributes to the making of clearer brains and stouter muscles; we believe in the literary societies, because they seek to develop those fine, subtle powers of the intellect, by which men and nations are controlled; we believe in the Y. M. C. A., because its appeal is to all that's noble and worthy; we believe in Wake Forest College, because it stands for all this.

We are not prophets, nor do we run an insurance company; but if we read the signs of the times rightly, Wake Forest is going to make the enemy bite the dust on the athletic field this season. What are some of these signs, you ask? Listen: Thompson, the best football coach in the South; a student body solid for athletics, whose substantial "amen" to Coach Thompson's initial war-cry, was a pledge of a thousand dollars; more men, enthusiastic and determined, in daily training than we have ever had on the field before,—and such men as are never troubled with cold feet, too; four hundred husky rooters to whom the hope of victory has given voices like lions—prophetic signs, these. Tomorrow, facts. Watch our men: they're winners!

Beattie paid the highest compliment to those twelve jurymen when he declared of them: "They don't know what an influence such a woman as that Binford girl can have over a man." Thanks to the ignorance of such men, when justice is safer in their hands than is the confessed criminal. Unlettered they may be; but men who, recognizing their liability to err, depend upon the source they did for guidance, are fit to be governors and kings.

All men make some blunders; and blunders help to make some men. Beware of the fellow who has never made a blunder.

O! would some power the gift give others to see us as we see ourselves!

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

LESLIE G. BULLARD, Editor

"Hello, old fellow! Mighty glad to see you back again!!"

* * *

A large fresh delegation.

* * *

The enrollment September 18th was 386 with others coming in.

* * *

Last May the Trustees of Wake Forest College elected Mr. J. B. Hubbell, Associate Professor of English Language, to succeed Dr. Morton, who withdrew at the close of his engagement for 1910-11. Prof. Hubbell, who holds a Master of Arts degree from Harvard, is a young man twenty-six years of age, with experience as instructor in English in the University of North Carolina, and as teacher in the high schools of New York City and Columbus, Ga.

* * *

A familiar face has vanished since we last met. It is with a keen sense of sadness that every old student realizes the death of Prof. John B. Carlyle, which occurred July 10, 1911, at the College Hospital. His was a familiar figure about the College, when on the opening days he would greet the old and new men alike with welcome hand and smile. THE STUDENT will have more to say of Prof. Carlyle and his work in a later issue.

* * *

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees Mr. Hubert Poteat, son of President W. L. Poteat, was elected to the chair of Latin Language and Literature to fill the vacancy

caused by the death of Prof. Carlyle. Mr. Poteat will graduate with a Ph.D. degree from Columbia University this year, and will take up his work at Wake Forest College in the fall of 1912.

* * *

The following instructors and assistants have been appointed for the present session:

Instructors in Latin: R. A. Marsh, Maloy A. Huggins, Leslie G. Bullard; assistants in English Composition: H. T. Hunter, H. J. Massey; assistant in German: H. B. Conrad; assistant in Applied Mathematics: Cola Castello; instructors in Chemistry: H. W. Huntley, D. F. Smith; instructor in Physics: P. P. Green; instructor in Political Science: S. C. Gettys, J. C. Jones, H. P. Johnson; assistants in Medicine: C. R. Sharpe, J. F. Belton; Assistant Librarian: W. L. Eddinger.

At a called meeting of these assistants the "Scrub Faculty" was organized and the following officers were elected: P. P. Green, president; W. L. Eddinger, vice-president; J. F. Belton, secretary; C. Castello, treasurer.

* * *

On Friday evening, September 8, the Y. M. C. A. held a welcome meeting for all the students. There was a large crowd present to enjoy the evening. Refreshments were served and some especially fine music was rendered. Addresses welcoming and inviting the students to the Y. M. C. A. were made by President Hutchins, Dr. Poteat and R. S. Pruitt.

Following the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. there was an interesting and important meeting of the Athletic Association. Enthusiastic speeches were made by Mr. Hubert Poteat and several students, after which the election of officers took place. They follow: George W. Bagwell, president;

O. F. Herring, vice-president; C. C. Broughton, secretary; John T. Anderson, treasurer.

* * *

The prospects for football at Wake Forest were never brighter than they are this season. Mr. Frank Thompson from A. & M. College, of Raleigh, is the coach and he knows how to handle men. Among last year's 'Varsity men on the field may be seen Captain Betts, Faucette, Savage, Ramseur, Green, Holding, Utley, and Carter. Besides these, there are many lusty fellows from the Freshman Class who, under Frank Thompson's coaching, will become star players. Manager Martin has completed an excellent schedule, and with A. & M.'s "rabbit foot" captured, as one speaker said in reference to Coach Thompson, the tide of defeat that has been surging over Wake Forest will be turned on other colleges by Wake Forest with redoubled force.

* * *

On Tuesday, September 12, there was waged in the student body a Whirlwind Campaign in behalf of the Athletic Association. Twenty-four students were excused from classes for that day, and these divided into twelve teams for ten hours made a thorough canvass of the student body for any amount any one was willing to give. At 7.30 that evening a large crowd was gathered in the large chapel to hear the returns. Contributions were made from $30 on down, and these contributions took in nearly every student at Wake Forest. When Mr. Gene Turner, the loyal alumnus who had worked up the scheme, called out the result, the pledges amounted to $1,000.70 to be paid not later than December 10, 1911. This announcement met with a burst of applause which was in turn followed by most enthusiastic speeches by Dr. Brewer, Dr. Carstarphen, Prof. Timberlake, Prof.

Hubbell and others. To this thousand dollars the Alumni of the College added three hundred dollars and this puts the Association on a fine financial basis.

* * *

The result of the class elections follows.

Senior Class—M. A. Huggins, president; C. L. Betts, vice-president; H. D. Ward, secretary; T. Edwin Bobbitt, treasurer; B. V. Ferguson, orator; Leslie G. Bullard, prophet; W. B. Edwards, historian; D. S. Kennedy, poet; J. C. Jones, statistician; P. P. Green, testator.

Junior Class—J. G. Stanley, president; Bruce F. Holding, vice-president; G. N. Howard, secretary; H. L. Wyatt, treasurer; R. A. Marsh, prophet; J. J. Waff, historian; W. T. Baucom, poet.

Sophomore Class—O. L. Stringfield, president; T. L. Bray, vice-president; P. C. Carter, secretary; R. B. Green, historian; W. B. Oliver, poet.

Freshman Class—W. B. Chambers, president; W. L. Griggs, vice-president; W. F. Sutton, secretary; J. R. Jones, treasurer; H. H. Culbreth, historian; O. P. Hamrick, poet; W. G. Dotson, prophet.

At a mass meeting Monday morning, September 11, the student body named its Senate and Honor Committees. The former deals with all cases of hazing, and has the power to expel any student found guilty; the latter's duty is to suppress cheating on quizzes, examinations and in the classroom.

Senate Committee—J. T. Cabaniss, chairman; J. C. Jones, R. M. Buie, S. A. Edgerton, R. S. Pruitt, H. M. Beam, G. N. Harward, A. R. Phillips, R. Benton, E. P. Yates.

Honor Committee—J. A. Ellis, chairman; M. L. Barnes, W. J. Crain, W. G. Privette, A. T. Allen, A. J. Hutchins, A. H. Martin, E. D. Johnson, M. V. Williams, E. W. Lane.

On Monday evening, September 11, the Y. M. C. A. held its Bible Study rally. The little chapel was literally packed with those who turned out to hear Dr. R. T. Vann, President of Meredith College, who was the principal speaker on that occasion. After Dr. Vann's splendid address, cards were passed out and a canvass made in which over 240 students were signed up for systematic Bible Study. This was by far the most successful Bible Study rally in years.

Dr. Vann also conducted the Chapel exercises on Tuesday morning the 12th.

* * *

Among the first duties of the societies this session was the filling of vacancies caused by the resignation of some and the failure of others to return. From the Euzelian Society Mr. H. T. Hunter was elected Editor-in-Chief of THE STUDENT to succed Mr. R. S. Pruitt, who found it necessary to resign on account of heavy work and ill health. Mr. Hunter comes back after an absence of two years to cast in his lot with the class of 1912. He has ability as a writer and the Eu Society chose wisely in electing him to this responsible position.

* * *

The Philomathesian Society has elected Mr. W. J. Conrad associate editor of the *Howler* to succeed Mr. T. P. Pruitt, who has not returned.

* * *

HEIMS

HEIMS

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees in Raleigh, September 7, they elected Miss Louise P. Hines, librarian. Miss Hines began her work in the College library September 18, and now Wake Forest enjoys for the first time the services of a trained librarian.

During the summer a number of volumes of valuable books have been added to the library. The advantages of the library are becoming more fully appreciated each succeeding year.

A jubilant note was struck on Sunday morning, September 17, when Rev. W. N. Johnson, pastor of the Wake Forest Baptist Church, announced that he had been instructed by the church to look into the advisability of raising funds for the erection of a church building here. Some contributions have already been made and several others have expressed a desire to subscribe to a building fund. A Baptist Church building has long been needed at Wake Forest, and we are confident that Rev. Mr. Johnson will find hearty co-operation in this great work.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

D. S. KENNEDY, Editor

We approach the opening issue of our magazine with the strong ambition to make the exchange department a vital part of our literary organism. While laying no claim to the abilities of a critic, we do claim a superiority by virtue of the distance of our perspective. The editors and writers of a college magazine can not see the merits and faults of their own publication. It is so close to their eyes that their productions do not hold the right proportion as compared with the magazines of other colleges. Thus claiming the advantages which our point of perspective gives, we will endeavor to speak the truth about other magazines, and we respectfully ask that the truth be told us about our own.

The Exchange Departments of many magazines have shown the tendency to assume a secondary part. This seems to us to be fundamentally wrong. The Exchange Department is as important as any of the other departments. As an individual can not live to himself so a college magazine can not attain its highest development without contact with its kindred publications. The Exchange Department is the point of contact.

We can not hope to reach perfection in our work. Considering this, we will receive thankfully the mention of our faults. We should also like to know our points of excellence. Our magazine goes to press with no more than a friendly rivalry with any college publication—the rivalry that stimulates, and not the kind that blights. We intend to fawn upon no superior magazine, nor to turn up our editorial nose at the efforts of a smaller publication.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

C. HERMAN TRUEBLOOD, Editor

'11. Julius C. Smith is with the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company at Charlotte, N. C. He is at the head of the Contract Department for the Charlotte District.

"Gov. Kitchin last Saturday appointed Mr. Howard A. Foushee, of Durham, as judge of the Ninth District to succeed Judge Biggs, resigned. The appointment was altogether a worthy one, and will meet the approbation of the people throughout the State. Judge Foushee has learning, skill, experience, judicial temper, and he will prove a most capable, efficient, and trustworthy official. He is a native of Roxboro, Person County, and is the son of Mr. A. R. Foushee, one of the State's most substantial citizens. He graduated at Wake Forest in 1889, where he left a splendid record for both scholarship and character. And the years that have passed since then have been full of fruitful service, often in positions of honor in this city and in the State Capitol. Worthily he will wear the ermine and the State is to be congratulated upon securing his services in this high capacity."—*Biblical Recorder.*

'11. Mr. Asa P. Gray, president of last year's Senior Class, is representing a big paper manufacturing company, of Richmond, Virginia.

"The *News and Observer,* in a well-written editorial last Friday, told its readers of the remarkable achievements of two North Carolina Baptist preachers—Dr. A. C. Dixon, a native of Cleveland County, and now pastor of Spurgeon's Great Metropolitan Tabernacle in London; and Dr. Len G.

Broughton, a native of Wake County, and now pastor of the splendid new Tabernacle of Atlanta, Ga., just completed and recently dedicated with 5,000 people seated inside the auditorium, and 3,000 people turned away. Both men are well known throughout the entire religious world, and they are exerting a tremendous influence for good in the earth." —*Biblical Recorder.*

Let us add, in regard to the above-mentioned men, they are Wake Forest men.

'08. Mr. Herbert Peele, who made a splendid record whilo in College, both as a student, and as a man, is making a mark in the field of North Carolina journalism. Mr. Peele, during a part of his college career, was editor of THE STUDENT—perhaps this accounts, in part, for his present success. He is, at present, editor and manager of the *Weekly Advance,* a clean, newsy, instructive and up-to-date eight-page weekly, published at Elizabeth City, N. C.

The following gentlemen of last year's medical class will enter Columbia University, in the near future, to complete their course in medicine: Messrs. C. I. Allen, F. F. Cox, J. M. Davis, and J. Y. Hamrick, Jr. Mr. B. L. Jones, who has his certificate, will also enter the same institution. Best wishes for the young doctors.

Mr. R. A. Sullivan, the efficient assistant in history of last year's session, will assume the principalship of the graded school at Potecasi, N. C., this year.

The leading Episcopal paper of the country, the *Churchman,* in reviewing Dr. Robertson's two recent books—the "Commentary on Matthew," and "John the Loyal," takes occasion to say some very complimentary things on the scholarship of the Southern Baptist Seminary faculty. In speaking of Dr. Robertson's work—"Commentary on Matthew," this great journal has this to say: "It shows an alert

and open-minded scholarship that will be no surprise to those who have followed the course in recent years of the seminary from which it emanates."

'11. Mr. Jno. R. Carroll has been secured as professor in the Winterville High School.

'11. Mr. I. C. Woodward is teaching and preaching this year. He is teaching in Fruitland Institute, and preaches at several churches near Hendersonville, N. C.

'10. Prof. R. O. Rodwell has charge of the graded school at Warrenton, N. C.

'10. Prof. H. B. Jones is principal of the High School at Lumber Bridge, N. C.

Mr. A. B. Combs, who took his M.D. degree last year has been elected as professor of Latin and mathematics, in the graded schools of Elizabeth City, N. C.

'08. Mr. J. H. Nanney is teaching this year in a high school near Hendersonville.

'11. Rev. Robt. E. Brickhouse made such a fine impression last year as principal of the high school at Woodland, that he has been elected to fill that position again this year.

The following gentlemen of last year's graduating class are with us this year taking their M.A. degree: Messrs. J. A. Ellis, J. T. Cabaniss, W. D. Boone, Cola Castello. Messrs. H. W. Huntly and D. F. Smith are specializing in Chemistry.

'11. Mr. H. A. Wallin will be the principal, this year, of the Pinnacle High School.

'10. Mr. E. I. Olive is teaching in the high school at Fayetteville, N. C. He also has several churches at which he preaches on Sundays.

CLIPPINGS

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The clergyman had just begun his prayer for rain.

"O, Lord!" he said, "send down from heaven, we beseech Thee—"

Just then an aeroplane came crashing through the roof of the church.

"—no further evidences for the immediate present of Thy great bounty," concluded the clergyman.

A CONNOISSEUR.

They met in a bric-a-brac shop.

"Are you fond of jades?" asked one.

"Well, I can't say I am," said the other. "I married two, and, to tell you the truth, I don't think they wear well."

He gazed tenderly into her eyes as she spoke.

"Life," she murmured dreamily, "is after all nothing but a romance in which we are the characters."

"And in the novel of your life," said he, tenderly, "where do I come in?"

"You?" she answered with a smile. "Oh, you are, let me see—one, two, three—you are Chap. seventeen."

HAYSEED SCORES ONE.

"I suppose," said the city man, "there are some queer characters around an old village like this?"

"You'll find a good many," admitted the native, "when the hotels fill up."

AT THE SIDE-SHOW.

Ticket-taker—"I hear that two-headed boy comes from Utah."

Proprietor—"Well, we'll advertise him as a Mormonstrosity."

"This division of the women's ward," said the asylum guide, "was made necessary by the new style in skirts."

Looking in, the visitor saw a number of women in queer, bifurcated garments parading up and down the room.

"These patients," continued the attendant, "we call our pantalunatics."

A hungry typhoid convalescent demanded something to eat. The nurse gave him a spoonful of soup.

"Now," he said, fretfully, "I want something to read. Bring me a postage stamp."

QUESTIONABLE.

Neighbor—"Johnny, I think in looks you favor your mother a great deal."

Johnny—"Well, I may look like her, but do you tink dat's a favor?"

AVIATION.

I tried this Aviation,
  Of which so much we've heard;
Oh, glorious sensation,—
                bird.
              a
            like
  I rose up

I'm done with Aviation,
  A thing at which to mock;
Oh, horrid consternation,—
  I came down
              like
              a
              rock.

PRINTING SOME.

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I said.
  She nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press, and—I guess
  We printed a big edition.

NAUTICAL NOTES.

Flo was fond of Ebenezer;
  "Eb" for short she called her beau.
Talk of tides of love, Great Cæsar!
  You should see them "Eb" and "Flo."

There was a young lady named Banker,
Who slept while the ship was at anchor;
  But she rose in dismay,
  When she heard the mate say,
"Hoist up the top-sheet and spanker."

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXI November, 1911 No. 2

NIGHT FAIRIES

D. S. KENNEDY.

I hear the voices of the night
  Full often call.
With siren songs they lure me forth
  From duty's thrall.

And disenchanted from the spell
  Of Despot Day,
The people of the night their charms
  About me lay.

The dainty elf-things 'round me weave
  Their fragile bands
And smooth the furrows from my brow
  With fairy hands.

Their soothing magic softly falls
  Upon my mind.
The passions of a world of men
  Are left behind.

THE WAKE FOREST BAPTIST CHURCH
1835-1865

J. H. GORRELL.

There is scarcely room for doubt that the Wake Forest Baptist Church has a history unique in interest and importance. It may possibly be asserted, without prejudice to the truth, that no other Baptist Church within the bounds of our State offers a story in any degree comparable with it in the personnel of its membership and its statewide and world-wide influence. For, whereas it may be conceded that many other churches trace their origin to a more remote epoch and may boast of a goodly array of honorable and distinguished men and women, yet the fact remains that, with rare exceptions, the events connected with them are almost entirely local and seldom does any movement or individual appear to influence the denomination at large.

On the other hand, by the very reason of the intimate association—I may say, identification—of the college with the church, there has always been evidenced here a spirit of high culture, earnest and intelligent endeavor, and the best and wisest leadership. Hundreds of the greatest men of our denomination in North Carolina and the South have, at one time or another, been connected with the college and the church; many have received within its fold the inspiration for their life-work; all have left traces of their spirit and their presence here. In short the fierce light that has always beat upon the center of Baptist educational life in North Carolina has shone with scarcely diminished luster upon the church which was established here at the very inception of the college for the purpose of keeping the religious atmosphere of the place as pure and as sweet as the intellectual.

With these words of introduction I approach the subject of the History of the Wake Forest Baptist Church from its beginning to the close of the Civil War.

1835-1840.

On the 30th of August, 1835, one year and six months after the founding of the Wake Forest Institute, the first record of the Wake Forest Baptist Church was written, which reads as follows:

"The religious part of the members of the Institute, believing that it would tend more to improve their knowledge of church government, their advancement in spiritual things, and the purity of their character as Christians and followers of the blessed Redeemer to have a church instituted at this place, obtained letters of dismission from their respective churches and were constituted a church by the Rev. Samuel Wait on the last Sabbath in August. After the constitution of the church, it was deemed expedient to elect such officers as are usually attached to churches for their government. Accordingly the Rev. Samuel Wait was chosen pastor of the church, which appointment he accepted on condition that the Rev. John Armstrong should be an assistant pastor, which was agreed to."

This meager account, made in the minutes of the church, may well be supplemented by the following letter written to the *Biblical Recorder* under date of September 10, 1835. The writer is still thrilling with the inspiration and enthusiasm of that memorable occasion:

"The most interesting exercise by far was the constitution of the church at this place. New era in the history of our institution, yes, in our denomination of North Carolina. On the 30th, previous arrangements having been made, our chapel was thronged with attentive hearers. After singing a few animating hymns, the faculty ascended the rostrum,

when a very eloquent sermon was delivered, which being concluded, those to be constituted into a church were arranged on a seat immediately facing the rostrum, numbering about twenty. Our esteemed president then proceeded to the organization of the church after the usual ceremony. He delivered a warm and touching address, particularly to those he baptized the preceding year; having given the right hand of fellowship, the church gave President Wait a call to the pastoral care, associated with Professor Armstrong. Those expecting to unite with us from other churches were invited to take a seat to the left of the rostrum, which was accordingly complied with, consisting of about twenty. Another seat was prepared for those who had lately obtained a hope, when thirty came forward, their hearts filled with gratitude and joy. A general proclamation was then set forth for all to come who were anxious about salvation and enter the circle of this rejoicing throng. Let us pause to praise God, it embraced the whole. Mr. A. (a young leader among the students) no longer able to restrain his grateful emotions, broke out in exultant thankfulness, "God is for us, God is with us, who can be against us?"

The charter members were seventeen in number, as follows: John Armstrong, H. K. Person, J. H. Brooks, Wm. T. Brooks, Wilie R. Powell, R. M. Noxon, J. W. Hoskins, J. Hackney, F. T. Riggs, B. R. Ernul, W. I. Sutton, W. T. Outlaw, J. S. Delk, J. H. Skinner, W. C. Watts, Wm. C. Skinner, and George Washington.

The officers of this body were: George Washington, Clerk, R. M. Noxon, Treasurer, and H. K. Person and Wilie R. Powell, Deacons.

There were few changes in officers between the date of founding and 1840. The following brethren were elected clerks: W. W. Childers in 1837, and O. F. Baxter in 1839. Wm. T. Brooks was made Deacon in 1836.

The body seemed to flourish from the very beginning. By the end of the year 1835 the membership had increased to 43. By 1840, however, the number had dwindled to 27. The most prominent members at this time appear to be Wm. T. Brooks, father of Mrs. J. C. Caddell; J. L. Prichard, father of Mrs. Charles E. Taylor, and Jno. B. White, who afterwards became President of the college.

The first member who was licensed to preach the gospel was Josiah H. Brooks, on November 22, 1835. At the same date Wm. T. Brooks was permitted, as the record expresses it, "to exercise his gifts wherever he may be called upon." The first ordination was that of Henry L. Graves, in October, 1837.

The chief concern of the church in those early days appears to have been of a twofold nature: first an earnest desire for growth in grace, and, second, a rigid and zealous effort to preserve purity of Christian character among the members. Within the course of a month after its founding the members were divided into classes which were to meet once in a week to "relate the exercises of their minds" during the past week. In this we detect the beginnings of the weekly prayer meeting.

Discipline was rigid and yet always administered with justice and Christian charity. Exclusion was the punishment meted out to the unworthy members with an unsparing hand. Within less than two months after the establishment of the church one of its members was excluded, and in the course of less than a year and a half eight others had met with a similar fate. Nor was any respect of persons shown; two of the most prominent early officers, the first clerk and the first treasurer were expelled.

It may be of interest to those who study church government during the early part of the nineteenth century to describe in some detail the proceedings with reference to

a certain Mr. Blank, which at that time apparently constituted a *cause célèbre*. Mr. Blank, who was prominently connected as an officer with the church in these early days, was evidently a student of the Institute. The charges against him were falsehood and intemperance. They were itemized as follows:

"1. Brother Blank stated to Brother Ryan a few days before leaving the Institute that he had not five dollars. Again Brother Blank stated to Lemuel Leary at least a week before leaving the Institute that he had two hundred dollars.

"2. Bro. Blank told Wm. T. Brooks that he had to warn T. M. Wood against keeping Lemuel Leary's company. Again Brother Blank denied positively to Leary ever having used such an assertion.

"3. Brother Blank observed to Brother W. J. Sutton that Chauncey Graham came here with a good moral character, but he was in a fair way to go away without one. This Brother Blank has denied to Chauncey Graham.

"4. Brother Blank observed in the presence of Brother Jno. Washington that Mr. R. Burney was engaged in the various misdemeanors committed about the college building. Again he denied to Mr. Burney and said it was not his custom to speak disrespectfully of any one, particularly of Mr. Burney.

"5. Brother Blank affirmed that Thos. N. Wood did not perform in the Euzelian Society a certain act. Brother W. T. Brooks said that Thos. N. Wood did perform it and other brethren are convinced that Thos. N. Wood did perform it and that Brother Blank was aware of it.

"6. A respectable lady in the neighborhood has said that it is no uncommon thing for Brother Blank to be affected with intoxicating liquors.

"7. Brother Jno. L. Prichard stated that if he was not deceived he has seen Brother Blank considerably affected with intoxicating liquors.

"8. Brother Stevenson observed that on visiting Brother Blank's room he has seen several kinds of wines or cordials in Brother Blank's possession and that Brother Blank has taken enough of wine, as he supposed, to make a common man drunk."

After wrestling with Brother Blank's case for nearly a year of postponements and indulgences, he was reported as having rendered satisfaction and excused. A letter had been granted him, for he left for Columbian University.

But the end was not yet reached. In 1839 a letter was received from Columbian stating that he had not been allowed to remain in residence there on the ground of immoral conduct. After other derogatory statements, the church excluded Blank from its membership and directed him to return the letter of dismission granted to him.

Three years later a letter of penitence was received from Blank and he was reinstated into the church and granted a letter to the church at Edenton. Again, two years later, it was learned that he had not united with the Edenton church and was guilty of unbecoming conduct, upon which, after a postponement of two years more, he was definitely excluded, his letter recalled, and this once prominent church officer disappears from notice as far as this church is concerned.

We have also another case of discipline in the person of a certain student named Johnson, who was arraigned before the church in 1839 on the charge of assaulting a fellow-student on Sabbath morning. This case, after occuping the consideration of the church for three meetings, was dismissed.

The church seemed at that time to be peculiarly unfortunate in respect to its officers, for we note that the clerk of 1842 was dismissed for playing at cards and indulging in profane language.

This zeal for personal religion was not confined to its own members, for toward the close of 1835 a letter was written

to the Wake Union Church expressing its disapproval of the irreligious conduct of two of the members of the latter organization, and in the Wake Union records we find that these two members were expelled on these charges.

It was the duty of the deacons to watch over the lives of the members and to report any case of misconduct, and a resolution was early introduced that for any member of the church to withhold any information affecting the standing of any member was a just ground for censure. Such laws may appear in our days as drastic, but there is every reason to believe that they exercised a most wholesome influence in preserving the spirit of religion and Christian rectitude in the critical period of the church's history.

The colored members of the community, almost all of whom were slaves, were not neglected by the church. Among the first additions to the membership was one "Jim," a servant of Mr. Allen, who was baptized in the fall of 1835, and who during his two years' connection with the church appears to have borne an exemplary character. We have the records of several other slaves, all of whom are named by their Christian names, as they had not yet assumed any surnames; among them are Sam, Vertex, Anthony, Martha, Caroline, Richmond, Dicey, Rebecca, Annie, etc. These sable communicants worshipped with their white owners, were evidently treated with kindness and consideration, and their spiritual welfare was carefully observed. Very few records of backsliding among them occur until they at a later period met by themselves in a separate building, called the "African Chapel."

On September 3, 1836, application was made for membership in the Raleigh Association, and from this time on we have regular records of appointment of delegates and of contributions made to this Association.

The first record we have of the contribution of funds to

the objects of the Convention is in 1837, when $40.00 was contributed, this sum being divided between Education and Foreign and Domestic Missions. The next year, however, only $23.50 was reported.

The celebration of the Lord's Supper was apparently at irregular intervals. The date was fixed at a previous church conference, as, for example, at the church meeting of March 9, 1839, the following motion was made: "Resolved, that the church have communion next Sabbath at candle-lighting." Indeed from the frequency of the word "candle-lighting" in this connection it would appear that in those early days this ordinance was celebrated exclusively at the evening service, probably because this period was considered a nearer approach to that of the first Supper or it may be that this solemn hour of the day was considered specially appropriate for so solemn an ordinance.

It seems that some of the members were unduly loquacious in business meeting, if we consider the appropriateness of the following resolution passed in 1839, that "no member be allowed to speak more than twice on any subject without special permission." I may be allowed to state for the information of the present membership that this rule was embodied among the by-laws of the church and has never been repealed.

Two ordinations were effected by the church before 1840. It would seem that the virtue especially enjoined upon the young pastor of those days was that of humility, if we are to judge by the coincidence that the ordination sermons in both these cases were preached from the same text: "Who is sufficient for these things?"

1840-1850.

The period 1840 to 1850 was one of seemingly slow but continuous and well sustained growth. Dr. Wait still re-

mained as pastor of the church, though his compensation must have been extremely meagre; the only item of salary recorded was the payment of $17.50 on March 1, 1847. Two months later he resigned the pastorate and Dr. William Hooper, who was now President of the college, was chosen as his successor. Dr. Hooper held this position until he left the college at the close of 1848, and for several years subsequent to this date the church was under the pastoral care of Professors White and Brooks.

There was considerable change in the official personnel of the church. Six different clerks were elected during this period and three deacons ordained. J. L. Prichard was licensed to preach in 1840, and his ordination, together with that of Dr. Wm. T. Brooks, took place on March 28, 1842.

The first resolution on temperance recorded was in August, 1840, but it seemed that the church was inclined to go slow in this direction, for the subject being postponed from one meeting to another, no action was taken till February, 1842, when the following simple motion was adopted: "Resolved, that we as a church abstain from all intoxicating beverages."

Great stress was laid upon public expressions of personal Christianity. We find a motion in March, 1842, that "at our regular meetings each member relate his religious feelings." Whether this resolution was literally carried out is not known, but in many of the minutes of business meetings we find records of which the following is a sample: "Many excellent and feeling remarks were made by most of the brethren respecting the state of their religious feelings."

From 1841 to 1846 the church was favored with the inestimable blessing of the presence and inspiration of Matthew T. Yates, who, although he was during that whole period simply one of the students of the college, yet contributed probably more than any member has ever done to enrich and

strengthen the religious life of the church and community. Dr. Yates united with the church on April 18, 1841. He was elected deacon in June, 1842; he served as clerk from January, 1843, to June, 1844. Together with Professors White and Brooks he appears to be most prominently identified in all religious affairs, interested in all church business and a regular delegate to Associations and Conventions. He was invited to ordination in 1846. His wife was baptized into the fellowship of the church in November, 1846, and in the same month the church endorsed Dr. and Mrs. Yates as missionaries to China, granted them letters and with its blessing sent them forth on their great life work. Surely a church that has trained and given to the world such a man has gotten to itself honor enough for all time.

Another prominent member during this period was Henry B. Folk, whose name is known throughout the country as the father of such sons as Edgar E. Folk, of Tennessee, and ex-Governor Joseph Folk, of Missouri. Brother Folk united with the church in May, 1846, and was appointed clerk in February, 1849. The strong, vigorous style and the legible handwriting of his records are themselves witnesses of a man of unusual ability.

Several records of interest may be mentioned as we pass along. In March, 1843, it was resolved that all non-resident members be asked to take letters to their nearest churches. That this move was not a dead letter is shown by the fact that the utmost diligence was exercised in its fulfillment, and that members who failed to comply with it were regularly dropped from the rolls or excluded from the church. In April, 1843, a certificate of full fellowship with the church was granted to one of the charter members, John Washington, at his request, to unite with the Episcopal church.

In October, 1845, a letter was asked for the dismissal of the church from the Raleigh Association, with which it

had been connected since its founding, in order to join the Flat River Association. It appears that the objections to the Raleigh Association were removed for a time, but there still remained some dissatisfaction until in 1856 the bonds of connection were dissolved and the church united with the Tar River Association.

Up to 1846 the conferences had evidently been attended mainly by the male members of the church, judging by a motion made in February of that year that henceforth "church meetings be held at such a time as will suit the convenience of our sisters and that they be asked to punctually attend." Yet we may well imagine that the ladies, even had they complied with this requirement, remained silent witnesses of the deliberations, for such a violation of strict constructionism as to speak in public would have undoubtedly formed sufficient ground for expulsion. An evidence of their observance of the proprieties is shown by the discussion in September, 1846, of the question: "Is it necessary that the deacons be ordained before being allowed to carry around the symbols of the Lord's Supper?"

The influence of Dr. Yates increased greatly the interest in Foreign Missions, and in 1847 Dr. J. B. Taylor, who was at that time Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, suggested to the church systematic collections for this work. It was thought advisable, however, to continue devoting such funds to the support of Dr. and Mrs. Yates and for a number of years this disposition was made of all Foreign Mission contributions.

It was in the next decade, in November, 1854, that Dr. and Mrs. Wingate formally united with the church by letter from the church of Darlington, S. C., but we find Wm. M. Wingate, an active member as early as the beginning of the year 1849, when he served on a committee of discipline.

In April of that year he was invited to "exercise before the church with view to license."

Another prominent member of this period was John C. Carlile, who is frequently mentioned as serving on committees in financial matters. His mantle must have fallen in rich measure upon one who bore almost the same name, our lamented Brother John B. Carlyle, whose ability in this respect was excelled by none.

About the year 1849 the colored members began to worship in a separate building called the "African Chapel." They were allowed to celebrate the communion there, but their regular services were under the control of the white ministers and their members were baptized into the fellowship of the white church. A reliable slave, Sam Ryan, was appointed deacon of the colored church, which position was probably regarded as a pastoral one. This high honor he seems to have borne with becoming dignity for several years, but, like so many of his race, he fell and in 1855 he was brought up before the church on the charge of ill conduct. The members, however, covered his faults with the wide-spreading mantle of charity and resolved that "Brother Sam be excused with the censure of the church in reference to his marrying in such haste after leaving his former wife." It is not known whether the dusky deacon regained his former prestige.

There is not much to be said in praise of large contributions made at this time. In 1840, $23.50 was contributed to the objects of the Convention. In 1844, $30.00 was given, and this increased in 1847 to $120.00. Still less can be said of local subscriptions. In April, 1843, a resolution was adopted that each member be required to pay into the church fund 10 cents quarterly to pay the expenses of the church. Surely this was religious privilege purchased at a cheap rate.

At the end of the fourth decade of the century there were 73 members enrolled, among whom may be mentioned Wm. Crudup, Benj. F. Biddle, Thomas H. Pritchard and James H. Foote. The last of these has died within the past three years full of years at his home at Roaring River.

1850-1860.

Fifteen years of the church's life were past, the transition period was over, and great things were preparing in the near future when the spiritual life of the community was stirred as never before under the spiritual power of the sainted Wingate.

In writing the history of the Wake Forest Church during the ten years' period of 1850-1860 the narrator labors under an embarrassment of riches. Perhaps at no other epoch was there such spontaneous and universal religious life, such development in liberality, such glorious revivals, such a collection of great and good men who here received their inspiration to carry the message of salvation to all parts of the Old North State.

From Dr. Hooper's resignation as President to 1854 there appears to have been no regularly appointed pastor. At the last church meeting in 1853 it was resolved that "the President of the college shall be considered pastor of the church and in his absence the oldest ordained member of the Faculty." As Dr. Wm. M. Wingate at once assumed the duties of President and pastor it was mainly through his influence that the church received such a spiritual quickening and strengthening, that the very memory of those days is to us a benediction. This spiritual fervor was so universal that even in the perfunctory records of business meetings the clerk frequently introduced such statements as the following: "Communion was partaken with solemnity," "the occasion was truly a solemn and impressive one"; "the occasion was celebrated with much feeling and solemnity."

Never in the history of the church did there appear such unmistakable marks of divine favor, such outpouring of the Spirit, the almost visible manifestations of the very Shechinah in the sanctuary as during this era. From the frequent mention of those periods of grace among the old records, from the letters written to *The Recorder* during this time, describing these visitations of Divine favor, as well as from the accounts taken from the lips of a few of the aged members of the church, we may infer that no church was ever blessed with a pastor who could equal Dr. Wingate in religious influence and the ability to infuse a deep and genuine love for God among his people. Professor Mills, who was converted under Dr. Wingate's ministry, gives this illustration of the preacher's power under God's help to convict men of sin. It was in the later fifties that a revival took place which brought almost the entire student body into the church. Among the few who were determined not to yield to the Spirit was a young man, A. J. Emerson (for many years after Professor of Greek in William Jewell College). He was laboring under deep conviction and yet, with the purpose of resistance, he hired a horse and rode over into Granville County. But the further he got the worse he felt, and after passing a sleepless night in the home of a farmer, he started home again. Burdened with sin and ashamed of running away from Christ, he rode slowly along until he came over the crest of the hill overlooking the college, when his horse became frightened, and ran away with him. Near the foot of the hill he was thrown from the saddle and was dragged for some distance with one foot in the stirrup until just in the middle of Richland Creek his foot was loosened. He picked himself up and, wet and muddy as he was, he went immediately to the college chapel. Dr. Wingate was then preaching at an afternoon service, and in the middle of the

sermon in walked this young man, with dripping clothes, torn and covered with mud, with blood and bruises upon his face. Dr. Wingate paused and the young man strode to the front, shouting as he did so, "Dr. Wingate, I am willing now to do anything that God Almighty wants me to do."

The church clerks during this period were Rufus P. Jones, 51-55; John M. Brewer, 55-57; G. S. Jones, 57-60, and J. L. Carroll, 61— E. T. Beachum, John M. Brewer, G. A. Belcher, and J. L. Carroll were appointed deacons; the treasurer during most of this time was John M. Brewer.

A gracious revival took place in 1852, as a result of which twenty-five members were baptized into the fellowship of the church. Among these occur the names of some who were beloved by us all and whose memory we treasure as sacred possessions. John Mitchell and Gaston W. Simmons were baptized on March 16, 1852. On the 28th of the same month John M. Brewer and his wife, Ann Eliza Brewer, were buried in baptism and at the same time two of their colored servants, Patience and Nancy, followed their master and mistress into the baptismal waters. It was indeed an example of a whole household turning to the Lord.

The writer would fain pause here and call up hallowed memories of three aged saints whom he loved in the truth: Mother Brewer, the sweetest, gentlest spirit that moved among us, surrounded by her devoted children, loved, honored, and blest; Father Brewer and John Mitchell, the Beloved Disciple, who survived her by only a few years. How often have I seen these two old men sitting together in heavenly places in Christ! There still lingers in my ears the sound of these quavering voices as, with the family assembled around them, they would sometimes at evening devotion sing together the old songs of Zion. There was a

touch of infinite tenderness in this scene; old age was made beautiful, and they seemed to say to me:

> "Grow old along with me,
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life for which the first was made."

Surely "the hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness."

No member served his church longer and more faithfully and devotedly than John M. Brewer. He was appointed deacon during the same year that he united with the church, and no deacon ever adorned his office more than he. There is scarcely a record from 1852 to the close of the Civil War that does not make mention of the activity, earnestness, and zeal of Deacon Brewer. For two years he served as clerk and for many years was the treasurer of the church.

John Mitchell was licensed to preach in June, 1852. His long, beautiful life is sufficient testimony to the fact that his was a call of God.

Among other prominent preachers whose names occur in the records are: Dr. W. T. Walters, who united with the church in 1850; T. H. Pritchard, who was authorized to appear for ordination in November, 1853; J. D. Hufham, who was baptized on September 24, 1854, and authorized to preach in February, 1855; Prof. Wm. Royall and our beloved Dr. W. B. Royall, who were received from the church of Greenville, S. C., in February, 1860; A. F. Purefoy, the father of Mrs. Poteat, who united from the Wake Union Church in April, 1860, and was ordained in 1863; W. R. Gwaltney, who joined from Pilgrim's Meeting House in Alexander County in August, 1860; R. H. Marsh, who was ordained in August, 1861; J. B. Richardson, who united with the church October 17, 1857, and was authorized for ordination in February, 1860; and J. L. Carroll, whose ordination took place in May, 1862.

Among the prominent members I may mention Brother P. A. Dunn, recently passed away from us, who united with the church in June, 1853; W. B. Dunn, who was received for membership in March, 1854, and thus has the oldest record of the present membership of the church; Mrs. W. G. Simmons, who united by letter in March, 1856; Luther R. Mills, who was baptized October 18, 1857; Mrs. I. O. Walters, who joined by letter in March, 1859; Mrs. A. V. Purefoy, who came to us from Mt. Vernon Church in 1860; Miss Petrona Royall, the lovely and lamented Mrs. W. C. Powell, who was baptized on November 6, 1861; and Mrs. D. S. Vann, who was received by letter in 1863.

Great care was taken that the members be regular and punctual in attendance at meetings and attentive to all the laws governing the body. In 1852 a standing committee was appointed to interview those who had missed two meetings and to require them to render their excuse to the church. The deacons and clerk were kept occupied reporting cases of breach of discipline and scarcely a month passed without one or more of these cases being presented for consideration. Expulsion was not uncommon, but we see throughout an earnest desire for reformation and not for the infliction of any penalty.

In March, 1856, an elaborate Code of Rules for Church Government and Laws of Decorum were drawn up and adopted. At the same time an attempt was made to secure the enrollment of every church member in the college and to request his attendance at the church conferences.

On February 26, 1859, an important movement was made which resulted in the founding of the church at Forestville. On this date six members, including W. B. Dunn, were dismissed for the purpose of organizing this new church; in March three others, including P. A. Dunn, and in August four more were also granted letters of dismission for this

purpose. It is thus seen that the Forestville church is the daughter of that at Wake Forest.

Although there is a violation of chronological order in the narration, this may be the place to tell of another branch established by the Wake Forest Church. In 1862 the record states that an "arm of the church" was established at the Woodland Free School House, and on November of the same year six members were baptized into its fellowship.

The establishment of the Woodland Church was due to the earnest devotion of a Wake Forest student, J. K. Howell, who afterwards in a long ministerial life was widely known as one of the noblest spirits and most beloved pastors in our State. Mr. Howell started a Sunday School in the Woodland schoolhouse, but despite all his efforts apathy and hostility prevailed. On one of his visiting tours he noticed two old maiden ladies near Woodland painfully attempting to make a garden. His sympathy was excited and on the next Saturday he borrowed a horse and plow from Dr. Walters, rode over and ploughed and planted the garden. As this was near the public road almost all the neighborhood knew that this young student had a heart in him and was not afraid of work. The next Sunday the house was crowded and the interest of the whole community was won for him and his work. From this humble beginning sprung the Woodland Church.

The interests of the colored members were not neglected during this period. Although they had for some time been worshiping separately in the African Chapel, they were carefully watched over by the officers of the church, who would regularly meet with them, direct their deliberations, and receive their members. These members had risen one step in civilization by the fact that they had for the most part assumed surnames, these being the names of their masters and we find a considerable number of dusky converts mas-

querading under the honored names of Wingate, Biddle, Simmons, and Purefoy. This change was, however, not accompanied with improvement in deportment, for we meet with evidence that laxity in morals was on the increase and gave deep concern to the church leaders. A large number of expulsions from the church at this period was from among the negro members. As may be expected, night was the favorite time for religious exhileration among the negroes, and so objectionable was their conduct that shortly before the war night meetings in the colored church were ordered to be stopped.

In March, 1859, a committee was appointed, of which the venerable Dr. Wait was chairman, to make arrangements for the establishment of a Sunday School. The beginnings of this most important organization were eminently encouraging. By the next month the committee reported the Sunday School in active operation with R. R. Savage as superintendent, and observe that "the enterprise met with the hearty co-operation of all who rightly estimate its value and properly appreciate the advantages of such an organization and that the school had been organized under circumstances truly flattering." Among those who at different times served on the Sunday School Committee were Wm. Royall, J. M. Brewer, A. F. Purefoy, and W. G. Simmons. Prof. J. H. Foote was elected superintendent in 1860 and J. L. Carroll, with W. R. Gwaltney as assistant, filled the position in 1861.

One of the most gratifying features of the religious life of the church was the increase of contributions to the objects of the Convention. In 1852 this amount was $72.00; in 1854, $129.00; in 1855, $147.75; in 1856, $200. In October, 1858, the following interesting minute was recorded: "After appropriate remarks by the pastor and brethren on the subject of benevolence a subscription was circulated and $388.00 contributed to the objects of the Convention." At

the same meeting 28 delegates were appointed, among them L. R. Mills, and seven brethren, among them P. A. Dunn, were made life members of the Convention. In 1859 subscriptions to the extent of $383.00 were made and the highest figure was reached in 1860, with a contribution of $500.

But while contributions to external objects were generous and large, the money expended for the church expenses was ridiculously small. Sixteen dollars and fifty-three cents was disbursed by the treasurer for this purpose in 1858, fifteen dollars in 1859, and twelve dollars in 1860. Even for such sums the treasurer had to advance the money and sometimes to wait for two years for a special collection to be made to reimburse him. At the same time, however, they were thoughtful enough to make permanent improvements to the chapel by furnishing it with blinds in 1856 at a cost of $42.00, with two stoves in 1859 costing $46.53, and with lamps in 1860 worth $55.00.

1860-1865.

The church, well organized and flourishing for a quarter of a century, continued with hardly perceptible activity during the dark days of Civil War. For some time the war appears to have had little effect upon the church. Three hundred and sixty dollars was contributed to the Convention in 1861 and $223.00 in 1862, though we are informed that Brethren Wingate and Walters together gave $110. The omission of the names of active members at the meetings is more and more noticeable. The absentees had evidently gone to the front. In March, 1862, we find the first direct reference to the troublous times by a resolution "to have prayer-meeting every Friday evening with reference to the affairs of our country."

Subscriptions were regularly taken during 1864 for Army Colportage, and in that year there is a request for a season of special prayer made by the Y. M. C. A. of Davis's Brigade.

During the war period we have record of the addition to the church of several members who are still with us or have only recently removed from us. Among them occur the names of John B. Brewer, who was baptized in September, 1863; Alice O. Wingate (Mrs. N. Y. Gulley), baptized in September, 1864, and Robert E. Royall, whose baptism took place on the same date.

In 1864 the regular chapel was transformed into an army hospital. The benches were moved to the African Chapel, and for a year or two the meetings of the church were held in the latter building.

As the war progressed more and more difficulty was experienced in supplying services and in keeping up the affairs of the little body; but those heroic and generous men in the last year of the war gave over $200.00 to the Convention, though there is a pathetic note in the accompanying record that "the church assumes to pay Brother W. M. Wingate twelve barrels of corn as a compensation for his pastoral services."

But the Wake Forest Church was not to be spared in the ravages of cruel war. Two of the youngest, most devoted, and promising members had been slain in battle and, like Rachel weeping for her children, the church thus laments her beloved dead in the two records made in September, 1864:

"WHEREAS, God in His Providence has seen fit to remove from time to eternity our beloved young brother, Edgar H. Purefoy, youngest son of the Rev. James S. and Sister M. Purefoy, and as it is proper for the church to give testimonial of the loss of this young man, who sacrificed his life in defense of his country in June, 1864:

"*Resolved,* That we as a church feel deeply grieved to give up forever one so young, yet we feel that his conduct as a

member has been such as to satisfy us that he died the death of a Christian and that our loss is his eternal gain."

"WHEREAS, God in His Providence has permitted our dearly beloved brother, Col. John G. Jones, to fall in battle on Friday night, June 17, 1864, whilst heroically charging the enemy and contending for the liberties of his invaded country; therefore,

"*Resolved,* That we as a church have seldom if ever been called on to mourn the loss of so promising a young man, both to his church and to his country, as in the case of Col. Jones, commanding 35th Regiment, N. C. Troops, Ransom's Brigade, who having nearly finished his education at W. F. College, when this wicked war was forced upon us, withdrew from the student's classic walks, returned to Person, his native county, raised a company, and hurried to the seat of war. From the grade of Captain he was promoted regularly up to Colonel, and in each particular grade he attracted the attention of his superiors in command by his skill and daring in times of danger. He was particularly conspicuous in storming and carrying the enemy's strong works at Plymouth and one of the forts is called Fort Jones in honor of his heroic action on that memorable day.

"That we will ever cherish his memory, appreciate his shining virtues, and that in him we recognize the patriot, the Christian, and the noble defending our homes.

"Brother Jones, in his dying moments, exhibited in an eminent manner the power of Divine grace, for soon after he was brought from the battlefield his surgeon wished to examine his wounds, but he said to him: 'You can do me no good. I feel that I shall die in a short time, and you may be of some service to others who are wounded. I am resigned to death and I feel confident of receiving a bright crown of glory in heaven. I believe my sins have been forgiven and death has no terrors for me.' He then requested

the surgeon to feel his pulse and tell him candidly how long he would live, and after the examination, the opinion was given that he would not survive more than two hours. He then remarked that he had desired to preach the gospel before the war, but he felt it his duty to obey the call of his country, and if he had any desire to live it was that he might preach the gospel. He requested the surgeon to say to the men of his regiment that if he had at any time wounded their feelings, he asked their forgiveness. * * * He bade an affectionate farewell to all about him and * * * in a short time his spirit took its flight to 'that rest that remaineth to the people of God.'"

I wish to note parenthetically that Colonel Jones had just been appointed Brigadier-General and that Prof. L. R. Mills, then a young soldier, had been asked to serve as a member of his staff. Professor Mills was on the battlefield not far from the tent where Colonel Jones breathed his last, and he relates that shortly before this heroic soul returned to God, he was heard repeating that beautiful hymn—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lay my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

* * * * * * *

I have now reached the end of my story, and I close the page. I have traced in outline the early struggles, the quiet and patient labors of the sainted men and women who established our beloved church; I have described some of the problems that perplexed our fathers in their efforts to preserve a pure and unspotted membership, and I have rejoiced with them in the many evidences of Divine favor and "seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." I leave the narrative as the church is broken by the devastating hand of war, but with purpose unshaken and faith unswerving is looking forward to a new era of triumph and prosperity.

MONSIEUR

FRANK A. SMETHURST.

Monsieur Jaques was an artist and from Paris. To the inn-keeper of the small Southern village he said, "I travel in America for ze health." To the inn-keeper's plump daughter, he whispered, "I seek ze affinity." Certain it was that Monsieur's canvas remained untouched and his palette dry. The fields were beautiful, but Monsieur preferred the dim light of the parlor. At sunset the sky was tinted with gold and crimson, but the inn-keeper's daughter had rosy cheeks. Once Monsieur started toward the woods to listen to the notes of the American song birds. A soft feminine voice came from the sitting room and Monsieur turned back.

Do doctors really know very much? The noted specialist of Paris had carefully folded a large bank note, looked over the rim of his spectacles and had declared that Monsieur suffered from a peculiar nervous disorder with a disgustingly long name. He further advised a tour of America.

The inn-keeper knew no medicine. He held no degrees from famous universities. He was plain "Cy" to all the country folk. But he was experienced.

"Sick!" he said with a grunt of disgust. "The durned Dago's love sick, that's all. Let 'im plow an' chop cotton an' feed the hogs; he'd stop this blamed foolishness about that idee o'hisn."

To state the fact simply, Monsieur was in love. With whom? No one in particular, just in love with love itself. This was but natural. I have already told you that Monsieur was an artist and a Frenchman. I will now add that he was twenty.

Plainly, to the good village folk Monsieur was paying court to the inn-keeper's daughter, the pleasant-featured Susan, with a zest which could admit of but one explanation. Susan, for her part, accepted gracefully the courtesies of the foreigner, and in return, favored him with unusual notice, much to the chagrin and evident displeasure of a certain sun-tanned young farmer with horny hands and few words. To Monsieur, the brown young giant was without the pale of recognition. Susan could not look with favor upon a person of so vulgar an appearance. Was it not he, Monsieur, who escorted her to the village festivals? Did he not sit beside her in church? Had he not driven beside her over miles of country road?

Matters were coming to a crisis. The son of the soil was showing signs of restlessness. He became even more reserved and silent. Monsieur kept his eyes open. At breakfast Susan smiled sweetly. At dinner she was demure and shy, also she blushed often. Later in the afternoon, Monsieur was dressing in his room. Through the window he saw his beloved disappear into the woods. The decisive moment had arrived. Monsieur dressed quickly and followed after her.

"Ah, zere! I have eet," cried Monsieur as he reached the top of an incline. Protruding from a massive rock and nearly concealed by it was a lavender parasol, a dainty tan oxford, and a tantalizing bit of ankle.

Here something happened. The wind caused it. Straight toward him was blown a filmy bit of lace, a mysterious little thing. Hers! Ah, the magic of that word! Monsieur reached for it. Mon Dieu! The wind snatched it from his very hands. Monsieur was not to be thus daunted. He made one more desperate lunge. It blew over a tangle of vines and he stumbled and fell. At the same time there was a heartrending sound. Monsieur's trousers had split.

This was nothing to the recovery of the precious handkerchief. Straight toward the fence the unfavorable breeze bore it. Monsieur scrambled through. The fence was barbed and the inevitable happened: Monsieur's coat became two pieces, while the handkerchief was poised uncertainly on the high bank of a small stream. Monsieur rushed for it eagerly. The water splashed loudly. Monsieur cursed and sputtered volubly in French. Clutching the handkerchief desperately he climbed out tattered, wet, and muddy. His spirit, however, was not dampened.

"Behold!" he cried, almost jubilantly. "I weel go! I weel present me before ze Susan of ze heart! I weel show to her ze loyalty! I weel fall on ze knee! I weel declare ze affection! Zen—ah! zen!

With a chorus of *mon dieu's* he made his way back to the rock. Apparently, his presence was yet unnoticed. For a second he hesitated and looked down at himself. A discouraged look came over his face, but he stepped forward resolutely. It was surely Mademoiselle. There could be no doubt about it. With a flourish of his arms he sprang forward, and threw himself on one knee before the rock.

"Ah, Susan, I come—"

Then he looked up for the first time. It was Susan, yes; but her head was nestled snugly against the shoulder of the tall farmer whose arm encircled her waist.

"Oh Diable!"

Monsieur fled.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SOIL

ARTHUR D. GORE.

She used to live on a country farm
  And roam the meadows with other lassies.
She begged her mother for things to darn
  And stood ahead in her spelling classes.

She knitted stockings and milked the cows
  And skimmed the cream and at night would churn it.
She turned the calves on the grass to browse,
  And baked hot cake—and she didn't burn it.

Her hair hung down in a single braid
  Below the fringe of a pretty bonnet,
Which she herself had so nicely made
  That Cupid swallowed to see her don it.

She had a surplus of native sense,
  And looked as sweet as a stick of candy;
But, ah! poor thing! at a great expense,
  She went to look for a city dandy.

And thus she painted and powdered up
  And bought a hat—full a yard or wider!—
Then sold her gifts for a poodle pup
  That stuck as close as a plaster 'side her.

She waltzed at balls in the glaring lights
  And blazed away with her foolish clatter,
For on her life and unquestioned rights
  She fancied then that the world gazed at her.

"But you are not to the manner made,"
  Smiled each new suitor perchance who sought her,
"You're far too slow for a city jade,—
  You'd do quite well for a farmer's daughter!"

And then there flashed through her troubled mind
  A childhood dream, and she murmured sweetly:
"I'll be what God from the first designed—
  A plowman's lassie and act discreetly."

THE SCHOOL OF PUBLIC HEALTH

A. C. CAMPBELL.

The good health of any people is one of its greatest assets and all available means for its security should be utilized. When we think of the fact that for the year 1907 there were sixteen deaths for every one thousand people in the United States, and that the greater part of these died from preventable diseases, the scope of the question is seen to be very extensive. When it is again considered that countless others are going through life with some physical defect and abnormality which the proper care and attention might have rendered avoidable, the importance of sanitation and medical care is unquestionable. Homes are being displaced each year by cemeteries, when the proper precaution might have retained their possession. Besides the fact that this ignorance and indifference is costing us the lives of our citizens, the cost in dollars and cents is also enormous. It is conservatively estimated that we spend $1,500,000,000 annually for preventable germ diseases. If this money were spent in fighting the diseases, they would be practically stamped out in the course of a few years. It is true that we are spending as much money for these diseases as would be necessary to render our country free from them. If actuated by no worthier motive than this, the war against disease and unsanitary conditions would amply repay the people. Thus we see that the question has an economic aspect as well as a humane effort to benefit society at large. The development along this direction has been wonderful. People are no longer content to live in uncleanliness and utter disregard of the physical well-being of themselves and their neighbors. Everywhere we see signs of improved conditions, and the

idea has seized the people and is expressing itself in personal efforts and civic leagues.

In this attempt to improve society by remedying physical conditions, the school occupies a very unique position. The school has gradually become our social center, and reforms emanate very greatly from the school and its influence. And again, children spend so much time in the schoolroom that if they fail to learn these laws of hygiene there, they are not likely to learn them. Children are being congregated in these schools daily, and are under the personal influence of specialists who render them invaluable service. The sphere of the school has been widened to such an extent that the realization of important subjects other than textbooks is causing a revolution in our whole educational system. Teachers are beginning to feel that hygiene is essential as well as the three R's, and allowance is made for it in the school course. The only way for the people to become acquainted with these laws is by education, and the school is a powerful agency in this direction. So, then, the position occupied by the school at the present time renders it very effective in working out sanitary reforms.

Having seen the important position occupied by the school, it follows next, What are the forces that can be utilized by the school? The first one we wish to mention is physical training and education. It aims not only at the environment of the child, but the formation of correct habits, the imparting of knowledge of hygiene, and the stimulation of better ideals of physical efficiency. A favorable environment is essential for the physical well-being of a child. Many are the diseases and injuries caused by improper environment, as, bad situation of the school building, bad ventilation, and the like. Besides the contraction of undesirable abnormalities, the effectiveness of the work done in the school is largely counteracted. "The probability is that if we could

measure the product of school work, we should find a startling decrease of school effectiveness in rooms not well ventilated, probably far more in the long run than would be the cost of a first class system of ventilation."

Playgrounds and other opportunities for spontaneous play have come to be regarded as indispensable. The necessity for play has been recognized, as well as the necessity for work. Although extensive playgrounds are rather difficult to secure in cities and thickly populated communities, parks are used to some extent for out of door gymnastics. Although limited in extent and capacity for this work, they are rendering very efficient service in promoting the development of the physical man, thereby warding off immature growth and poorly developed physiques. Gymnastics and calisthenics form a more controlled part of physical education. Although the value of spontaneous play and games are not to be underrated, we must not lose sight of the fact that directed exercises under some competent instructor are also important. Under the direction of instructors, they may be utilized for correctional purposes. This form of exercise results in great good to the pupil, and all forms should be integrated under competent instruction.

Another force that may be utilized by the school is that of medical examination in schools. Many children at present in school are unable to learn, not because of dullness, as some seem to think, but because of physical defects which hamper their progress. Children segregated for special classes on account of inability to learn, show a large per cent of defect, showing that a large part of feeble mentality is traceable to purely organic causes, which are capable of remedy. Furthermore, children upon the removal of these hindrances are able to compete successfully with their schoolmates. Such instances have been continuously noted by constant observers until steps have been taken for the eradica-

tion of these defects, as far as possible. The vitality of our youths is being sapped by these defects, when, if the proper steps were taken, their lives might be made much more pleasurable and serviceable. It is a duty which we owe to our fellow creatures to aid them in every way possible. "Every child has the right to advance as fast as his own powers will permit without hindrance from his own or his playmates' removable defects." Every child has a function to perform and it is our moral duty to aid him in his work, as well as remove all possible obstacles in his pathway. Although we admit that the proper place for this examination is in the home, in a great number of cases this is not done, and the duty falls upon the school. Also, while the prevention of disease is much more preferable, yet it must be remembered that diseased persons exist and will continue to exist, thereby rendering remedies necessary. Various forms of examination are in operation. In New York City physicians visit the schools, examine the children, note the defects, and report same to the parents. As a rule, parents are very prompt to act, realizing that the health and welfare of their children are concerned. This plan operates admirably, and the main obstacle seems to be lack of proper supervision and inspection. Many children living in districts where inspection is not to be had, are laboring under unknown difficulties, which might be remedied. The ignorance of parents and teachers, coupled with carelessness, cause the blighting of many lives, both in the home and school. Numberless pupils are at present suffering with eye trouble, ear trouble, adenoids, and similar difficulties, which hinder their educational progress, as well as occasion suffering and inconveniences, which might be cured by a simple operation. It may be said that this examination and treatment will be expensive. But, can the cost be considered with the welfare of an individual? Can the value of mere money be considered

with that of lives? Every effort should be made, regardless of cost for the examination, treatment, and provision of these unfortunates. When we consider that the prosperity of our country will be aided, as well as the status of the individual, a forward step should be made in this direction. School teachers and officials are beginning to notice this feature of the educational system and steps are being formulated with regard to it but the failure to see the importance and the lack of coöperation on the part of indifferent and uneducated parents prove to be too formidable difficulties which must be overcome.

Still another agency is the prevention of disease. Its importance is obvious. However important and necessary may be the inspection of children, preventive methods are much more satisfactory and much easier accomplished. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." So, our efforts should mainly be directed towards prevention, although steps should be taken for the relief of the present defectives. If the prevention of the spread of diseases, both contagious and those not, is accomplished, it will be a very short time until disease will be banished from our midst. In this phase of health obtainment, the school has an exceedingly unique position. One weakness to be overcome is the lack of schools for our physicians and nurses. Preventive hygiene is not an essential part of the training of these classes at the present time. Not enough emphais is placed upon this kind of work in the preparation of these "health agents." Mr. Allen, in his book, "Civics and Health," says: "Not only are there no colleges for preventive hygiene, but medical schools have not provided individual courses." Contagious diseases now rampant throughout the whole country could be greatly checked, if not totally destroyed. Quoting again from Mr. Allen: "The needless cost for one year of 'catching' disease in New York City would endow in perpetuity all the

schools and lectureships and journals necessary to teach preventive hygiene in every section of this great country. That city alone sacrifices 28,000 lives annually to diseases that are officially called preventable. The yearly burial cost * * * is more than $1,000,000." It is estimated that this amount is more than is spent by the whole United States for hospitals and boards of health.

The main direction in which the school can promote the public health is by the education of school children. Many of the children come from inferior homes, where cleanliness and the regard for sanitary conditions are totally unobserved. It becomes, therefore, the duty of the school to teach these children the laws of health.

Take for example the disease tuberculosis. It costs the United States 150,000 citizens each year, and it is estimated that its annual cost in money is $1,000,000,000. This disease, constituting one-third of all the deaths between the ages of 15 and 45, has fallen amazingly in its destruction during the last thirty years, and prominent authorities say that it would be comparatively easy to render our people entirely immune from it. Mr. Allen says: "Without learning another fact about tuberculosis, we can stamp it out, if we will but apply the lessons of cleanliness and natural living already known to us."

The great enemies of tuberculosis are sun, air, good food and cleanliness. Upon cleanliness as much and possibly more than any other thing depends the stamping out of the great white plague. The school, by educating its pupils to clean, upright living, can become a mighty force in this direction. The whole crusade against the plague is an attempt to educate the people to a proper regard for their own health and the health of others, and no other agency is so well equipped as is the school. With the men and women of the future before them, the teaching of the laws of hy-

giene by competent instructors will have a far reaching effect in stamping out this and other dreaded diseases. Since the cure of the disease is simple, the main requisite is the education of the people to the importance of stamping it out, and the school by giving the children a clear understanding as to the nature of the disease and by impressing upon them the necessity for its complete annihilation, the ravages made upon our people may be stopped and the disease be stamped out.

Many other diseases of like character might be mentioned which are unnecessarily causing many deaths among our people, and which, with the proper regard for sanitary laws, might be eradicated. Thus, we see that the school has a singular position and therefore implies a corresponding duty to advance the health of the people.

The health of our people depends upon teaching the people (1) the importance of hygiene; (2) the responsibility of each person regarding public health; (3) the best methods that can be used. Seeing that *education* is the main factor in this crusade against disease and unhealthy conditions, no agency, excepting the home, comes in contact with the future leaders of the world as does the school. And no more effective agency exists for fighting these evils than the school.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

H. T. HUNTER.

The old Esmiraldi Inn was to be reoccupied. Five years ago Nick West had given up innkeeping with no guests as a bad job, and moved to town. During this interval, spiders had spun and respun their webs, rats and weasels had gnawed, nested and increased, and snakes had hissed in its dark rooms undisturbed. Decay had wrought its melancholy change. Camping parties had indeed sheltered in its wide porch, perhaps some had dared, on a chilly night, to sleep among the rats within. But as a home or inn, the old Esmiraldi was considered to have run its course.

But it was really to be occupied again. The strange man with raven-black whiskers had come, as the agent of Judge Swann, of Louisiana, and paid a big price for it, and the Judge, he said, desired to occupy it by the first of July. For two weeks the man with black whiskers had had a dozen men at work getting things ready for the coming of Judge Swann. It was now June 30.

Nothing in the way of repairs remained to be done—nothing except repainting, which, it was learned, the Judge had ordered omitted until he and his wife should come.

Alma Wilson and her mother had come with flowers, to see that the rooms were ready for the furniture. It was understood that the noted owner and his wife would spend the night in the valley at the home of Captain Wray and come on up to their future home the next morning.

"Say! I wonder," questioned Ben Williams of the curious crowd of what Kipling would call Hill-men—"I wonder if they're not akin to the Swanns that used to spend their summers here when the Ashworths run this old Inn?"

"They may be, sir; they may be," said Will Jones, after squinting his eyes as if to remember something.

"I'll bet, by golly, they air," ejaculated Tobe Foster, who, open-mouthed, had been airing a quid of tobacco.

"Me, too; fur ye know they wuz frum somewher' out'n Louisianner," said Landon Phillips, looking wise and yanking at a twisted leg of blue overalls.

"Mr. Wray," asked Mrs. Wilson, coming through the door, "do you remember that bright little boy of theirs—what was his name?—that Walter used to like so much?"

Alma pulled her mamma's sleeve, and whispered something to her.

The sound of horse hoofs in the rocky road was heard. Two livery stable claybanks pulled up, and, after a moment's scrutiny of the exterior of the building, a tall, venerable-looking man, with a small, glittering spectacle-chain dangling against his cheek, stepped out of the buggy. It was Judge Swann. After cordially greeting the men, he made a brief inspection of the rooms. He came out smiling, and with a bow to the black-whiskered man, said:

"Good job, sir. I'm well pleased. Be here in the morning by eight."

During this time the white-haired old lady, Mrs. Swann, had sat strangely still and looked with almost fixed eyes at the great, open porch. Some said a tear fell upon her hand. At any rate, she had not spoken a word when the claybanks pulled off for the valley again.

Evening was coming on. Old Stony Point was casting its huge shadow at the base of Little Pisgah, and Potato Hill was sinking in a hazy mist.

Perhaps the shadow of revived grief was falling across the soul of Alma Wilson that night when she kissed a fading picture in a locket and whispered to herself: "Oh, that I could see him once more! God forgive him."

Loads of furniture were coming in from the valley next morning before the sun was an hour high. And the cove-dwellers and valley farmers and their wives and a sprinkling of boys came through the morning dew, as to a circus. Of course, they came through fear that the Judge and his good wife would suffer without their assistance. It would be cruel and ungenerous even to think otherwise.

Busily the work went on. The men transferred the furniture from the wagons. Within, the women were busy, Mrs. Swann, Mrs. Wilson, and Alma, either handling the lighter articles themselves, or courteously giving directions to those who did handle them; while the Judge and the man with black whiskers performed a similar office with respect to the heavier furnishings.

"I wish you'd look at that 'ere peanner and them soft-looking chers!" ejaculated Landon Phillips, pointing with one hand and yanking at his overalls with the other. "I wish he had to give me some o' them fine things."

Tobe Foster grunted audibly, and looked wistfully at the upholstered chairs, then added:

"Gosh, if me an' Hanner jist had haif that good fixin's, we'd never grumble."

Some heard these remarks with a smile; others shrugged their shoulders, swallowed at nothing, and looked miserable.

It seemed a singular working of Fate that Alma Wilson should be cast with this high-born couple as their guest the first night in the new Esmiraldi—no more an inn, but now the residence of a retired judge. But such was the case, and at five she sat with them on the wide porch after all others had gone away.

The smoke, stolen by a soft breeze from the Judge's pipe and lips, enveloped a square column, eddied gently and vanished.

"How cool and refreshing is your mountain air! It's

paradise compared to Louisiana!" And Judge Swann brushed a lock of silver hair from his forehead, waved his arm as if to get the full benefit of the breeze, and settled a bit lower in his chair.

Alma's first impulse was to acknowledge the general and generous compliment; but she decided to be a listener, and for a long time she sat in her chair, quietly studying the features of her host and hostess. When they engaged in conversation, she listened as one attracted by indistinct music which awakens memories. The Judge's voice, in particular, seemed the echo of loving tones once familiar, and that arched brow, the deep temples and firmly set thin lips—how like the little picture she had kissed the night before! Could she be mistaken? Was this really Robert's father and mother? The curiosity became a painful anxiety; yet she could not ask them. Then she remembered. Had not Robert told her how, in the disastrous Chicago fire, he had lost his parents when a child? Yes, the resemblance could only be apparent, and she could now see that it was all a fancy of hers.

Soon her attention was attracted by Mrs. Swann. The old lady looked long and half-dreamily at the yard and orchard and the spring beneath the large beech trees. The changing expression on the meditative face told of revived memories. The features which usually bore a gentle pathos, smiled sweetly as the wandering eyes fell upon the little pony stable overgrown with vines. A trembling hand touched the sleeve of the Judge.

"Look, papa!"

Mrs. Swann had not used that little endearment for twenty-five years, and blushed at the thought of it. Then she went on:

"Look at that dear little stable. How it reminds me of

Robbie's evening rides on his little 'Black Prince,' as he called him. He was so fond of his pony."

"And of his painting and pictures," observed the Judge as if to finish the sentence. "You know," he went on, "I found in the garret this morning the little easel he used to employ in his crude painting?"

Mrs. Swann turned quickly upon her husband with evident surprise, but remained silent for a moment. Then added slowly:

"I wish you hadn't told me that. I fear it will be like looking upon the grave of buried hopes every time I see it. I believe he could have been the greatest artist of America."

The silence that followed was broken by a masculine voice full of feminine tenderness:

"Don't permit brooding sadness, dear, to mar our happiness in this paradise."

Judge Swann took a trembling hand in both of his, and added:

"It is enough to have been the parent of such a child. The thought of him should make our return and years to be spent here rich with memories."

"Don't think me weak," returned Mrs. Swann, "because I allowed it to affect me in this way. It is only momentary. Yet, I must confess, the sight of things about here brought nothing to mind so vividly as the boy, and it seemed as but yesterday when he was taken from us."

It was clear to Alma now. They had lost a son. The reader has already guessed, doubtless, that the aged couple are none other than the Swanns spoken of in the opening of this story as having formerly visited the Esmeraldi Inn.

"Yes, it's all clear; they're the ones," Alma was thinking to herself. "But the boy—can it be that he is dead?—He? —Robbie?—Is it Robbie?"

Tears came into her own eyes. She gazed over the moun-

tains in reverie, yet exerting enough effort to try to understand it all. How could it be? Was she dreaming?

Soon Alma collected herself, and, stepping to the side of Mrs. Swann, she gently brushed back the gray lock of hair and said:

"Mother Swann, you shall not be lonely for the lack of one who shall be as a daughter. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to share the new Esmiraldi with you, and serve you, and love you as your own child. I want nothing but your benediction and simply to be with you."

Mrs. Swann put her arms around Alma and kissed her. "You shall be my very own."

Judge Swann chuckled at the idea of their affection being so strong and sincere so early. But he said with a benign smile:

"Two kittens couldn't be more chummy at so slight acquaintance. My blessings on you both."

"Oh, if Robbie had lived," observed Mrs. Swann, smiling, "you two could have been so happy together. He loved girls and flowers and pictures. How he used to gather asters and violets, and go to that mountain and sit for hours, then come and tell me the most wonderful things he had heard and seen. He just worshipped the mountains, and had such a beautiful collection of mountain scenes his Uncle George gave him."

Here she arose, went into the room, and came out with a worn album, tied with a delicate white ribbon. She sat down, spread it open upon her lap, rubbed the worn velvet of its border, and said:

"This is all we saved. I have kept it all these years, and when it is gone, I want to go."

"All that you saved—saved? What do you mean by that?" Alma asked.

"Oh, hadn't I told you? Well, it was in the great fire

of Chicago, twenty-five years ago, they say; but it seems to me but yesterday. The hotel we were in was the second building to take fire. Such a rush of people I have never seen. People trampled upon each other, and ran screaming through the streets. We barely escaped, half dressed, into the streets. My first thought was of Robbie; but it was too late. I thought my husband had him. I rushed back, but met smoke and flame, and the rushing mob nearly pushed me down. The boy was lost, but somehow in the rush I had seized this precious album; and I shall keep it to my dying day."

And she hugged the treasure tightly against her bosom.

"Did you never hear from him? Was there no possibility of his escaping the flames and the trouble being that you never found him?" suggested Alma.

"No, there could have been no mistake," Judge Swann replied, seeing his wife was trembling with emotion. "We hunted for him, advertised for him; but nothing was heard. We decided his little body was among the charred bones found where the building was burned, and gave up hope. Since then, we have not cared to go where we should be reminded of the child. Not until I gave up my judgeship two months ago, did we decide to purchase this property. We always loved the North Carolina Mountains. No, Miss Wilson, we have no hope of seeing Robbie again."

"Let us hope," said Alma; but a voice within her seemed to say: "Do you?—can you?"

Just then a man with glistening overalls came by, and shouted from the road:

"I'll come over in the morning and do that painting fur you."

"All right, sir," said the Judge, with a bow.

As the man turned a curve in the road, he shouted back over his shoulder:

"I'll paint out them old names on the wall, if I don't do nothin' else."

"Names on the wall—what does he mean?" asked Mrs. Swann.

"Why, haven't you seen them?" said Alma, jumping up and running to the turn of the porch. "Come here and I'll show you. Some of the names are so cute—just rich."

The Judge and Mrs. Swann followed, and saw what had hitherto escaped their notice. The end of the building was literally covered with hundreds of names, some rudely carved with a knife, others written with a pencil. Some of the names were written horizontally, others vertically; some in large letters, others in small; some had the address, others had none; some freshly cut or written, others showing age. It resembled curious Indian carvings seen in museums.

"Look here—here's some Chicago people," said Judge Swann, and he tried to recall having known some of them; but they were all strangers—or the names were strange.

"Bill Tharpe—Old Bill Tharpe, Esq.," shouted Alma; and she stood pointing at the capitals, "E. S. Q.," and laughing outright.

"Now, here's something interesting," remarked the Judge, as he stood contemplating "U. S. Grant, 1875," in small neat letters on the window sill.

You will recall that camping parties had been sheltering in this old inn, on occasions, ever since it was abandoned by Nick West five years ago; and it appears that each had left his or her name on the wall.

"What have you found?" asked Alma. She had seen Mrs. Swann look closely at something, spring back, pluck at her husband's sleeve, then look back as if to be reassured.

"What is it?"

"Look here!" came the answer. "Do look here. What does this mean?"

Judge Swann and Alma both looked, and saw written in clear, delicate hand: "Robbie Swann, Athens, Tenn."

"Can it be"—and Mrs. Swann looked again at the name—"can it be our boy?—or is it a dream? Oh, my heart's in a flutter."

Alma seized the trembling figure, and said: "This is my chance to tell you—I can't keep it longer—what I have felt to be true ever since I first saw you. I believe your Robbie—Robert, some call him—still lives and I know him."

Then she told hurriedly how a young traveling artist had come a few years before to the Carolina mountains; told of the love affair, of the engagement, of the roses received while in college, of the strolls by the waterfalls; told of the happy exchange of letters, of the precious picture; finally of the sudden break of the correspondence; of how she had written letter after letter, but in vain. Yet she believed he lived somewhere, cherishing in his heart the pangs of some unaccountable delusion. Else he would have told her.

Any way, this was a clue, and two hearts seized it with the eagerness of despairing hope. In two days they were in Athens, Tenn. But disappointment awaited them. Some put up their brows and said such a name as Robbie Swann had never been heard at Athens. Others said they believed they had heard the name; others still remembered having seen a stranger who spent days sketching a river scene. Long, weary days, even weeks, were spent in visiting city, village and country—wherever a clue led them. Deciding at last they were snatching at shadows too vague to be tangible, Alma and Mrs. Swann returned to the New Esmiraldi. They did write several letters as a last effort, directing them to places toward which the feeble rays of a dying hope might point. Most of these were returned, marked "'Uncalled for."

One day, as the rural mail carrier passed the Judge's, he saw Alma sitting on the porch. He held up a letter. She jumped off the porch and ran down for it. She looked at it once, opened it hurriedly and began to read. Then waving it in the air, she started for the house, and exclaimed: "O, Mother Swann, I feel so happy. Here's hope for us at last."

* * * * * * *

Two months afterwards Alma is again stroking the silver hair of Mrs. Swann and trying to comfort her. Judge Swann is gripping both hands of a tall, stately man of thirty-five, and giving him a benediction.

"Yes, Mother Swann, dear, you may look for us at least twice a year; and we want you to be perfectly happy in this paradise. When husband and I return from Europe, we take up our permanent abode at Washington. For him to have control of the Corcoran Art Gallery is great—beyond my early dreams, and I feel so happy."

And both Alma and Robbie kiss the aged couple affectionately, and go on their way.

FORAGING

M. E. WINSTON.

"Say, Dan, what is in store for fun tonight?"

This question was put to one of a small group gathered on the street corner in a certain college town.

"Well, boys, I hardly know. The chickens are on to our game and they roost higher than they did in early fall."

"The peach that hangs the highest tastes the sweetest to me," spoke up John, the high reacher, as he was commonly called by his intimate associates.

"Boys, I know where the high roost is. If John will agree to make the trip I will pilot the bunch."

"All right, good for you," chimed every one in the bunch.

"Say, fellows, the fowl is high up in a pear tree and the limbs are fearfully thick. At the same time it is a little risky because old man Smith is on the watch for intruders."

"O, pshaw! I am willing to climb any tree that a chicken attempts to roost in. Old man Smith will never know what became of his birds."

"All right, then. Tonight you are to go up after the bird."

About twelve o'clock, the appointed time, we met on the path not far from the place of attack that was to be made on the feathered "enemy."

The tree was located. It was a dark night and John proceeded to climb and work his way up through the prickly branches. The darkness made the task a difficult one. John would grunt as if the thorns were getting the best of him.

Finally the feathered creature was reached and about this time a loud report of a pistol, John, afterwards, said that it sounded like a cannon, was heard in the farther corner of the

lot, and as it was dark the boys blindly jumped to run. Two of the fellows met one another and I think I can safely say "face to face" and, judging from appearance next morning, I think that they had a head-on collision. They fell sprawling under the tree as if some one had struck them with a setting maul. About this time John had an involuntary movement and lost his equilibrium and he came with a double somersault down through the sharp thorns. He landed squarely upon the two that had come together so suddenly. Of course these two thought that old man Smith had them beyond a reasonable doubt. They finally got on their feet and made another break through the blackness of the night. One of them ran over the chicken coop and it sounded as if he had torn the side of a house off. The other ran into a cart with a barrel of garbage and, needless to say, there was a perfect deluge of the contents of the barrel. All of this scared John into fits almost.

John was the last to reach his room, and it was a sight for sore eyes to look upon his carcass. You could rightly call him a carcass because he was mortally disfigured. His face was bleeding from the effects of his descent through the thorns of the pear tree. His clothes were—well, he was a "Happy Hooligan" in disguise. One of his trousers legs was entirely gone. He tore this off as he fell through the tree as we learned the next day. John had not discovered his loss when he came in, he was so much frightened. Next morning we went by the place and much to the chagrin of John he saw his pants leg up in the top of the tree flapping in the morning breeze as graceful as the "stars and stripes" ever waved.

John said he almost saw the bullet as it went through the tree top. In fact, he thought the bullet cut the very limb which he was on, because he fell so suddenly. It was a long time before we could convince John and the two that

ran together under the tree that the shooting was done by a fellow student and that the whole thing was a joke. Just say, "pear tree," and John will foam at the mouth.

BETH

D. S. K.

'Twas evening, and the beauty of
  The sunset's golden glow
Was mingled with the softened shades
  Upon the sward below.

With blithesome heart I wandered through
  The coolness of the lane,
For at the twilight I was sure
  To see my Beth again.

When in the closing dusk I saw
  Her bright eyes, brown and soft,
My heart,—like Wordsworth's, when he saw
  The rainbow,—leaped aloft.

And as I gazed with tender eyes
  I made a solemn vow
That I would always love, protect,
  My pretty Beth, my cow.

TADPOLES, A SOW AND TWO SHOATS

LESLIE G. BULLARD.

For once in his life Tadpoles accepted his task uncomplainingly.

It was a hot Sunday afternoon in the latter part of September. The long stretch of sand that lay in front of the yard gate and around the stables reflected the heat from the sun as if it were coming from a seething furnace. The cows slowly chewed their cud in the thickest shades, and the hogs grunted lazily from the damp sand near the troughs which they had overturned in their efforts to make a cool place. Now and then there was breeze enough in the treetops to show the white underside of the leaves. It was, perhaps, due to the intense heat of the day that Tadpoles had become too listless to slip away to the creek or to some neighbor's grapevine.

Tadpoles was a typical country urchin, and derived his nickname from his fondness for mud holes. He was rather thick set, about the average height of a boy of fourteen, and had an immense shock of red hair, stray locks of which pushed their way through tattered holes of a broad-brimmed slouched hat. His faded overalls reached nearly the middle points of his legs, half way between the knee and the ankle, and were supported by a pair of white homespun strips, which he would tell you were "gallowses." He was good-natured as long as he could have his own way, and usually there was a mischievous smile lurking about his dirt-besmeared mouth.

On this particular afternoon he was lolling about in the cart body, as old man Hiram Rollings, his father, passed him on his way to a neighbor's.

"Tad, feed up for me if I ain't back in time," called the old man.

"All right, sir," responded the boy with such promptness that the old man stopped and gazed at him in astonishment.

Old Hiram was surprised that Tadpoles accepted the task so readily, since it was his usual custom to complain a great deal or absolutely refuse altogether. But he did not question the boy and went on without further remark.

The sweltering evening dragged slowly by. At sunset Tadpoles threw aside a dime novel he had been feasting on, scrambled to his feet, yawned sluggishly and looked up the lane to see if his father was coming. Not seeing him, he went to the back window of the kitchen and carried a bucket of slop to the lot fence. Then bringing the corn from the barn he proceeded to feed the hogs.

The big lot gate opened into the long sandy lane which extended to the main road about half a mile away. In this lane at the lot gate the hogs were fed, and while they were eating and out of the way the horses were fed.

Old man Rollins had a fine large sow and two pigs that he always fed by themselves. Tadpoles had fed these last, and was standing with his toes in the crack of the fence gazing at the hogs as they were eating. The two shoats, one spotted, and the other black, had long tails, with long hair on the end, almost as long as the tails themselves. When the two shoats scrambled around until they came side by side, a roguish twinkle in his eye indicated that a thought had struck the urchin's brain.

Stealthily he clambered over the fence, and while the swine had their rooters buried in the slop over their eyes, he swiftly tied the tails of the two shoats together, then backed off to see the fun. The shoats didn't care for it until Blackie saw a piece of melon rind, in one end of the trough and Spots saw a ham bone in the other end at the same moment.

Then it was that their spinal cords formed a continuous straight line with such violence that the tails cracked as though they would snap any moment. At the same time a most terrific squealing set up, coming from the opposite ends of these united hogs. Well, Tadpoles was having a regular hog-killing time! His shouts of laughter interspersed the intervals between the squealing.

The two shoats continued their contrary actions in the matter while the great sow devoured the contents of the trough, unmindful of the sorrows of her fated offspring. Guzzling from one end of the trough to the other in her efforts to get the last crumb, she at last spied a choice morsel just beyond the two opposing pigs, and, swerving neither to the right nor the left she fell on her knees and plunged between the rear ends directly under the ever-tightening tails. Half way under, Blackie realized that another persecution had set in, and with his patience taxed to the limit, he landed a terrific thud in the side of his fond mother. This sharp blow brought her to her feet like a rubber ball from a stone pavement. She landed on her feet running and bore the two shoats with her, one swinging from each side with their tails tied firmly across the mother's back. As they sped down the lane, the mother sow chimed in with a bass voice to the shriller tones of her children on her back, which she could neither get rid of nor yet understand their misfortunes.

As the trio sped down the lane, little Susan Walker was just passing the corner. Suddenly she was swept from her feet and landed astraddle of some black and rapidly moving object. She knew nothing else to do but to hold on; this she did with vice-like grip and began screaming for dear life.

The sow had already reached the main road when this extra burden was taken on. The squealing hogs and the screaming girl, with her long tresses streaming out behind.

now disappeared down the main road into the now fast gathering gloom.

Five minutes later, hatless, eyes bulging, hair standing on end, and with perspiration streaming from every pore, Neill Bronson fell into the home of Jeff Sanderlin. As it happened Hiram Rollins was at Sanderlin's.

"Hi! Hi!! For Heaven's sake," fairly shrieked Bronson, "I jist seed old Sal Blinly, the old witch, ridin' down the road like lightnin' on yer finest sow with the two pigs tied across her back. She skeered my hoss purty nigh to death."

Next morning Tadpoles overheard a conversation between his father and mother in which he could now and then make out the words "witch," "Sal Brinly," "My finest sow and pigs."

After breakfast he soberly watched old man Hiram as he took from his pocket two or three silver dimes and nailed them firmly to the bottom of his hog trough, at the same time casting troubled glances at a big knot of hair which clung to the tip of Blackie's tail and the raw, hairless place on Spot's tail.

BLOODY BREATHITT

D. S. KENNEDY.

Nobody in Nugget Gulch knew Bloody Breathitt's real name, nor where he came from, nor his pedigree. He had drifted into town about a year before and had fitted at once into the life of the place. One day some one asked him where his home was.

"Out yonder," he said, jerking his thumb vaguely towards the southeast. His slow drawl betrayed his Southern origin.

"What d'ye call yourself?" asked another.

"Some call me Breathitt," was the only reply he made.

Nugget Gulch's social life was intense. Gambling, drinking, and gun-play were the chief amusements. In all these Breathitt proved himself an artist. Gold was plentiful. To keep it was a crime. "Cut your cards," was the sentence most often heard. Disagreements over the card tables were common. The man who could draw his gun first won the game. Breathitt always won. Hence the prefix "Bloody" to his name.

On this particular day Breathitt had not ill-sustained his fame. In the morning he had lost all his gold dust at poker. Following the matter to its logical conclusion, he had picked a fight with his man, and now the man lay seriously wounded on a bunk in the back of the store.

Outside, the snow had already fallen a foot deep, and other storms were approaching. Gray clouds were hanging low on the horizon. Breathitt's placer claim lay ten miles up the gulch. Somewhere up there he had hidden his washings of gold dust.

"Ed," said Breathitt to the proprietor of the store and

barroom, "hand over one day's feed. That's enough. So long, boys."

"Where you headin'?" said Coyote Pete, as Breathitt slouched towards the door.

"After dust," was the answer.

"Darn fool," remarked another indifferently.

"He'll ketch it if that blizzard comes up," said Coyote Pete.

Breathitt knew the danger of his undertaking, but with his usual indifference he did not care. He had pulled out of bad scrapes and would pull out of this one. At first the walking was easy. He was still on level ground and made headway without trouble. His mind was brooding over the checkered record of his past.

After three miles the trail became rougher. Gullies piled with drifted snow began to obstruct his path. Sometimes when everything looked clear before him he would plod along confidently, then suddenly the earth would seem to give way beneath his feet and he would plunge headfirst into the snow. Ten miles is usually a short distance, but as the hours passed the miles grew longer. However, towards eight o'clock he could see his cabin lying low and dark in the uncertain moonlight which found its way through the clouds. Once within, a warm fire and a hot supper soon restored a part of his wasted strength, and he slept the sleep of the healthy.

Morning dawned reluctantly. It was evident that the long delayed blizzard was coming down. Breathitt had just begun to eat the remainder of his snack when he heard a muffled cry. Jumping to his feet, he listened a moment. The cry was not repeated. Throwing the door open he looked out, then started sharply. What was that! A body, already powdered lightly with the falling snow, was crumpled up near the doorway. Instinctively he reached down and dragged it inside. As he did so, a low wail arose and a

curly-headed child rolled from the body. Breathitt saw it was a mother and her child. Surprise, perplexity, and finally anger, showed itself in his expression. He strode swiftly towards the door.

Something made him turn. The child was gazing at him with eyes wide with wonder. The woman's eyelids were beginning to quiver.

"Where's daddy?" piped the child. The spell broken, Breathitt turned and struck the back trail for Nugget Gulch. The blizzard was closing in. His food was gone. It was imperative that he should reach the little town within a few hours or the task would be impossible. He rushed on madly for a hundred yards, then stopped. What were the woman and child to him? All of his life he had not cared the flip of a coin for a woman. He despised the sex because of their weakness. He had always avoided children. But the curly-headed youngster had looked at him trustfully. Raging and cursing at himself as he walked, he started back to the cabin.

From the doorway he saw that the child had dragged itself near the fire. The woman, white as the snow outside, was lying where he had left her. She was now perfectly conscious, but he could see that she was nearing the end of the long trail.

"My husband—was killed—by—falling rocks," she said weakly. "Keep my little girl." Her breath came in flutters.

Breathitt laid the woman on the rough shake-down. Fifteen minutes later, as Nugget Gulch would have said, she had passed in her last checks. Breathitt turned towards the little girl, who seemed to be about four years old.

"Oo find daddy?" she cried, toddling to him.

Breathitt swore harshly. The child shrank back in terror, and Breathitt looked like a whipped cur.

Opening the door he looked around. Against a gray

background, the white whip-lashes were slashing here and there, and there was a cutting sting to them. He thought over the situation quickly. It was ten miles to Nugget Gulch. In spite of the two-foot snow, he could keep to the path. Out here he could get no food. The blizzard would block things for a month. He glanced down at his huge muscles with a grim sort of pride. Yes, alone he could make it. But the girl! With her it would mean a losing game. He looked behind him. She was half hidden behind a fold of her mother's dress, and from that place of refuge she was regarding him uncertainly. Breathitt's rusty heartstrings grated under the influence of a new impulse.

"Here kid," he called, "come here." Grasping her quickly he wrapped her in a thick coat and started for the door.

"Me wants mamma," objected the child.

"Close up," commanded Breathitt.

As the door opened, the wind bit keenly into his face. The first whiff took his breath. The great blizzard was coming in.

For two hours he trudged along. His blood gradually coursed slower in his veins. Four miles had passed, but he had been traveling over comparatively sheltered ground. He took a rise and the full fury of the storm struck him. The child, too, seemed heavier than before. Three more miles were covered, but he felt his knees trembling, and the child grew heavier. He cried out fiercely against the grey wall which was becoming thicker and which threatened to overcome him.

Why not leave the kid? She was nothing to him. Without her there was still a chance to reach Nugget Gulch. But the curly head snuggled warmly against his shoulder.

Suddenly his foot slipped and he fell. At the end of another hundred yards he fell again. At the end of a quarter of a mile he did not rise.

In Nugget Gulch Breathitt was not loved. The men merely thought of him as a "pal." But they could not leave a pal in the lurch.

"Gol-darn it," said Coyote Pete, "we got to go atter that durn fool. He can't get here."

Accordingly half a dozen set out. They took turns in breaking the way. When they had gone a little over two miles the impossibility of the task began to dawn upon them.

"Boys," said Shoutin' Jim, "we gotter go back. We'll die out here. He's a pal, but we can't do nothing for him."

"Maybe we'll meet him," said Coyote Pete.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the head man stumbled over something.

"Here he be, boys," he said stooping down, "and I'll be darned if *here ain't a kid.*"

"Is the kid all right?" asked Breathitt faintly.

"Sure; warm as a kitten," commented Coyote Pete.

Breathitt's eyes closed as he sank back in the snow.

"I'm afeard he's packed his last trail, pards," said one.

"You couldn't kill him," remarked Coyote Pete. H'ist away here."

Three years passed swiftly and Nugget Gulch had changed. Law and order prevailed. On a bit of rising ground stood a neat cabin. Before the door a little girl played. In the doorway sat Breathitt—no longer "Bloody" Breathitt, but "Mayor" Breathitt. He looked at you with an air of quiet leadership. The marks of violence and brutality were erasing themselves from his face. He was still a power in the Gulch, for the reclamation of one man had reclaimed an entire community.

THE CALL OF THE HILLS

ROMULUS SKAGGS.

Oh, the hills, the high hills and the o'er topping mountains,
Their soul-soothing silence, the Spirit of God;
Their flowers unkissed and their untasted fountains,
The pathless expanse of their acres untrod,

Call back to the sighing that swells in my bosom,
Revile the ambition that takes me away,
Bewail the vast stretch of hot sands now between us,
Impatient with patience, at war with delay.

At morning the dew-drops, all sweet from wild flowers,
Call, silently call, to my spirit athirst,
And saccharine zephyrs from Aidennic bowers
Are waiting on tip-toe to pleasure me first.

I gaze on a low, lifeless sky-line and sigh,—sigh
For upheaven horizons, fading in mist,
Streamlets a trickling from snow covered mountains,
Cooling the valleys,—O scenes that I list!

I'm coming, O rocks on the tops of the mountains,—
Ye sentinels guarding the scenes of my birth,—
To kiss the wild flowers and drink of the fountains;
How sweet is the thought after ages of dearth!

SHADOWS OF GREECE IN MODERN CIVILIZATION

J. M. KESTER.

Of the nations which have exerted the greatest influence on modern civilization Greece ranks the very first. Her legacy, in the conception of civil government, in social development and activities, in art and literature, and in architecture and sculpture, has been of immeasurable benefit in the attainment of the present high standards in these departments among the civilized nations of the world.

The Greeks were among the first, if not the very first, to provide for the social life of their people. Meagre as it was, it was a beginning of something the people hitherto had neglected and which was to prove of almost limitless consequence in the coming centuries. The stadium, the gymnasium, and the theater are examples. In these the athlete struggled and contested for the palm; the young men trained themselves for endurance both in mind and body; and the writer declaimed his best poem or play.

The theater of Dionysus, located as it was near the Acropolis in Athens, was the very center of Greek culture and social life. Twice in a year the citizens, no matter how poor, could listen to the comedies; once, at least, to the masterpieces of the great tragedians, and though books were scarce, every citizen had been to some kind of school, and could at least read and write. Some one has said that the average intelligence of an Athenian audience was no less than the average intelligence of artisans in a modern city, and their knowledge of affairs certainly greater. In the Golden or Periclean Age of Athens this, the social side of life, was especially looked after. The men who were unable to pur-

chase tickets to the great tragedies, were furnished tickets free of charge.

While the tone of society was peculiarly masculine, yet the women in spite of the seclusion in which they lived, played an important part. From her early childhood a girl might share in the rites and ceremonies of the cities; when she grew older she took part in the Panathenaic procession; older still she worshiped with the other matrons at the Thesmophoria, and to her lot it fell to discharge the last duties to the dead. The historian tells us that the Athenians were extremely careful of their children and their women. This care can not have failed to exercise a great influence on the men. And while Aristophanes has given us some ribaldry it is no evidence of the domestic life of that time. The satire of Swift and Mandeville does the same almost in our own time but it is no picture of the social, or domestic life of modern times.

It is true that the social life of Greece is marked by slavery. This allowed the citizen an amount of leisure which without slavery would not have been possible, and without the opportunity thus afforded, the Periclean constitution could not have existed.

All the above mentioned social forms are found, in a transformed condition it may be, in our present civilization.

A second influence from Greece shadowed in modern civilization is a form of civil government. The benefit from this influence has come mainly from our profiting by the mistakes of Greece. Greece had a democracy but it was far different from that term as it is now used. The democracy which reached its height under Pericles was not "of the people, by the people, and for the people," like that of Jefferson. It still had that tyrant rule at its head. But after all, in coming through the hands of the Romans and others it has

reached us and transformed is seen today, especially in the governments of England and America.

The Greeks were a people of cities. The governing power of these cities was a council which was composed of men chosen indirectly by the people—a miniature government of the people. In Athens was the great council composed of five hundred men chosen by the people. That was only an earlier form of our own government.

The jury-courts, and the assembly are other noted institutions of the Greeks. Here "equal speech" and freedom, to the citizens at least, were the rule. But with all that there was still a thing which to some extent is seen in our present government, that is jealousy toward the rich and those in power. This is partly the secret of their failure as a nation; and since our people have so recognized it, it is seen but very little in the present time. This form of government, the *polis* or city-state, was transformed by the Romans and handed down to us ready to be made a real democracy.

The early stages of civic freedom and the methods by which a democracy sought to govern itself will always interest mankind, however small may be the scale on which these events took place, but no one will deny that it is the art and literature of Greece that have been of greatest importance to succeeding centuries and civilizations.

The one great mission of Greece seems to have been to teach the world art and literature. The Hebrews could not do it for their religion forbade such. Persia had buildings noted for size, like the pyramids of Egypt, but they were lacking in grandeur and beauty. The great sums of money which Greece lavished on her buildings and amusements have turned out an imperishable investment, a source of instruction and delight throughout the civilized world.

Though the magnificent buildings have crumbled and many slabs have been carried to the different art galleries

and museums of the world, the pieces broken from the masterpieces still defy perfect imitation by our present artists. The artist takes the pieces and studies as carefully as possible but fails to give to the world such art as was that of Greece. Is it for lack of money that we fail? Certainly not, for even our national buildings, the Capitol and Congressional Library and the Corcoran Art Gallery have had all the money any one could desire and yet they are only faint representations of the art of Greece. The adornment of the Acropolis, the Parthenon, the Erechtheum and other works of the master-minds of Pheidias, Ictimus, Collierates, Muesicles and others, still remain the object lessons for beauty, stateliness, and endurance. Emerson says:

> "Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
> As the best gem upon her zone."

The wealth of a kingdom, it seems at the present time, may be offered in vain for a Pheidias. We have in a mild degree:

> "The glory that was Greece."

From art we turn to letters. In two departments of literature, the drama and history, the achievements of Greece have never been surpassed. In philosophy foundations were laid for triumphs not less splendid. The dialogues of Plato, which remain without a rival in their beauty of form and language, the works of Socrates, the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes are living monuments of Grecian literature. Only a small part of the works of these writers have come down to us. Their subjects were old yet ever new; such as the jealousy between the poor and the prosperous, the ceaseless strife raging between human intellect and a super-human power, ambition, malice, love, the conditions and limits of human life. Just such are the subjects of our present day writers.

Æschylus in his "Prometheus Vinctus" has a noble conception of poetry and has nobly carried it out. The grand-

cur of his characters has never been surpassed. Sophocles has a beauty in his choral odes and a pathos in his speeches which even Æschylus did not reach and from which modern writers have ever drawn lessons. Euripides is shown contending with the base passions of his own nature but there is another side to his life in his "Alcestis." He there becomes "the singer of sweet lyric songs, the magician at whose touch the common things of life become radiant with an eternal beauty, the master of description, telling his tale at one time with matchless simplicity and grace, at another with a splendor of rhetoric, unsurpassed in any literature."

Aristophanes stands out as the one great comedian. He has given us the Athenian life as it was in the fifth century B. C.

In history Herodotus and Thucydides will ever be the great examples. In philosophy the great names of Socrates, Thales, Anaximander, Heroclitus, and Pythagoras will ever be respected. Demosthenes still remains the one great orator. In thought we have changed from the Latin state of imitation to the Greek stage of investigation. At present everything is questioned much in the way it was in the days of Hellas.

Another legacy, and one by no means of least importance, was the Greek language. This captivating language, both beautiful and musical, soon won its way over the languages and dialects that preceded it. It prepared the world, so far as language was concerned, for the wonderful spread of the Gospel. Alexander the Great had extended the borders of Greece, together with the Greek language and civilization to India, Russia and the Caspian Sea. The Septuagint version of the Old Testament, one of the most valuable of the extant old versions, was made in the third century B. C. during the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, the celebrated Grecian leader who established the widely known library at Alexandria and made that city the center of learning. The

Greek language is living today in our own. The value of that influence can only be measured by our appreciation of our own language.

Since the Greek language prepared the way for the spread of the Gospel and since "Civilization is the dim reproduction of religion," according to Dr. Mullins, we see what an important place the Greek language has had in forming the civilization of modern times.

The aim of the Greek seems to have been to assimilate the best elements of mankind. In so far as he did that he in turn gave it to others. So whether we view the matter politically or religiously it matters little, for in both lives we find a continuous stream of enrichment flowing into the progress of civilization and gently submerging the bad elements.

Some one has truly said that "we are all Greeks, our art, literature, oratory, and language, all have their roots in Greece." Then may we well say with Shelley:

"A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

"A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

"Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give."

The Wake Forest Student

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NOVEMBER, 1911.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

H. TYRAM HUNTER, Editor

"Letters From the Trenches," by a soldier and Wake Forest College professor, begins next issue.

Read Dr. Gorrell's "The Wake Forest Church" in this issue. We feel that it is the most valuable of the historic papers presented to the readers of THE STUDENT in years. By virtue of its connection with Wake Forest College and its agency in the training of the men who are to fill the Baptist

pulpits of the future in this State, this church is at the center of Baptist force in North Carolina. The very recital of its struggles and past achievements rings like a prophecy of greater things, to which one must give heed.

The Husbands in W. F. C.

It is said that Davidson College complained, last Easter, that that unmerciful licking which the Wake Forest men administered to them at Greensboro, was due to our sending old, experienced men, whom they called "Lawyers," against them. Doubtless they did feel that something of unusual strength had been turned loose on them. Wake Forest College makes no apology that it has been able to draw to it an increasing number of men, real, mature men; and we are sorry that Davidson did not take that into consideration before last Easter.

Speaking of men in college, the unexpected marriage of one of the Seniors just as the manuscripts for this issue were ready to be sent to the press, reminded us that Wake Forest is also drawing married men; and we instinctively took stock of the husbands in college. There are now ten of them, in every class from Freshman to Senior. Yes, Wake Forest attracts men, husbands, fathers, and sometimes grandfathers; and it is just a little bit proud of the distinction.

A Clean Magazine

How about the ethics of the denominational college magazine, which carries advertisements of tobacco and cigarettes? Is it in keeping with Baptist standards of morals thus to be instrumental in bringing before the young man the suggestion of that from which the world is trying to liberate him? We would not pose as a cynical reformer, nor rail upon the polite world for its heedless indulgence in any of its pet habits; in fact, we have no desire to attempt to change the attitude of

the world towards this hoary custom. Nothing short of the Judgment will do that; and doubtless some one who "climbeth up some other way" will, even then, try to smuggle in a few plugs of Brown's Mule, or a box of Fatimas. But now, seriously, how about this cigarette and tobacco advertising? Should we do it? There's money in it, you know, and a magazine can't get along without money. Besides, it is a pretty high standard to say we will not advertise them; but what is a magazine worth without a high standard? Railroad companies and business houses are, many of them, boycotting the cigarette smoker. But it may be the denominational school can afford a lower standard(?). The *Youth's Companion* will not advertise tobacco or cigarettes; but perhaps THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT can't afford to be so strait-laced. The *Progressive Farmer* denies the cigarette manufacturer space in its columns; but—O, well, its readers are only farmers, you know, and do not need the polite luxuries. Mars Hill College has induced the town merchants to quit selling cigarettes; but—?

You may be interested in noting the absence of the flaring "Fatima" advertisement which THE STUDENT has been carrying for the American Tobacco Company. This and other highly paid advertisements have been rejected, because the Business Manager and the Editorial Staff are convinced that the time has come for a clean magazine. The local advertisers have been asked to strike out all reference to cigarettes, or tobacco in any form. We know it may mean a sacrifice now; and the critics may turn up their disdainful little noses, and call us squeamish and strait-laced. But we believe this is right. Here we stand; we can not do otherwise. The Baptists of the State, who would not care to buy a Bible or Sunday School literature smelling of cigarettes, will appreciate our stand, and THE STUDENT, in the end, will not suffer.

A member of the Faculty was heard to say recently that, rejecting the evolution theory as an exploded idea, and granting that the Lord did, at least, make some men in his own image; He must, also, be given credit for being a master without a rival in the realm of gas manufacturing and fool making.

Right, Professor, right; but haven't we abundant evidences around us that make the total rejection of the evolution theory somewhat difficult? What? You say he could have made monkeys and "near monkeys." Well, we accept that.

The Alumni and The Student

This appeal is to the men who have been here, and who know the struggles of a college magazine. THE STUDENT is conducted in the interest of Wake Forest and Wake Forest men. It has no other right to exist. Its greatest heritage is their sacrifices; its greatest hope is their triumphs. It literally "weeps when they weep and rejoices when they rejoice." It stands ready to applaud the alumnus to the sky, and scours the ends of the earth for facts of the old college men, that it may sing their praises in the columns devoted to the alumni. And they deserve praise; for what body of men has ever exhibited greater loyalty to the old Alma Mater than Wake Forest men? What body of men has ever fulfilled the hopes of the old Alma Mater as have the Wake Forest graduates? Yet it is a fact to be deplored that comparatively few of the alumni read THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. Remember, men, that THE STUDENT depends upon its friends for its very existence; and if you, you whose interests are identical with ours, are not its friends, where shall they be found? We believe you are.

It is the ambition of the Societies and Editors to make this the best year in the history of THE STUDENT. The Memorial Number alone to be dedicated to the memory of Pro-

fessor Carlyle, should be worth the price for the year. To accomplish our aim, we need more men on our mailing list. Put you down as one? Good.

Lop-sided College Men

George Stuart, the inimitable preacher-lecturer, in "Lop-Sided Folks," says that every person should be able to do three things: to think, to laugh, and to cry. Anything short of this is lop-sidedness. He characterizes the person who thinks only, being able neither to laugh nor to cry, as a dreaming lunatic; the one who does nothing but laugh as a giggling fool; the one who only cries as a whimpering idiot.

This is but another way of saying that a person should think of, should do, should take interest in, more that one thing—that his life should keep out of the rut. "Miserly," "dissipated," "book-wormish," "gluttonish,"—these are the terms the world applies when one's life is given over to money-making, having a good time, studying, eating, and he has no time for other things. The world points its finger at the rut-slider, at the one-eyed fellow who sees nothing but his little hobby, at the lop-sided fellow. College men, even, are not excepted.

But the lop-sided college man—who is he? He is the fellow who draws himself into his shell, and sneers at the man who does not choose to do as he does; the fellow who is on a track too narrow-gauged to admit of company; in short, he is the fellow who is not broad enough to take a healthy interest in all of the activities of college life. He is twin brother to the "Bonehead."

You have seen him; for he is in every institution. His lop-sidedness may manifest itself in a various number of ways. First, there is the over-zealous supporter of athletics. Now let it be understood that we are not condemning a healthy athletic spirit. On the contrary, we are pleading

for it, insisting upon it, and believe it is essential to the prosperity of the institution. Remember our definition of the lop-sided college man—one who lets one activity of college life blind him to the claims and importance of other activities.

Now back to the athletic zealot as a specimen of lop-sidedness. Of course he makes poor grades in his studies, and doesn't care. He cuts his classes, dodges or disturbs his society, groans during prayers, sleeps or plays cards during the Y. M. C. A. meeting, and sends home at the end of the month a big bill to his father, stating that the "darned club manager has gone up on us," etc. Everything in college is, to him, a farce, except athletics. Now, what we plead for is not so much a shrinking of the athletic spirit, but the broadening of interests. The danger lies in letting this spirit predominate. When this happens, then must societies, Y. M. C. A., and all else suffer. It is a tribute to the patriotism of a college when it can send a hundred and seventy-five men sixty miles to root for a football team; yet this same fact becomes an ominous sign of danger when viewed side by side with the startling fact that two-thirds of the men who are on a Saturday night program of society are often absent when called on for duty. An elephant from Barnum's show can make more touchdowns than a field full of men, and roar louder than a hundred rooters; but it is in the province of man to be more than the animal. Let us not stop at the elephant stage.

Then there is the lop-sidedness of another, but hopelessly small class,—the book-worms. They should be distinguished from the diligent student, the real searcher after knowledge. The latter has thrown wide open the doors of every avenue of knowledge, and welcomes truth from whatever source; while the former, the book-worms, have closed every avenue but one, and absolutely scorn every ray of knowledge which dares thrust itself into their seclusion, unless it comes

through their one little six-by-eight smoked window, the printed page. They have a righteous contempt for athletics, look on the Y. M. C. A. as a time-waster, dodge the society because they have to study, and look like meditative monks or Ichabod Cranes when seen on the streets. They are the petted fellows who make "Summa cum Lauda." Finally, they are the fellows who are confidently expected to turn the world upside down, but who dwindle and wither and die a few years after leaving college, and only a few thumb-worn tomes remind us of their having lived at all. They need a good dose of the social spirit, a breath of life from the living, pulsing world around them. They need contact.

Other lop-sided classes could be mentioned, such as the cheap-john, silk-stockinged aristocracy class, the sanctimonious class, the drug-store class, and so on; but these will serve as types of the lop-sided in college men. The remedy is to be found in the extension of interests and the broadening of sympathies. The real college man is the man who takes a healthy, live interest in whatever helps the institution, not the wishy-washy, maggoty-brained fellow, with no positive interests, yet who jumps on top of his head every time he gets a chance, hoping to get the reputation of "standing by" everybody, and thus to gain support when honors are to be distributed. Not until the woof of social and economic dependence is torn out of the fabric of society and of life, can the individual, especially the student, with impunity, live apart from the activities around him.

"There are souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament.

"Let me live in the house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I."

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

LESLIE G. BULLARD, Editor

The Fair is over! Now for a good old Thanksgiving turkey!!

* * *

Dr. E. W. Sykes attended the Union Meeting at King's Mountain, October 5.

* * *

Dr. W. R. Cullom attended the Sandy Creek Association, September 29, and the Tar River Association, October 4.

* * *

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees on August 12, Dr. George W. Paschal was advanced to the full professorship of Latin and Greek.

* * *

Prof. J. Henry Highsmith was off the Hill September 29, 30, and October 1, assisting Prof. E. L. Middleton in a Sunday School Institute at Thomasville.

* * *

The Board of Trustees have elected Mr. E. B. Earnshaw, Superintendent of the College Hospital, and Miss Iola Temple, head nurse. Miss Temple, who succeeds Miss Halsey comes to us from the Morehead City Hospital.

* * *

On September 15, Rev. R. J. Willingham, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, Richmond, Va., deliverd an address before the Missionary Society of the Wake Forest Baptist Church.

A delightful entertainment was given, Monday night, Sept. 25, on the lawn at Dr. Poteat's residence. The lawn was lighted with Japanese lanterns and delicious refreshments were served. A small admission fee was charged and the proceeds went to the benefit of the Athletic Association.

* * *

In the October number of THE STUDENT we inadvertently overlooked the following assistants who are members in good standing in the "Scrub" Faculty: Assistant in Applied Mathematics: R. S. Smith; assistant in Physics: J. S. Edwards; assistant in Anatomy: P. P. Green; assistant in English II and III: R. H. McCutcheon.

* * *

On Monday night, October 2, Mr. Z. V. Judd, Superintendent of Schools of Wake County, delivered an interesting and most helpful address before the Y. M. C. A. His theme was the application of young David's principle of uprightness to the needs of the young man of today. Mr. Judd also conducted the Chapel service Tuesday morning.

* * *

The first football game of the season was played on the home field with Warrenton High School. The High School, although they put up a plucky fight, could not stand the onslaught of Frank Thompson's battle line, and so she bit the dust. This game was the limbering up for the fierce struggle with Carolina. The score was 61 to 0 in favor of Wake Forest.

* * *

An excellent opportunity is now afforded those who desire to equip themselves as Sunday School teachers. Prof. J. H. Highsmith is giving a course in Sunday School pedagogy free to those who wish to take the course. The course will count one hour on any college degree, and each one who completes the course will be awarded a neat diploma. A number

of men took this course last year and Prof. Highsmith has a large class in the same course this year.

* * *

During the month of September Dr. W. L. Poteat delivered an address at the Raeford Institute, and at the Green River Association. On Friday night, October 13, he delivered an address before the Cumberland Baptist Association in session at Fayetteville, N. C. On October 23, Dr. Poteat addressed the New York Baptist Ministers' Conference, his subject being, "The Biological Revolution," and on October 30, he addressed the same assembly on the subject, "The Negro in the South."

* * *

There are many interesting games yet to follow. Note Manager Martin's schedule. September 30, Warrenton High School at Wake Forest; October 7, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill; October 14, Roanoke College at Wake Forest; October 21, Washington and Lee at Lexington; October 28, open; November 2, University of Virginia at Charlottesville, Va.; November 11, Davidson College at Greensboro; November 18, A. & M. College at Wake Forest; Thanksgiving, U. S. Ship Franklin at Durham.

* * *

The game between Wake Forest and Roanoke College took place October 14, on the Wake Forest athletic field, and resulted in an overwhelming defeat to the visiting team. Although the opposing team contested nobly for the victory, Thompson's men and the snorting from the side lines under the leadership of chief rooter, A. J. Hutchins, and assistant, W. C. Dowd, were more than Roanoke could stand, so Wake Forest took the game in the score of 51 to 0. Two victories and a glorious defeat is the record of Wake Forest's team. Not very bad.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, Monday, October 2, Miss Petronia Powell was unanimously elected Sponsor of the Class of '12. It has already been voted that caps and gowns will be worn through the commencement exercises. The class rings and pins have been ordered, and soon each Senior may be recognized by the dazzling of the important date "'12" on some part of his person.

Already 73 applications for degrees have been filed, and should every applicant graduate, the Class of '12 will be the largest every turned out from Wake Forest, the Class of '09 having only 70 graduates. Three cheers for the Class of '12, the biggest and the best!!

* * *

On Tuesday night, October 3, there was given in the gymnasium a rare entertainment which deserved a much larger attendance than was given it. The special feature was an old-time spelling bee in which members of the Faculty, college students, residents of the town, and high school children participated. Dr. Poteat pronounced the words, and it was a source of much merriment to see college professors and students quailing before his tongue twisters, jaw breakers, and dictionary splitters. A spirited contest kept up for some time till Mrs. J. H. Highsmith finally spelled down her last opponent and won the prize which was a fine cake. The admission was ten cents with refreshments free. The proceeds went to the public school.

* * *

During the month of September a deep well was sunk in the Campus. The well is 101 feet deep and goes 70 feet through solid rock. There is prospect of from 25 to 40 gallons of pure water per minute. The Wilson Artesian Company had the contract and this company has sunk several other wells in the town.

Sunday, October 1, was observed by the Wake Forest Baptist Sunday School as Children's Day. Scripture verses and chapters were recited by representatives of the infant, primary and intermediate classes. An unique feature of the exercises was the delivery of diplomas by Superintendent J. H. Gorrell to those scholars who were promoted by their teachers to higher classes. The exercises were immensely enjoyed by the four hundred odd present.

* * *

The Sophomore-Junior Debate was held Friday evening, October 13, in Wingate Memorial Hall. This is to be an annual affair occurring every fall and corresponding to the Anniversary Debate in the spring. This is another progressive step of the literary societies and should serve as a stimulus to Sophomores and Juniors to do the very best work possible in the societies. In this, the first debate, the speakers, both Sophomores and Juniors, did exceedingly well. The query, "Resolved, That the South should encourage the settlement within her borders of such immigrants as are lawfully admitted into the United States," was handled well by the speakers on both sides. The decision of the judges was two to one in favor of the affirmative. The participants were: A. J. Hutchins, President; O. P. Campbell, Secretary; Caswell Ellis, Victor McGuire, Junior debaters; J. W. Freeman, E. P. Yates, Sophomore debaters; Chas. Ferrall, A. R. Phillips, J. E. Parker, E. P. Stillwell, marshals.

* * *

Wake Forest was swept from her feet by a great surprise on Monday, October 16, when news arrived here that Mr. L. R. O'Brian was married. Mr. O'Brian is a highly respected and industrious member of the present Senior class, while the bride, who was Miss Murray, is a charming and cultured young woman. The student body was equal to the occasion and gave the bride and groom just such a reception

as Wake Forest alone can give. A carriage decorated in the college colors was awaiting the happy couple when they stepped from the noon train. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brian were introduced to the crowd by Dr. W. L. Poteat. They then took the carriage, and accompanied by Misses Louie Poteat and Ada Lee Timberlake, were drawn by six or eight students through the Campus and to Mrs. M. H. McKinnon's residence, the student body forming a line behind in fine decorum. The happy pair have the best wishes of the College and the entire community for a long and happy married life.

* * *

October 7th marked the beginning of the Football Renaissance at Wake Forest. In the '90s Old Gold and Black waved proudly at the head of the Southern States. Then a cantankerous faculty abolished the game as far as Wake Forest was concerned. Four years ago the game was re-established. For four years we have bit the dust ignominiously. On October 7th, we bit the dust, but gloriously. The spirit of our old traditions was with us; the pocket books of our student body were with us. Our Renaissance has begun.

A special train carried half the student body to Carolina. We went not confident of victory, but proud of the fact that we had a plucky team. Carolina was expecting a practice game, and we gave them a battle. The score was twelve to three against us, but at the end of the game we were proud that we were Wake Forest men. The Carolina team admitted that the game was one of the hardest and bloodiest ever played there. Every inch of the ground was fiercely contested. The two teams were nearer equal than the score would indicate. Altogether we are rejoicing over the step that has been made in the regaining of our former prestige.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

D. S. KENNEDY, Editor

One of the first magazines that we find on our table this month is *The Red and White.* It comes to us in its usual striking and attractive cover. Turning to the table of contents we see that it is fairly well balanced. The space devoted to Departments is a little top-heavy as compared with the literary part. This, however, is probably due to the scarcity of material for the first issue. But with such an overwhelming force of editors as we see listed, there ought to be no difficulty in ferreting out material.

The opening page is occupied by a patriotic poem, "Our Fatherland." The only other piece of verse in the issue is "Our State," written by an alumnus. The work is fairly well done, though we find the meter imperfect in two verses, and the rhyme of the last stanza is forced. Evidently the *Red and White* has to face the same problem that other magazines have found so difficult—the verse problem. "Zebulon Baird Vance" is well written, but far too short for an essay. "Darius Green, Detective," promises to be a typical college story with a moral to it, and we read with delight until we come to the distinctly puerile climax. The ending is forced and improbable, and mars an otherwise excellent story. "The Picture of a Girl" can not be recommended as a model type of short story, however charming is the theme. It violates each of the three classical unities: time, place, and action, and moreover is set off with three barbed wire fences of asterisks, which is to be condemned. "Should Women Be Allowed to Vote?" is a concisely written speech; it could hardly be called an essay. "True to His Promise" is the

best article in the magazine. The author handles a difficult plot admirably. "A Late Summer Night's Dream" is a refreshing bit of fantasy. The writer's idea was evidently founded on his own experience. "An Electric Story" is a readable piece of biography. Its literary merit might be improved, but in spite of this defect it holds our attention. The Departments are well handled and do credit to the magazine.

The Black and Gold of Decatur Baptist College, Texas, comes to us in the form of a small pamphlet. Our first criticism is that the size of the magazine does not reflect credit upon the college. Perhaps this defect will be remedied as the editors become more familiar with their work. The opening poem, "Coming Back," is probably the best article in the issue. The author, however, would have gained effectiveness if he had continued in either the sentimental or the half ludicrous strain. A combination of the two does not have a pleasing effect. Too much space is occupied by poetry in the essay on Locksley Hall. "The Morning of Life" is a bit of worn out sentiment on youth. "Benny's Dream" is attractive, but the style of writing is juvenile. The editorials show hurried preparation. We await the next issue of the magazine, which we are sure will be better prepared.

The Trinity Archive is to some extent a disappointment to us this month. The mechanical balance of the magazine is well adjusted, but several of the articles are not up to the standard usually required. The poetry of this issue is more deserving of praise than the prose. "The Rover" is an excellent piece of college poetry. We note that it is the only article written by a woman—so much the more praise to her. The other poems, "Scene Shifts," "Wanderings," and "Lines To—," are good.

"She Understands" is a character sketch which might have been written in better style. "A Romance in a Health Resort" is a snappy story with an unusual sub-plot. The manner in which the writer divides his story with lines of asterisks is permissible under no circumstances. The fences of asterisks make it difficult for the reader to follow the story. The sequence of events should proceed smoothly. In both, "Digressions on Ease," and "Dædalus and Icarus," the slight condescension of tone is annoying to the reader. The author detracts from his effect by the use of such a style. "Law or Justice" is well written and vivid. Unfortunately the writer has chosen a plot and a style of writing almost identical with a story published in one of the popular magazines several years ago. Whether or not the author has this story in mind is uncertain. We commend his clear, terse English. We are sure that the Exchange Editor does not wish his article to sound bombastic, yet it produces that effect upon us. Some of his remarks, however, are worthy of careful consideration. In general, the magazine is attractive and well balanced. We hope the prose of the next issue will be up to the standard set by the poetry of this.

Other magazines are reaching our Exchange Department daily.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

C. HERMAN TRUEBLOOD, Editor

"At the Democratic First Assembly District Convention, held in Democratic headquarters on North Pearl Street last evening, Thomas A. Allen, of the Twelfth Ward, was nominated for member of assembly. Mr. Allen is a member of the law firm of Hart & Allen and is well known as one of the bright young lawyers of the Albany County Bar. Mr. Allen is a staunch Democrat and comes of a Democratic family in his native State of North Carolina, and has been an active worker for his party in the Twelfth, and has taken part as a speaker in several local campaigns. He came to Albany about ten years ago and started in to study law, working his way through the Albany Law School, where he graduated with the class of 1906 and was soon afterward admitted to practice law, and has been practicing law here since 1907. He married an Albany young woman, Miss Frances L. Fry."—*The Argus,* Albany, N. Y.

Mr. Allen is a Wake Forest man.

The following gentlemen of last year's graduating class are teaching: Owen Odum, Principal Coats High School, Coats, N. C.; J. M. Cheek, Assistant Principal Liberty-Piedmont Institute, Wallburg, N. C.; L. H. and A. C. Campbell are teaching in Buie's Creek Academy, Buie's Creek, N. C.; G. M. Rodwell, Latin and Greek, Columbia College, Lake City, Fla.; J. H. Burnett, Principal High School, Snow Hill, N. C.; L. Q. Haynes, Principal High School, Andrews, N. C.; E. B. Jenkins, Principal Graded School, Carthage, N. C.; W. E. Futrell, Principal High School, Ronda, N. C.; F. M. Huggins, Assistant Principal, Union Mills, N. C.; E. N. Wright, Principal Dillsboro High

School, Dillsboro, N. C.; E. A. Harrill, Principal King's Mountain High Schools, King's Mountain, N. C.; J. B. Vernon, Principal Stem High School, Stem, N. C.; C. M. Murchison, Principal Franklin Graded School, Franklin, Va.; S. C. Garrison, Principal Crouse High School, Crouse, N. C.

'10. Rev. W. E. West recently moved from Kernersville, N. C., to Spray, N. C. Rev. and Mrs. West were received cordially by the members of the Baptist Church of that place, where he has entered auspiciously upon his duties as pastor.

'11. Mr. J. B. Copple holds a position in a bank at Monroe, N. C.

'09. N. A. Melton continues as Principal of Fruitland Institute.

'08. P. Q. Bryan is the popular and efficient Principal of the Washington Graded School, Washington, N. C.

'11. Mr. G. L. Bailes is in Birmingham, Ala., and will likely teach in the Normal School at Florence, Ala.

'11. Mr. Gerald W. Johnson, Phi Editor-in-Chief last year, goes from Thomasville, as editor of the *Davidsonian*, to Lexington on the *Dispatch*.

Mr. W. H. Cole is Superintendent of the Graded School at Hendersonville, N. C.

Mr. Kader R. Curtis is Principal of Liberty-Piedmont Institute, of Wallburg, N. C.

'10. Mr. R. P. McCutcheon is at Harvard doing graduate work in the Department of English.

The following Wake Forest men are in the Seminary at Louisville, Ky.: Messrs. F. F. Brown, F. T. Collins, E. D. Poe, J. B. Hipps, H. H. McMillan, L. E. Dailly, O. R. Mangum, E. N. Johnson, J. E. Lanier, C. C. Wheeler, W. J. Byrum, and T. C. Singleton.

Thomas H. Briggs Jr., formerly Professor of English in the Illinois State Normal School, is doing graduate work at Columbia.

'08. Mr. Lee White is at Cornell doing graduate work in English.

'10. Mr. Dee Carrick is Principal Graded School, High Point, N. C.

'10. Mr. Carl Ragland is Principal High School, Rockford, N. C.

'09. Mr. F. W. Kurfees is Principal High School, Morven, N. C.

'10. Mr. E. R. Settle is Principal High School, Whitaker's, N. C.

'08. Mr. T. Hendrix is Principal High School, Kernersville, N. C.

'11. We are glad to have Mr. R. H. McCutcheon back with us. He is taking special work in medicine, and also taking his M.A. degree.

CLIPPINGS

IN THE COURTROOM.

Plaintiff—"So you think I will get the money, do you?"
His Counsel—"I think we will get it."

"When they take woman away from the co-educational college," declaimed the speaker, "what will follow?"
"I will," shouted a student from the back of the hall.

STUNG.

Teacher—"Tommy, do you know 'How Doth the Little Busy Bee'?"
Tommy—"Nop; I only know he doth it."

ARTIFICIAL.

Lady—"Tell Marie to come up and take my hair down."
Maid—"Can't I take it down to her, ma'am?"

CHILDISH.

"I'd hate to live in China. It must be awful tiresome to have it dark all day and the sun shining all night."

A TRICK OF THE TRADE.

She—"How much milk does your cow give a day?"
He—"Eight quarts."
She—"How much of it do you sell?"
He—"Ten quarts."

PALATABLE.

Missionary—"And do you know nothing whatever of religion?"
Cannibal—"We got a taste of it when the last missionary was here."

AT THE BOARDING HOUSE.

"Sir," said the astonished landlady to the traveler who had sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "you must be fond of coffee."
"Indeed, I am," he returned, "or I should not have drunk so much water to get a little."

PHILOSOPHY.

He—"Whenever I borrow money, I always go to a pessimist."
Him—"Why?"
He—"Because a pessimist never expects to get it back again."

May—"I wonder how O'Brian manages to keep on that wide brimmed straw hat in a wind like this."
Fay—"Vacuum pressure."

DECEPTION.

She—"You deceived me when I married you."
He—"I did more. I deceived myself."

SARCASM.

"Does this hobbie skirt do me justice, father?"
"Certainiy, my dear; justice without mercy."

THE HORRID THINGS!

Man at Door—"Madam, I'm the piano tuner."
Woman—"I didn't send for a piano tuner."
Man—"No, ma'am, but the neighbors did."

"What's the troubie?" inquired the judge.
"This iady lawyer wants to make a motion," expiained the clerk, "but her gown is too tight."

THE RIGHT SIDE.

Uncie Jack (showing city boy the farm)—"With aii your eddication, sonny, I'ii warrant you don't know which side you miik a cow from?"
W. Martin—"Sure, I do. It's the under side!"

"Do you think he would be cool in time of danger?"
"I think his feet would."

DOCTRINAL.

Physician—"Have you any aches or pains this morning?"
Patient—"Yes, doctor. It hurts me to breathe. In fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath."
Physician—"I will give you somthing that wiii soon stop that."

Hoax—"Here's an article by a scientist who says that insects have emotions. He claims he has frequently seen a mosquito weep."
Joax—"Well, I've often seen a moth ball."

INFORMED.

Small Brother—"Are you going to marry Sister Ruth?"
Caller—"Why—er—I really don't know, you know!"
S. B.—"That's what I thought. Well, you are."

DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

"I got a great deal of water in my ears," he said as he came puffing out of the surf.
"I thought the ocean looked rather low," replied his friend.

LEGAL.

Counsel—"You reside?"
Witness—"With my brother."
Counsel—"And your brother lives?"
Witness—"With me."
Counsel—"Precisely, but you both live?"
Witness—"Together."

FOOLED IT.

Mike (in bed as alarm clock goes off)—"I fooled yez that time. I wasn't aslape at all."

"You look blue."
"I am. I have called on her father."
"What did he say that so upset you?"
"It was not what he said that upset me."

UNAVOIDABLE.

Owner—"How did you happpen to puncture that tire?"
Chaffeur—"Ran over a milk bottle."
Owner—"Didn't you see it in time?"
Chauffeur—"No; the kid had it under his coat."

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXI December, 1911 No. 3

THE BIRTH-MORN

H. T. HUNTER.

O day of days, far-heralded, immortal morn,
Thy altars flame and kindle with the flight of time.
Centuries have wheeled unchecked; the Moslem tramps with scorn
The streets of Bethlehem; with ruthless tread sublime
The Years relentless march; the ox has fed the worm,
The Manger, even, and the Tomb are turned to dust,
The birth of eras clean forgot mid clash and storm;
The crowns and eagles of the Cæsars are all rust.
But thou, Birth-morn of heaven's First and Best, shalt last,
An amber bead in Memory's ebbing sea divine.
Thy stars athwart our path a holy radiance cast,
And simple Wisdom lays her tribute at thy shrine.
Thy altars shall not be forgot, nor record furled,
Until the angel blow his trump and stride the world.

THE STAR OF THE REVOLUTION: VOLTAIRE

T. S. GUY.

Singular indeed are the circumstances by which some men rise from the ranks of the lowly to the highest pinnacles of fame. Some men, despite obstacles and an endless chain of persecution, succeed at last in writing their names largely and gloriously upon the pages of history. Such is the record of the man whose life forms the subject of this sketch.

Francis Marie Aronet was born at Paris November the twenty-first, 1694. From his birth he did not possess a robust physique, but gave evidence of strong mental capacity. Of his parentage very little is known, except that his father was a Notary of good repute, and manifested marked ability as a man of business. His mother died when he was quite young, and he was left alone with his father until 1704, at which time he was sent away to school.

Young Aronet entered the college Louis-le-Grand at the age of ten, where he, perhaps for the first time, came in contact with those strange ideas and principles which afterwards exercised such a baleful influence in directing his thoughts, and controlling his life.

In accordance with his father's wish, he went to The Hague, in 1711, for the purpose of studying law. There an unfortunate love affair between himself and a young country woman soon resulted in his dismissal from school. This foolish act upon the part of the young man served the purpose of arousing the indignation of the elder Aronet, and finally led to separation and total estrangement between father and son.

About this time the young man seems to have taken a decided step in the direction of that goal toward which his

ambition was destined to lead him. Through the efforts of his god-father, The Abbi Crateauneuf, he was introduced into the higher circles of French life, where his remarkable talents gained for him recognition and patronage. About this time also there came to his assistance an old friend of his mother's, Nimon de l'Enclos. She was greatly impressed with his possibilities, and, as an encouragement, left him a legacy for the purchase of books.

In 1715 there appeared a few lines, entitled *Les J'ai Vu,* in which the author denounced the public abuses of the Regent Orleans. Young Aronet was suspected as being the writer and was at once placed in the Bastile where he remained for nearly a year.

Soon after his father's death, in 1722, he rejected the name Aronet and came to be known as "Voltaire," a name which clung to him ever afterward. It was also about this time that the young man became involved in disputes with certain members of the Rohan family, which cost him a severe thrashing and a short stay in the Bastile, and finally resulted in his having to leave Paris.

Being rejected by his own people, Voltaire turned his steps toward England. The importance of this act can hardly be over-estimated. He arrived in England just at the time when Puritanism had practically spent itself. Little more than a generation had passed since the high ideal of Puritanism had been dethroned, and in its stead had been reared the ideal of a gay and frivolous life. Vice had become the substitute for virtue, and free thought, the heritage of those who had rebelled against the restricted views of the Puritan type.

Into such a life, surcharged with gayetics, Voltaire came, and accepted its frivolities and freedom without reservation. He applied himself eagerly to the study of English. Occasionally he visited the theater where Shakespeare was

played. English language and literature, English laws and customs, and English freedom and religion were for him constant subjects of study. He seemed to be eager and ceaseless in his search after everything English. Here the Deistic doctrine of his early instructions began to be renewed in his mind, for many people in England at this time were strong advocates of Deism. Here he became strongly imbued with those ideas of liberty which were destined, through him, to sweep France with the blasting storm of a mighty revolution. The example of England taught him that liberty and free thought is the rightful heritage of all men. "Thenceforth," says Condorcet, "Voltaire felt himself called to the task of destroying every kind of prejudice of which his country was the slave."

He returned to Paris in 1729, and in the same year published his *Lettres Philosophiques,* upon the appearance of which he was again forced to flee the country. He took up his abode this time at Cirey. Here he continued his work until 1735, when the ban was taken off, but henceforth he seldom honored Paris with a visit.

It was at this stage of his life, however, that Voltaire was received into the French Academy. This distinction was given him partly in recognition of his ability as a thinker and writer, but more especially on account of a false profession of faith in the Roman Catholic Church which he made. It was also at this stage that Voltaire accepted the invitation of the Prussian Court to take up his abode there. Frederick the Great was a great admirer of the French philosopher at a distance, but when he came into his court, Frederick's admiration soon turned to hate, and the Frenchman was asked to leave.

Voltaire left Berlin in 1755. He had incurred the disfavor of the King of France in going to the Prussian Court, and hence was not allowed to return to Paris. So he took

up his abode this time at Geneva. After a short abode in the Swiss city he moved finally into Ferney, a district bordering on France and Switzerland. Here he purchased property and prepared to spend the remainder of his life.

In 1778, being overcome with the desire to view again the familiar scenes of his early childhood, the old philosopher was easily persuaded, by his niece, to visit Paris once more. On this occasion he was received as though he were a conqueror returning from the field of battle crowned with the laurels of victory. At last he had come into his heritage, having that recognition accorded him which is justly due to greatness, but, alas, too late! He was now nearing the close of life. He had already passed his eighty-fourth mile-post. Excessive toil had begun to tell on his weak constitution. The ovation he received proved to be the parting knell, and he died in May of the same year.

* * * * * * *

In attempting an exposition of a life like that of Voltaire, shrouded as it is in that mystery which is almost always characteristic of true greatness, one is continually conscious of his inability to portray the real man. No one can fail to admire the boldness with which he prosecuted his work even in the face of an overwhelming opposition. He was certainly by no means a coward, being fearless in whatever stand he took. He had no patience with those who would bow the knee and submit to the evil abuses of his day. His own words make this plain when he says: "The worst of the worthy sort of people is that they are such cowards. A man groans over wrongs, he shuts his lips, he takes his supper, he forgets." Such sarcastic remarks as these, together with the scorching denunciations which he hurled at almost every throne in Europe, show him to have been a man in whom there was no fear.

But while he was bold and fearless, he possessed a very

sympathetic nature. Human suffering always touched a responsive chord in his heart. For this cause he had a strong aversion to war. Nowhere is he more truly modern and more worthy of our veneration and respect than in this particular. He expresses the very essence of modern life when he makes his Quaker say: "Our God, who has bidden us love our enemies and suffer evil without complaint, assuredly has no mind that we should cross the sea to go and cut the throats of our brothers, because murderers in red clothes enlist citizens." He continues, "And when, after victories won, all London blazes with illuminations, the sky is aflame with rockets and the air resounds with the din of bells, organs, cannon, we mourn in silence over the slaughter that causes all public joy." With him human suffering had its appeal, which he expressed in kindly, sympathetic interest.

In this delineation, however, we must not forget that Voltaire possessed a passionate nature which occasionally burst forth in volcanic eruptions of rage and indignation. But while this was true of him, we should remember that he knew how to be respectful even under the most trying circumstances. Illustrations of this are numerous, but lack of space forbids their introduction. It is sufficient to remember that behind those strong outbursts of passionate indignation there beat a generous and noble heart. Indeed, there are few men like him who possess that singular charm of being so strongly passionate and at the same time so politely respectful.

Voltaire, it is true, had his faults, and serious ones too. We need never expect the heroic from him when his own good fortune was involved. He would make almost any kind of concession, provided such concession would result in his own advancement. His false profession of faith in the Catholic Church, which secured his admission to the French

Academy, is an evidence of this kind of thing. His criticism of the Christian church was erroneous, overdrawn, and extremely exaggerated. He was superficial in his views on religious matters. His constant wrangling with his inferiors did more, perhaps, to discredit him in the estimation of people than anything else.

But despite the man's faults, we are forced to honor him because of the blessings he brought to the French people. Let us think, in conclusion, of the attitude he sustained to the Great Revolution, and the rôle he assumed in the emancipation of human thought.

"Voltaire," says Mr. Morley, "was the very eye of eighteenth century illumination." He held that every man had a right to think freely and independently. He awakened his generation to consciousness as to the power and the rights of human intelligence. He held that truth was the common heritage of all, and his whole life was spent in trying to make it so. That his efforts were availing subsequent history offers abundant testimony.

Opinions have been numerous as to Voltaire's attitude to the social revolution in France which followed soon after his death. It is more generally believed that he never designed such a revolution. Mr. Morley states that, "his single object was to reinstate the understanding in its full rights, to emancipate thought, to extend knowledge, to erect a standard of critical common sense." Howsoever this may be, we may be sure that Voltaire expected his labor to bring about results of some kind. In a letter to one of his friends just before his death he wrote: "Everything that I see appears the throwing broadcast the seed of a revolution which must inevitably come one day, but which I shall not have the pleasure of witnessing." He deplores the slowness of the French people, but speaks also of the certainty of their coming to these things, and then concludes: "Light extends so from

neighbour to neighbour that there will be a splendid outburst on the first occasion, and then there will be a rare commotion; the young are very happy: they will see fine things." We may conclude then that Voltaire closed his eyes to his native land just at the time when it was beginning to feel the throbs of a mighty revolution, leaving us as his last words: "I die in the adoration of God, with love for my friends, without hatred for my enemies, and with my curse on superstition." Indeed, it is not too fanciful to imagine his spirit in later years brooding over his native land and watching that terrific struggle which finally culminated in the emancipation of human thought.

Of this we may not speak because we do not know, but we do know that this splendid result was accomplished largely through his efforts. And we know, too, that so long as men love liberty and enjoy the blessings of untrammeled thought, just so long will the star of Voltaire continue to shine in the cloudless sky of Intellectual Freedom.

SUMMER DREAMS

C. S. S.

As by some rippling brook I stand,
I think of Tyrrell's stream and sand;
Of how dream-wrapt I once did lie
And gaze upon the calm blue sky;
And in my mind arose the thought
Of youth's love-ties once calmly sought.
Oh! loving maid of loving eyes
To thee I can not swear love-lies.

If on some rocky mount I fret,
Encoiled in Beauty's beauteous net;
Or, dream-enthralled, I silent rest,
Thou art the mistress of my breast;
So silently do love-thoughts climb
To angel-bliss at once sublime;
That when most distant thou art near,
Thy visioned presence makes thee dear.

THE PRIDE OF ANTWERP

D. S. K.

The "Antwerp Fury" was at its height. The Spanish soldiers had at last broken through the brave defenses of the Netherlanders, and the pent up hatred of years had been given free rein. The invaders cheered themselves with their battle-cry of "St. James! Spain! Blood! Fire! Sack!" The tide of carnage had flowed steadily from the gap in the wall throughout the city. On its crest rode the Red Demon of Blood. The courageous citizens fell back slowly from street to street. The ever-victorious Spaniards pressed forward. Despairing and decimated—almost annihilated—the defenders dispersed to their homes, resolved to die by their own firesides. The conquerors abandoned themselves to plunder, rapine, and murder. The common sentiments of humanity were forgotten; some went so far in their brutishness as to drink the blood hot from the veins of the victims.

In the midst of the rioting and bloodshed was a young Spanish soldier, Frederic Sonoy, heir to the dukedom of Duisburg. As a swordsman his equal was not to be found among the young bloods of Spanish chivalry. A full share of personal comeliness had also been given him. His superiors already spoke of him as one worthy of notice. Considering his brilliant powers and the influence of his ancestral name, his companions predicted for him a rapid preferment in the service of the king.

Notwithstanding his success in the grim game of war, Sonoy did not like his service. He was built for a statesman rather than a soldier. He was sick of the continually renewed scenes of butchery. At the present moment his appearance in the streets was due to a desire to restrain

with whatever influence he possessed, the brutalities of his men.

Walking along thus moodily, surrounded with evidences of human hate and passion, he soon found himself in the most aristocratic part of the city. Before him rose one of those magnificent palaces for which Antwerp was at that time justly famous. The street was comparatively quiet, for the mass of Spanish plunderers had not yet arrived. Only a few scattered bands could be seen here and there. Unmindful of danger he mounted the huge steps and entered the building.

Once inside he was struck with the deathly stillness of the place. The change from the din of battle to absolute silence was uncanny. Inured, as he was to danger, he still felt something ominous in the atmosphere. The palace was decorated in perfect taste. The walls were a veritable picture gallery of famous masters. Models of statuary were placed in specially prepared niches. From ceiling to floor hung luxurious folds of velvet tapestry. An occasional breath of wind sent shimmering waves down their length. As he walked from room to room his feet made hardly a sound in the depths of the carpets. The place seemed completely deserted. Still, out of curiosity, he continued to go from one apartment to another. Finally he had traversed the entire house except one small back room. As he started to leave some impulse caused him to open the door.

As the door swung back he heard a quick movement, and before him stood the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Behind her was the bent form of an old woman, evidently a servant. Instinctively he stepped back and doffed his helmet. A second look at the girl disclosed her identity to him. Often in the gallery of Philip in Spain he had seen her portrait. The portrait was called the "Pride of Antwerp." The original, who now stood before him, was the daughter of the

mayor himself, from one of the noblest families of the Netherlands.

"Who are you, and what is your mission?" said the maid simply.

"I am a lieutenant in the service of his most gracious majesty, Philip of Spain," replied Sonoy, "and my mission is to serve your interests."

As he spoke a loud outcry told them that marauders had entered the building. They could hear tramplings and noises of violence in the lower part of the building.

"Madam," said Sonoy, "you hear those noises; do you know what will happen when the Spainiards get here?"

"Murder me—or worse," she answered calmly.

A sudden cry was heard below. A pistol shot, and the fall of a heavy body was distinct.

"It is my father," said the girl. A shadow of timidity flashed across her face, but was succeeded by a look of hopeless despair. All the teachings of a lifetime of chivalry surged up in the breast of Sonoy.

"Madam," he cried sharply, "you must be saved. Think quickly."

"I can think of no way," was the answer.

"That dress—those jewels—they are what the men want. If you keep them on a dozen lieutenants couldn't save you. The soldiers are inflamed with blood and greed. Speak, has your servant some old clothes?" asked Sonoy.

"Yes," said the girl.

"Are you willing," demanded Sonoy rapidly, for he could hear the soldiers ascending the stairs, "to dress in her clothes, soil your face, take her as companion, and go to my tent as a servant girl until the fury of the men has cooled?"

The girl nodded.

Sonoy slammed the door shut, drew his rapier, and turned to meet the crowd which was running toward him. As he

turned his head, the leader of the mob recognized him and stopped. There was absolute silence for a quarter of a minute, then the madness of the mob broke forth again.

"That's the treasure room."

"What's he hiding?"

"Kill him."

"Break the door."

The mass rolled up against him. Sonoy passed his rapier through the body of the nearest soldier. The men hesitated a moment—the halt was barely perceptible. With raised halberds they rushed forward a second time. As they did so the door swung open, and a hand pulled Sonoy within. In a second the heavy bolt fell. An ax crashed against the door and the bright steel edge forced its way an inch through the wood.

"A minute will mean our lives now," said Sonoy, "the door can not stand a dozen blows."

The girl walked swiftly towards the back of the room and opened a door in the wall.

"Here is a secret stairway that leads into a back street," she said.

They descended quickly towards the street below. As they went down, Sonoy had an opportunity to see the changes which the girl had made. She was dressed in a tattered, soiled grey dress. Over her head was a worn black hood. Her face and hands were streaked with soot and ashes. Altogether, a casual observer might have taken her for the daughter of the old hag who hobbled by her side. But Sonoy felt his heart beat faster as he noted her lithe, graceful walk, and the aristocratic poise of her head.

"By St. Mary," he swore to himself softly, "this is an adventure worth the daring."

The lower doorway opened into a narrow, filthy alley which seemed to run behind the row of residences. Here

Sonoy took the lead, and threaded his way among the turnings and street corners with the air of one who is accustomed to find his way in strange places. Soon he came into one of the main thoroughfares. Bands of Spaniards could be seen crossing from one house to another, but Sonoy managed to steer clear of them. He knew that the persons of his charges would not be safe for a minute if they once fell into the midst of a crowd of the infuriated plunderers. The soldiers had sworn not to spare a single citizen of Antwerp.

After half an hour's fast walking they found themselves out of the city near the Spanish encampment. Sonoy turned to his companions. Both looked exhausted. The strain was beginning to tell upon the girl. Weary and exhausted as she was her chin was still as resolute as ever. Yet it was evident that she was relying upon the young Spaniard for protection.

Sonoy looked at the calm-faced girl, and felt his blood tingle with admiration. But it was not a time for sentiment.

"Can you bear the remarks which will be made about you?" he asked quietly.

The girl did not answer, but her eyes were steady Sonoy noticed that they were grey.

"Have you any relatives to whom you could go?" he continued.

She thought a moment, then answered, "I have an uncle about fifty miles from here in the foothills of the mountains. He will receive me and care for me."

"It is near night," remarked Sonoy, "and for the present you must remain in my tent. Tomorrow I will send you and your old nurse to your uncle's with a special guard."

Saying this, he turned and walked towards his tent. On the way they passed groups of serving men. These eyed the two women familiarly, but none dared to molest the young

lieutenant. The Spanish soldiery had not yet returned from the sack of the city.

Sonoy pointed his two companions into the tent. Spying his servant in the distance, he called him, and briefly commanded that he prepare food for his guests. Then he turned to the doorway and addressed the girl.

"It is absolutely necessary," he said, "that you preserve your disguise. If the Spanish general had an idea that you were the daughter of the mayor of Antwerp he would hold you for ransom. I have some trusty friends who will conduct you tomorrow morning without asking questions. Trust everything to me."

At nightfall Sonoy could be seen pacing up and down before his tent. Midnight came and went, but he continued his vigils. Only once during the night was he seen to stop and talk a few minutes with a man who was passing him. At dawn Sonoy went to the doorway and called. In answer the girl appeared. Her face was still grimed, but nothing could conceal her beauty. Evidently she also had passed a sleepless night, for her cheeks were pale under the dirt, and there were traces of tears. One does not take lightly the loss of a parent and the severing of all home ties.

"Have you passed the night watching before the tent?" she asked.

"Here comes your convoy," he answered evasively. As he spoke several men rode up attired for a journey and leading horses saddled.

"What is your uncle's name?" asked Sonoy. "These men will carry you to him."

"The Duke of Holdenburg," was the answer. The girl and her servant were placed on their mounts. Sonoy went to the girl's side to say farewell. She held out her hand for him to kiss. He kept the hand.

"Madam," he said tensely, "I have applied for a release

from the service. It will be granted. I shall return to Spain and straighten my affairs there. Within a year I may return to the Netherlands on a visit."

A faint blush betrayed itself on the girl's cheek as she answered:

"I shall be at my uncle's."

Sonoy must have pressed her hand harder than was necessary for a parting between two strangers, for she winced.

Then the convoy started.

AS IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

LEVY L. CARPENTER.

The two visiting ladies had just left. Night was coming on. The shocks of maize could barely be seen, through the parlor windows.

"I tell you, Miss Bartlett, such quietude and rural loveliness as this makes me almost detest the dingy, clanging hardware store. I hate to go back to work in the morning." Durward Milliard was gazing out the window as he spoke.

"Why, Mr. Milliard, were you brought up in the country?" asked Theresa Bartlett.

"No; my home was always in town," replied Milliard, "but I know the country just the same. I was in Columbia until I came to Kirkville, six months ago. My father is conducting a big hardware business at Columbia, now. But your Thanksgiving dinner—I can't help from thinking about it. You are certainly thoughtful to give us town fellows an opportunity to spend Thanksgiving out here in your beautiful home."

"I hope all will enjoy themselves," spoke Miss Bartlett. "Do you know it is hard to arrange everything so it will be really entertaining. During my senior year at Meredith I read lots about the days of chivalry. It is so interesting to read about the tournaments—don't you think? Well, I have been thinking how nice it would be to have some contest, Thanksgiving, somewhat like the brave knights of old. How would you like to enter the lists to win some fair lady?" She spoke the last as she dropped her head, with a red tinge playing on her cheek.

"There never was a braver knight than I would be if only you would be the fair lady," replied Milliard as his eyes

met hers. "But they tell me Jake Giles would be your brave knight. But he is at Wake Forest. He is not coming home for Thanksgiving, is he?" Milliard asked this with more seriousness than some would suppose.

"Why, Mr. Milliard, didn't you know Mr. Giles was at home? He was injured in a football game about two weeks ago, and had to come home. He intends to stay the rest of the fall. I guess he will be at my dinner; but I don't see why you should care," retorted Miss Bartlett in a playful, teasing tone.

The fact is, Milliard and Giles were at daggers' points about Miss Bartlett—and what's more, she knew it.

"Let's go back to my Thanksgiving contest," continued Miss Bartlett. "You ought to be able to suggest something. We can't have a tournament, but a chivalrous knight should have numbers of ways to show his loyalty to his lady." She seemed to glimpse a coming struggle; and the fun was to be hers—her tone of voice showed it. Milliard didn't understand.

Two days before Thanksgiving Milliard understood more, but not all. He received a letter. One paragraph ran:

You know, Sunday night, you didn't mention any way to give the young men an opportunity to do some chivalrous deed. I have hit on a plan, or rather Ethel Baird gave it to me. The enclosed paper will explain details. I'm sending a letter to all the invited gentlemen. The one who kills, with his own hands, a real wild turkey, in the woods, the day before Thanksgiving, and sends it for the dinner, will be my special guest, and with appropriate ceremonies be dubbed knight for his achievement. I think this will be very entertaining and interesting. Now, Mr. Milliard, I'm expecting you to win.

THERESA BARTLETT.

Milliard shoved the letter into his pocket, and muttered to himself: "I bet you couldn't find a wild turkey in a hundred miles of here."

Jake Giles, also, received a letter; and it closed with ex-

actly the same sentence—substituting "Jake" for "Mr. Milliard."

The sun was setting behind the hills; Durward Milliard might have been seen to approach the dilapidated home of an old farmer who lived five miles from Kirkville. Moreover, Milliard was weary—he had hunted all day, and without success. There were some fat, fluffy turkeys walking about the back lot. The bargain was closed—at a dear price, it is true, but what did it matter about the money? The old farmer wended his way down into the woods back of his home—Milliard following.

"Well, this is far enough," drawled the farmer. "Now, I will put the turkey down, and as he runs off, you shoot. This is the wildest turkey on the place. If you want him for that dinner tomorrow, you had better shoot true."

Milliard fired; the turkey didn't stop, but a wing was broken. "Hello! I haven't another cartridge, but I can run," bleated out Milliard as he threw down his gun and made out through the woods—the turkey just in sight. The underbrush was thick; the hill, steep. A limb struck him in the face; then into the brambles, but, with torn clothes he struggled desperately onward. A half of a mile was behind him, and still the turkey was taking the lead. "Blame the turkey; let it go!" he blurted out as he stumbled into a treacherous stump hole.

Glancing up, he saw dimly through the pines the retreating turkey, closely followed by that hated college athlete, Jake Giles. Milliard was left behind foaming and swearing, but with not enough energy to breathe easily. With strongly built supple Giles in the race, the outcome was not to be doubted. Moreover, he not only had speed and endurance, but he had been dreaming all day of knighthood and fair ladies—and that closing sentence: "Jake, I'm expecting you to win." Over in the big woods beyond the creek, with sweat

streaming down his manly face, but with a broad grin, Giles unconsciously exclaimed: "Won't this be a fine bird for to-morrow's dinner."

Theresa Bartlett was at her best on Thanksgiving Day. She moved about with a nimbleness and gracefulness all her own. One of the ladies said: "Theresa is the happiest one here." Perhaps she was glad that Giles was the only would-be-knight who had succeeded in finding a turkey. Anyhow Milliard thought so. While Giles, wearing the beautiful banner of Miss Theresa, walked with the bearing of a knight of the Round Table, Milliard skulked about, and tried to appear natural. No doubt, he wanted to tell where Giles' turkey came from—he dared not.

DID YOU EVER TRY IT?

CONFESSIONS OF A CANVASSER.

W. B. EDWARDS.

When commencement comes at our colleges and high schools, the students are confronted with the question, what am I going to do this summer to secure money to get back to school again this fall? We were confronted by the same question. After many hours of thought and after a few interviews with a slippery-tongued gentleman, we decided to try canvassing for the first time. The territory of Kentucky was assigned to us. All necessary arrangements were made for the trip, and on June 5th we left our fair homes to labor in our new fields, which the aforesaid traveling gentleman had pictured to us as being already white for the harvest.

We arrived in Middlesboro, Ky., found a boarding place, divided the town to suit ourselves, and went to work at two o'clock. We assure you that business was not very rushed. Three of us took seven subscriptions. Since we were paying one dollar per day for board, we decided we could not stay there longer.

The following morning found us ready to board the next out-going train. We decided that each one should go to a different town that time; one's lot was cast with the people of London, Ky., another with the inhabitants of Pittsburg, while the other agent was thrown on the people of Corbin, a railroad town, where there was scarcely no money in circulation; even white boys were doing the boot-blacking business. I suppose the negroes had starved, for there were none to be seen.

We found a boarding place costing us one dollar per day. People were canvassed with unsatisfactory results; four sub-

scriptions were taken in one long, long day. One lady answered the would-be agent, as he presented the paper to her, "That is a very good paper, I am glad you brought it to Corbin; but I don't want it." As we had met with such penniless results, because our board was eating us up, instead of our eating that, since our shoe soles were nearly worn out by continual tramping, and our other souls nearly worn out by hearing that little word, "No," and insomuch as transportation charges on the "L. & N." Railroad were three cents per mile, we decided to leave the place for more desirable quarters, if they were to be found.

On boarding the train we found our comrades were in the same predicament. We talked over matters and decided to stop at Livingston, Ky., to determine our future actions. After discussion, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, it has been seen:

First, that we have been badly fooled; second, that we are "broke," and third, the further we go the worse we get broke.

Therefore, be it resolved:

First, that we go home and not show our faces again in all summer; second, that we never will canvass any more; third, that we won't beg until we are obliged to, and fourth, that we never will be led from the narrow path of hard work into the broad paths of pictured "snaps" by any loquacious, oily-tongued gentleman.

Suit cases, those costly magazines, and all were consigned to the stove.

We boarded the next home-bound train, and on the following Saturday after we left Monday, we arrived at the depot, where chagrin met us and escorted us to our homes, where we stayed the remainder of the summer.

THE LI'L DARKY BABE

ARTHUR D. GORE.

Li'l hun, come kiss yo ma—
  Come hug yo mammy's neck!
Li'l hun, be lack yo pa
  An' do de unexpeck,
    Jes throw yo ahms aroun'
    An' kiss to death de frown!

Gawd bress yo honey heart,
  Ez sweet ez sweet ken be!
Hol' wide dem lids apart
  An' set on mammy's knee,
    Fer hun, dem big roun' eyes
    Am dreams o' Paradise.

Yo lips so sof' an' sweet
  Jes shows yo toofless gums,
An' dem two dahlin' feet
  Ain' big ez daddy's thum's;
    But lawzy, honey boy,
    Deh's puhfeck lumps o' joy!

Goodby li'l hun, go sleep * * *
  Yes, bress hits dahlin' soul,
* * * Yo mammy's han's 'll keep
  Her boy from gittin' col'!
    Fer Gawd, in dem two eyes
    Am mammy's earf an' skies!

HIS FIRST DOLLAR

LESLIE G. BULLARD.

"Dad, don't you want me to go along to drive for you in the morning?"

"Maybe I will need you, Tom; you may go anyhow."

Mr. Angier had just been planning a trip to Daltonville some thirty miles away, and Tom, his oldest son, and a born schemer, had just put the above question.

It was the custom of the farmers of Panther Creek to go to town once or twice a year with a load of chickens, eggs, and other produce, to buy provisions for the family.

At sunrise the next morning, in company with Mr. Samuel Pearson, Mr. Angier and his son set out. Tom looked rather shabby in his home-made clothes, but he was happy, for it was his first trip to town. It was his eleventh birthday and he wanted nothing better for his birthday than a trip to town. Part of the time he was in the saddle driving, next minute when the mule could go by himself he was trotting along behind the cart with his skin showing here and there through the holes in his ragged stockings. At four o'clock in the afternoon they were approaching Daltonville and his eyes opened wider and wider as he saw the big factories and railroad trains and the river steamers. Soon they had crossed the long river bridge and were over in the streets of the city. Mr. Angier drew up in front of a large brick building and the merchant came out to the cart.

"What have you for sale, Mr. Angier?" he asked.

Mr. Angier showed him over his cart and he bought out his eggs.

"And so you brought the boy to town, eh?"

"Yes; he is eleven today and I've brought him along for his birthday trip."

"And what's your name, young fellow," asked Mr. Hollingsford, for this was the gentleman's name.

"Tommie."

"What are you going to be when you get grown?"

"A rich storekeeper like you," replied Tom promptly.

The merchant chuckled and thrust his hand in his pocket and taking out his pocketbook drew from it a coin and handed it to the boy.

"Well, Tommy, here's a dollar to start you in business. But you must keep it for ten years and spend it for nothing unless you come to me first. Do you think you can keep it on those conditions?"

"Yes, sir; and thank you too," said Tom.

"Well, good-bye, and remember your promise," said Mr. Hollingsford as Mr. Angier and his son drove off.

Tom little realized how much trouble his dollar was going to be to him. Many times he wanted to spend it as he followed his father from store to store, but he had been taught to keep his word and he could not break his promise. Sometimes he almost wanted to go and give the dollar back since he couldn't spend it. "For what a crazy notion anyhow to keep a dollar ten years!" thought he.

A few years afterward Mr. Angier moved his family to Daltonville. Tom went immediately to Mr. Hollingsford where he was sure of getting employment. The merchant was glad to see the boy, but refused to give him a job.

"Tommie, tell your father to come to see me," said Mr. Hollingsford, as Tom with a downcast look left his store. The merchant paid no attention to the lad's disappointment and went on with his work.

At the end of a week matters were becoming quite serious for the Angier family. The father had looked for a job in vain and Tom was equally unsuccessful. The little they had saved was dwindling and there was nothing to look forward to.

At the supper table Saturday night they were discussing the situation when Mrs. Angier turned to Tom.

"What about your friend, Tom, won't he give you anything to do?"

Tom reluctantly confessed that he wouldn't. Then he remembered the message Mr. Hollingsford sent to his father.

"Dad, Mr. Hollingsford wants to see you."

"All right, Tom, I'll see him first thing Monday morning."

The interview proved to be a position in the store for Mr. Angier provided Tom should be sent to school. This was agreed to, and soon Tom was in school and standing high in his classes. All the while Mr. Hollingsford took a great interest in the boy and seemed to be as proud of his brilliant record in school as were his parents. He was a frequent visitor to the Angier home and showed them many favors.

One day towards the close of Tom's last year in the high school, he came in to dinner. Mr. Hollingsford had just sent over several magazines and he was glancing through them before going to dinner. He had turned two or three pages in the *Young Man's World* when this advertisement caught his eyes:

"Highest rewards paid for rare coins. $75 for 1832 dimes; $2,500 for 1804 dollars. Handsome rewards for rare American and foreign coins. Send stamp for descriptive booklet. Address: American Collecting Agency, Drawer 7, Boston, Mass."

Tom tossed aside the magazine and made a dive for his room and into his trunk. Sure enough his dollar bore the date 1804! And in a few days he was to be a rich man! Just think of it, $2,500.00 all his own! That would buy them a nice home and he could wear nice clothes like the city boys! These were some of the thoughts that whirled through Tom's mind as he carefully packed the dollar in a neat package. In a few moments the package was addressed and in the mail.

In the excitement of the hour Tom had forgotten his dinner and left it untouched. Now that the package was mailed and he had come to himself again he remembered that he had eaten no dinner. Then he remembered that he had said nothing to his mother about what he had done. What would she say when he told her about it? And O dear! Hadn't Mr. Hollingsford told him not to spend the dollar? But then they could not blame him, for he was going to get an enormous price for it. But after all, and that was a bitter thought, what if that was a fake advertisement! His dollar was gone and how could he face his friend, Mr. Hollingsford! Why had he acted so rashly!

With these thoughts whirling through his brain he reached home, and went to the dining room. He was hoping that his mother might be out somewhere, so that he could eat dinner in silence. But she met him at the door.

"Thomas, you're late today. Come right on to your dinner. It is already cold."

He made some kind of excuse and tried to look bright, but his face betrayed him.

"Thomas, you look worried. What is the matter?"

Then he broke down and sobbed out the whole story to his mother. She was sympathetic, but could give him very little hope, for she knew in her heart that his dollar was gone without hope of recovery or reward. Suddenly the boy's face brightened. There was one hope left. If he could only reach the post-office before the mail left. The train might be late and he might be able yet to recall the package. Up the street he flew on the wings of the wind. Nothing stopped him on his way. People stared after him as he shot past them. He bounded into the post-office and gasped out his question.

"Mr. Marshall, has the 89 mail gone out yet?"

"Yes, it has been gone fifteen minues," replied the postmaster.

The reply came like a terrific explosion. Tom, thoroughly exhausted and disappointed, reeled to the street and back home.

He had hardly got out of sight of home on his run to the office when some one knocked at the door of his home. When Mrs. Angier reached the door she found Luke Foster there, who handed her a note for Tom, which read:

DEAR TOM:—When you have finished your work at home, come over to my store and come into my private office. I have something of importance I wish to say to you.

Your friend, WM. HOLLINGSFORD.

This note only served to trouble Tom the more. He was sure Mr. Hollingsford had found out what he had done. How could he bear to face him! He tried to cheer up for the worst as best he could and when he had finished his chores about the house he started for the store. But he was entirely unprepared for the news awaiting him there. He passed Mr. Angier and asked if Mr. Hollingsford was about the store.

"He was taken to the Stonewall Sanitarium just a few minutes ago unconscious. He was out where the carpenters are building the warehouse when a scantling fell from the roof and struck him on the head, cutting a great gash in his temple and rendering him unconscious."

This was too much for Tom. He sank to the floor and was carried home in a faint. For three days he was delirious, then he began to mend. But Mr. Hollingsford continued in a critical condition. His accident proved to be very serious, the skull having been fractured by the terrible blow.

One morning a few days after Tom had recovered from his shock, there was a tap at the door and the postman handed

him a letter. Eagerly he seized it and tearing it open he read as follows:

Boston, Mass, August 10, 1907.

Mr. Thos. E. Angier, *Daltonville, N. C.*

Dear Sir:—Enclosed herewith we hand you check for $3,000.00. Your coin proved to be in such excellent condition that we considered it worth an additional bonus of $500.00. This rounds up the last dollar that was circulated in the year 1804. We wish to thank you for sending in this valuable coin.

Yours truly,

American Collecting Agency,
Per R. J. Shrieves.

Tom could hardly believe his own eyes. It seemed almost too good to be true, yet there was the letter and there was the check! Maybe, now that he had the money, Mr. Hollingsford would not be angry if he only knew. But after all the money belonged to Mr. Hollingsford. He had already decided that. Oh, if he could only take it to him!

He next sought Mr. Hollingsford's physician, from whom he learned that the crisis in Mr. Hollingsford's condition would come that night. By morning he would either be near the end or well on the way to recovery. Among the anxious watchers by his bedside that night Tom was the most anxious. He watched every movement of the sick man and noted every expression on the doctor's face, till at last his hopes and prayers were rewarded. The doctor's compressed lips relaxed and a smile came over his face. Tom knew that it was all right. His friend would recover.

A week later Tom bounded into the hospital and up to Mr. Hollingsford's room, and there he poured out his troubles and money to the kind gentleman. He smiled and taking Tom by the hand he drew him to his bosom.

"It's all right, my boy. You have been faithful over a dollar, I will give you the use of the three thousand. I have been trying you, Thomas, and you are faithful. I knew

there was a reward for the coin when I gave it to you. You have kept it faithfully and now the reward is all your own. You must get a college education with that. My business belongs to you and your father. I have enough for my few relatives without that. I only ask that you be as faithful in the future as you have been in the past."

CHRISTMAS HERALDS

D. S. K.

The clouds low-hanging in the night;
A sky with sparkling points of light;
The air in softly rushing flight;

Unbroken silence far and near;
Unbroken till the shepherds hear
A song, low-toned but pulsing clear.

With timid sight they look afar
And see above the low hills' bar
A rising glow, a new-formed Star.

"We come to light the Saviour's way,"
In vibrant tones the angels say,
"On this, the new-born Christmas day."

DOBBS' MOTHER

EUGENE C. SPRINGER.

The dusty little lamp flickered faintly from a shelf behind the bar. A tin sign, advertising Brown's Mule Tobacco, served to reflect its dull rays upon the faces of the men and the busy little man who was continually pouring liquor out of long, black-necked bottles.

I had lately come into the camp and the uncouth manners and ill-smelling garments of the lumbermen gave me an impression very much at variance with what I had obtained from the writers of fiction. I had expected to see men of rough, but high morals, and not a set of vulgar, dirty fellows such as those at the bar.

Old Joe Grimes and I were sitting off in one corner of the large room away from the crowd and the faint light of the dirty lamps.

I was telling him of my disappointment when we noticed a commotion among the men, and an old lady came into the room through a side door. Her hair was silvery gray and her dress and shawl matched her hair. Her face, altho' wrinkled, showed no traces of worry and she smiled at each of the men as they stood aside for her to pass.

One of the men had heard her footsteps as she came down the stairs and at his warning every glass had been quickly laid upon the counter.

One of the men who on account of a few drinks too many, had failed to hear the warning, had desperately shoved his glass, half full of brandy, into his trousers pocket, and as the liquor trickled down his legs he received a "sermon," as the men called it, for his intemperance.

I was surprised to see a lady among these men and asked Joe who she was.

"That's Mother Dobbs, she's the blessing of this camp and the respect and love for her by the boys makes me sure that they ain't entirely bad, as you think. Now here's her story and after I've finished maybe you won't think we are such a bad lot:

"It was one of our coldest nights last winter, and that means some below out here. The cold had driven the boys indoors for warmth and a few toddies. Over there at the table by the door, where you see those men playing cards, Jack O'Rian, Jim Dobbs and Red Murray were playing casino, six dollars to the pot, and two dollars each on the game.

"Well, Dobbs had a bad reputation around the camp anyhow, and when he was caught slipping the jack from the discards, there was a row.

"The boys were just about to throw him out in the snow when in walked Al Duke, the sheriff, and with him was an old lady.

"The boys slowed up when they saw the old lady, and when she asked if Jimmie Dobbs was there, one of them shoved him forward.

"The old lady put her arms around the scoundrel's neck and big tears fell upon his shoulders. But imagine the man's surprise when she turned around and thanked them for being so good to her son and for making him mayor. Well, some of the men nearly laughed out, but Red he spoke up and told her that 'Jim shore was a fine boy,' and all of the men blessed him for the lie.

"They all felt kinder awkward and soon all of them had slouched away but Jack and Red, who roomed up over the saloon.

"The old lady and the boy had gone into the corner by the stove and she was holding his dishonest hands and whispering a mother's love into the coyote's ears.

"Finally Jack and Red decided to give the old lady their room and Red led her and her son up the stairs to their 'sanctum' as it was called, because of their white bedclothes.

"After O'Rian and Red had left to find a bunking place for the night, I sat with Jake, the bar-tender, discussing the arrival of the Gulch's first female and the worthless son. We had a good laugh at the idea of Dobbs being mayor and reckoned that he had lied to her in his letters.

"I left about half-past twelve. A heavy snow had fallen, but now the moon was shining and everything had a kinder bright, yellowish look. My shanty was about a quarter of a mile and just as I turned from the road and took the path along the river, I saw a man's form against the snow, creeping right down to the banks of the river. I recognized Dobbs by his light, wide-brimmed hat.

"I followed him, curious to know his errand upon the river at such an hour. I could see him as he came to the edge of the water. He hesitated and I thought he was coming back. But suddenly he plunged into the almost frozen water and with a gasp struck out for the other bank.

"The river is not wide at that point and its an easy swim. But the water was freezing and Dobbs had scarcely got half way across when he gave a horrible scream. Cramps, I reckon. He beat the water wildly with his hands, but soon disappeared.

"I had often wondered why the Maker had put such a slow, sluggish river in such a fine piece of country. It was so shallow that logs could not be floated upon it and its water was too bitter to drink. But as I saw it close over the carcass of that scoundrel that night, I realized that it had done mankind a service.

"The next morning the boys held a meeting and decided that no word of the boy's death should get to his mother.

Al was appointed to tell the old lady that her son had been sent hurriedly to an important position at another camp.

"And now, just as sure as Monday rolls around, Mother Dobbs receives a tender letter and an occasional check, for her few necessities, from her son at Calamity Creek; the result of hours of labor by the lumbermen on Sunday.

"The mail-carrier takes the letter over on Sunday and brings it back Monday.

"The boys would not tell the old lady of her son's meanness for a bag of gold.

"Jake's wife says that every night Mother Dobbs offers prayers to the Almighty for the soul of her son. I guess he needs them, but I'm as sure as day that the Almighty gives the boys credit for them, although that lacks a sight of balancing their accounts."

OZIE DID THE NAILING

H. T. HUNTER.

Ozie had been restless for half an hour. He turned over, rolled the quilts back and sat up with a grunt. He dragged himself out of the bed and turned on the electric light. Dick watched him from beneath the cover with half-closed eyes. Ozie stretched himself lazily, peeped out under the window shade and looked disappointed. He pulled down the top sash a little, and stood on tiptoe and breathed deeply, as if to abstract an atom of pure air, a wee pinch of ozone such as the mountains furnish, from the close, sluggish atmosphere of the lowlands. He worked his shoulders to pack it in. Then he sat down on the bed again, rubbing himself and yawning.

Dick knew something was wrong with Ozie, and the tremor of a suppressed laugh told the latter that his bedfellow was not asleep.

"By hokey," drawled Ozie looking around at the window, "I don't believe I'll take my walk this morning."

"What's the matter, old fellow?" asked Dick. "You are not going to give up your fresh-air tonic, your ozone idea, are you?"

"Not me! No, sir; but—er—well, it's pretty damp outdoors, and then I've got to get up that old German lesson."

"But I thought a whiff of the morning air just prepared one for study. How about it, old sport—eh?" said Dick, patting Ozie on the back.

"Well, who said it didn't?" rejoined Ozie, nettled.

"You are gettin' wise now, old boy. I've hoped you would get weaned from that newish idea of the morning air tonic."

"I'll show you whether I'm weaned or not in the morning about 5 o'clock."

"Why not show me now, since you've knocked me out of two hours sleep already?"

A splash of water over about the washstand, as a morning toilet began, was all the answer Dick received to this challenge.

Ozie was a mountaineer. He didn't have to tell you that. His angular frame, bulldog jaws, and rigid self-poise showed at once that he was not nature's pet, but had wrestled with her frowning, jagged cliffs and had been accustomed to looking down from lofty heights. The sun-tanned face and rough hands, with big-jointed fingers, told the unmistakable story of a simple rustic life of toil.

Although the lowlanders did not view Ozie's descent from the higher altitudes as a particularly fortunate omen for them, still it can't be denied that they paid him a kind of silent homage, such as is paid to a passing train. This deference was altogether relished by the mountaineer; it was to his liking. But after his Freshman year, Ozie was one of the fellows. In fact he was a kind of leader; and the suggestion was not wanting that some of the Freshmen had fared badly at the hands of this burly Sophomore.

Now Ozie had one peculiar habit. Not for the session and a half he had been in college had he been known to leave off his morning walk. He might miss his dinner or forego the pleasure of meeting an evening train; but his morning walk was, to Ozie, a religious duty. It was always taken before daybreak. The boys laughed at him; but he had lived in the Blue Ridge where ozone is plentiful, and he had to have it here, though, as he said, he had to "fish for it in a mighty stagnant atmosphere." For this peculiarity he was nick-named Major Ozone, which was corrupted to Ozonie, then shortened to Ozie.

Dick didn't understand this lapse in his roommate's pet custom, and was resolved to find out what it meant.

"Come, now, Ozie," said he, "and tell me what's workin' on you? Have you seen a ghost? or what has converted you this way?"

"A ghost, nothing!" was the grunted answer.

Dick's bantering laugh was too much for Ozie. Jerking on his cap he opened the door, and mumbled as he went out:

"Some folks think a fellow's afraid of the dark just because *they* are; but I'll show—"

A closed door shut off the rest. Vanishing footsteps were heard up Faculty Row. Dick put his nose against the window and looked out on the heavy, leaden fog, blurred here and there by dark, bulging tree-trunks. Ozie, otherwise daring, was afraid of ghosts and spirits, and Dick knew it; and this would test his mettle. The latter had often had the Hill-man up in arms by suggesting a midnight walk to the graveyard.

Dick pulled a sheet off the bed and threw it over his shoulders. As he stood before the mirror laughing to himself over the thought of seeing the mountaineer ghost-frightened, the door opened noiselessly, and Ozie, pale and breathing like one over a corpse, tiptoed in and closed the door. The two saw each other at the same time.

"D—n you, Dick, was that you?" said Ozie through clenched teeth.

"No, what's up?"

"Have you been out doors?"

"No, but I was just fixing to go."

"It's a darn good thing you didn't."

Ozie sat down and got a long breath.

"Dick," said he, "by shot, you may say what you please, but there's something out there."

"Why, what did you see?"

"I saw enough. It came right down Faculty Row, on the other side of the street. It was a thunderin' big somethin'—a white-spotted devilish-lookin' thing—and walked like a horse."

"Ah, you are crazy; there's nothing there."

"I know there was. My eyes don't fool me that way. I've seen it every night for a week or more."

"Some old negro woman, I guess."

"I'll be darned if it was. It had a head as big as—as big as this washstand."

"Where does it seem to come from?"

"It comes from up about Uncle Billy's store, and looks like a shadow walking in the shadows. I know it ain't anything much, but—"

Here Dick threw off his sheet and fell into a fit of laughter. He jumped on the bed; he kicked up his heels; he hollowed; he hugged a pillow, all at the same time. Ozie tried to speak, but the laughing Dick had the floor. Then a threatening attitude by the ruffled mountaineer sobered things a little, and Dick explained:

"It's the funniest coincidence I ever heard of," he said.

"Coincidence! What do you mean?" thundered Ozie.

"Now cool off and let me tell you what you saw. Newish Trump told me yesterday—"

"Newish Trump!"

"He told me yesterday that he left Uncle Billy's every morning at five o'clock, and went way out in the country somewhere to get milk and butter for Uncle Billy's boarders. Now that's what you've seen—Trump going after milk and butter."

"That may be so; but I'm from Missouri," said Ozie after a pause.

"Why, it can't be otherwise. Besides, I've heard him speak

of seeing somebody every now and then passing along the street. I guess he saw you and you saw him."

Ozie was afraid of ghosts—that's true—just a little bit afraid of ghosts; but when this apparition was cleared of its mystery and the ghost resolved itself into a mere puny little newish, a lowlander at that, he couldn't stand it. He frightened by Freshman Trump!—a newish! Trump, the Trump with provokingly green pantaloons! He stamped like a goat with pepper on its nose and guessed there would be some blacking done within twenty-four hours.

And Ozie was the likeliest chap in college to see it done right.

Within twenty-four hours the night hawks were busy. Ozie's room was the rendezvous of muffled Sophomores. The black concoction that sizzled on the heater looked as though the "secret, black and midnight hags" of Macbeth might have had a hand in that gruesome business.

Time passed slowly, and Ozie, muffled to the eyes, paced restlessly and said little. The plan of the attack was already arranged: Dick, at the corner to signal the approach of Trump by a low whistle; Jones and Morgan behind trees as a reserve; Wrenn with the blacking at the next corner; Ozie behind the board fence near Wrenn.

"Now, when I whistle, you get ready to nail him," said Dick, buttoning his coat around his neck.

"You do the whistling," said Ozie, with a meaning nod, "and I'll do the nailing."

"And I'll do the blacking," chuckled Wrenn.

"What if he should be too much for you?" suggested Jones.

The huge pair of arms which swung out and closed like a vice upon an imaginary Freshman were sufficient answer; and Jones was laughed at for his pains.

It was nearly five, and Trump would soon be along. As they filed out of the door, some one said:

"What if he should grab some one else? Wouldn't it be rich?"

Once at their stations, they waited. Breathlessly they waited; but no Trump. Five o'clock passed, and still they waited. What did it mean? Had Trump sniffed their purpose and given them the slip? Jones and Morgan might laugh, but to Ozie it was a doggedly serious job. He looked uneasily around the corner of the fence, and gritted a curse through his bull-dog jaws.

A light flickered up about Uncle Billy's. Trump was coming at last. Ozie set himself to seize whoever and whatever appeared.

"Be sure it's him before you show yourself, Ozie," whispered Wrenn.

"Oh, its him; and you just watch me nail him, and have your blackin' ready."

A low whistle was heard; then the *plud, plud* of approaching footsteps.

"Here he comes! Here he comes!" was whispered from tree to tree and to the corner of the board fence.

Yes, there he came looming along in the fog, innocent and unmindful of his danger. "But what is that bulky thing on his head?" thought Wrenn; and "why has he on that overcoat this warm weather? Why that subdued laugh from behind the trees?" Then he understood.

"Be careful," he whispered cautiously.

But Ozie was desperate by this time, and didn't trouble himself about either Wrenn's speculations or caution. He drew himself up and made a huge lunge at the moving figure.

They made one locked whirl in the fog.

"Wi—wi—yu—yu—You debble, you white rascal, turn me loose, or I'll knock de berry stuffin' out u' you!"

A basket of white linen tumbled into the dusty street; but Ozie had business in the other end of town and didn't remain to pick it up.

Since then the "white folks" in the country have had to wait a little later in the day for the coming of Aunt Sophie, the washerwoman, with the week's washing; while Newish Trump goes whistling on his way to fetch his butter and milk.

But the lowlanders don't speak of either one of them to Ozie.

THE CHANGE

KEN.

Mid-year's languid green is changing
  Everywhere to reds and browns;
Distant hills to westward ranging
  Rear their flaming, colored crowns.

Subtle forces charm, entice me,
  As the potent wizard's wand
Sets the latent, shining gold free
  On the edge of brook and pond.

Leaves of tree and bush and creeper
  Feel the blighting Frost King's breath,
At the rough kiss blushing deeper,
  Drift in rich-robed gloom to death.

Of the flowers some are drooping,
  Some upon the earth recline,
And grief-stricken Ceres stooping
  Mourns for vanished Proserpine.

IMMIGRATION AND THE SOUTH

J. M. KESTER.

"O Liberty, white goddess, is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
Fold sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,
Lift the downtrodden, but with hands of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portal come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
And where the temples of the Cæsars stood
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair."

What is the South going to do with the tide of immigration which is slowly but surely turning Southward? This is a question which every thinking man must face in the next few years. When the question is viewed from the standpoint of the Northeast, the problem is evident from many circumstances. From public and private institutions of charity comes the warning that the means at hand are insufficient to relieve the cry of distress; the bread line proclaims louder than words that something is radically wrong. Trade unions, ever jealous of the dignity and self-respect of their members, have given out millions of dollars to buy bread for those of their number who could not find work to do. And all this time, during which able-bodied men willing and anxious to work are tramping the streets in idleness, hundreds of thousands of immigrants are pouring in upon us,—some to make the struggle of the American worker more difficult, and others to be recruited into that army of unemployed which threatens to become a permanent institution of our national life.

So far the immigration question has been confined to the Northeast, which has received and tried to assimilate about

ninety per cent of the incoming immigrants. For that reason the South knows but little about the great problem which immigration thrusts upon a people. But now, since the North is practically overflowing with these hordes, and since the South presents such an inviting field in her present industrial and commercial awakening, the tide must turn and is turning Southward. Knowing this, let us then consider their source and whether or not they will be a help or hindrance to the prosperity and general welfare of the South.

As to their source: one wonders why the present immigrants take the place of the large numbers who came a few decades ago from Northwest Europe until he finds that they are encouraged both from the inside and outside, and that the shifting of the source is due to the profit-making choice of foreign steamship lines. These steamship lines, as some one has well said, "wheedle and cajole immigrants, often against their best interests, to come here, and have no interest whatever in the matter save to increase the return on their capital by carrying a mass of immigrants in the steerage quarters of their ships." The extreme lengths to which these foreign corporations go and their audacity in intermeddling with our government are well illustrated by the following instances. When an immigration bill was up in Congress a few years ago, the North German Lloyd telegraphed its agents and others: "Wire your Congressman, our expense, protesting, and request bill be defeated, informing him their vote in favor means defeat next election." Again, the Cunard Line contracted with the Hungarian Government some years ago to haul off annually a minimum of thirty thousand persons furnished by that government. United States Immigrant Inspector, Marcus Brown, had this to say after a tour of inspection: "I found a condition of things which convinced me beyond any doubt that some European governments, agencies, and private

individuals, are continuing to regard this country as the dumping ground for thousands of their undesirable people."

But not alone are they undesirable because of their source, Southeastern Europe, and their being enticed here. By far the most objectionable grounds are their foreign customs, habits and methods of thought, short stay here, and life in clots which makes amalgamation impossible. With but about fifteen million foreign-born out of over ninety millions in the United States, more than half of the objects of charity are aliens by birth. The New York State reports show that in charitable, insane and penal institutions of that State from two-thirds to three-fourths of the inmates are foreign-born. These alone cost the State about fifteen million dollars a year. Those who are not objects of charity congregate in unassimilable and unassimilative colonies, thereby establishing their language and religion, both of which are practically unknown to the people of the South and which cause them to cling with great tenacity to their homeland. The sworn allegiance to the Pope—for they are mostly Roman Catholics—and their language present a problem the like of which the South has never tackled. Furthermore, the immigrants who come, come not to stay and to invest their earnings here; but they return in a short time with their money or send it back to their native land, thereby taking American wealth to enrich Europe. It is said that the sum of fifteen million dollars was sent to Europe by foreigners through the New York post-office alone last Christmas. Where they settle, how they live, and what they do, both with themselves and their earnings, are matters of vital importance to the South.

Another thing to consider is their strange aversion for the rural districts which immigrants from Northern Europe sought with such eagerness, and their equally strange preference for the sweat shop work and tenement squalor. But that is only the natural outcome of the workings of the social

instinct developed by centuries in the peasant village life of Southeastern Europe where farmers exist almost in slums and do not live on the land they cultivate. In fact, farming in Europe and America are two separate and distinct propositions. In Europe it is principally done by hand, while in America it is done by improved machinery and as some one has said, "The European is little better equipped to operate the machinery on an American farm than is a section hand to run a locomotive." Since this is true and since the principal need of the South is farmers of the scientific and educated kind, they are not that for which the South is calling and really needs. They would be at once a social, political, moral, and economic menace to the whole country. Immigration of this kind would subject every employer and industry to a disadvantageous and undesirable competition. This competition would not merely be ruinous to outside employers, but also fatal to the better class of labor which these employers could secure and would employ if it were not for the coming and competition of these sweat shop workers. They will not spread out and mix with the native population and give to the country, its institutions and industries a healthy and well-balanced growth. Dr. Darlington, a few years ago President of the New York Board of Health, had this to say: "I have heard the assertion that immigration is necessary to carry on our public works, to build railroads, to dig canals, and the like. But the present immigration does not come for that purpose and will not do that sort of work. No; they prefer to become push-cart peddlers and live in poverty in our cities, breeding disease and crime. They occupy our streets, the streets for which our taxpayers have paid heavily. They interfere with traffic and break the laws of sanitation which we have decided were necessary for the preservation of public health."

Further to corroborate the statement in regard to their un-

fitness for the South, I quote from the report of Hon. Wm. Williams, Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, where eighty per cent of the immigrants enter. He said: "The laws do not reach a large body of immigrants who are undesirable because unintelligent, of low vitality, of poor physique, able to perform only the cheapest kind of manual labor, desirous of locating almost exclusively in the cities, by their competition tending to reduce the standard of living of the American wage-worker, and unfitted mentally or morally for good citizenship. It would be quite impossible to accurately state what proportion of the present immigration is undesirable. I believe that at least five hundred thousand come here every year who, although they may be able to earn a living yet, are not wanted, will be of no benefit to the country, and will on the contrary be a detriment, because their presence will tend to lower the standards. And, if these same people could be induced to stay at home, nobody, not even those clamoring for more labor, would miss them. Their coming is a benefit, chiefly, if not only, to the transportation companies which bring them here."

So far the South has acted wisely with regard to encouraging immigration into her borders. A few years ago the Immigration Restriction League made a canvass of the wishes of the South as to immigration and found everywhere a decided tendency to view with caution the efforts of the emissaries of foreign governments, certain transportation lines, and philanthropic societies, to arouse the South to the desirability of alien labor. Several States were persuaded to establish immigration bureaus but in a few years they repealed the acts and passed measures forbidding their men to bring immigrants into their borders. Such did Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. The other Southern States, either through their legislatures or meetings of farmers, have expressed themselves as opposed to immigration.

The South may well take to heart the lessons which the North has been learning about undesirable aliens. It is clear that the South can have the best if she is only patient and insists upon having it. It is also clear from the experience of the North that immigration of the less desirable classes crowds out the more desirable. The great advantage which the South should gain in the future from the incoming of honest, industrious, intelligent, thirty, and physically fit aliens, can only be secured by making a careful selection of these immigrants and by preventing the inflowing stream from becoming a vast and destructive flood of ignorance, of pauperism, and of debility.

The people of the South should not forget that without any outside assistance she has enjoyed during the last quarter of a century a stupendous agricultural, industrial, and commercial awakening and development unparalleled in history. Without any immigration, or scarcely any, her total population and labor supply has increased faster than that of the North which has been receiving the incoming hordes of aliens. Not only as to population and labor supply, but in every particular, her growth and progress have been so rapid, that the South alone today stands in population, valuation of property, cotton spindles, cotton exports, mineral products, bank deposits, railway mileage, and in every conceivable way head and shoulders above where the whole United States stood at the beginning of the war, which left her in 1865 a barren waste of desolation and ruins, to be further afflicted by carpet bag indebtedness and other ills. The Southland should not forget that it was largely an unfortunate immigration of the 18th century to solve a similar labor problem, which thus sorely afflicted her economic, industrial, and political well-being, and which today is one of her greatest unsolved questions. What assurances has she that no such menaces lie hidden in the present proposals to settle her territories with

alien colonies from sections of Europe which have no history behind them of a nature to give encouragement and which have proved so undesirable to South America? The editor of the *Manufacturers' Record* says that the Southern Commercial Congress is backed by a foreign-born gentleman who has spent but one year in the South. Then what can be the purpose of that and similar organizations other than for some body of men to make money at the South's expense and detriment? Again the South should remember her high rate of illiteracy, small school fund, and unsolved race question and not add another race or races to perplex and increase the two questions which Southerners are now heroically trying to solve.

And finally the South should not forget that the North would be glad to have many of her city slums emptied upon her sunny lands and would rejoice, selfishly, as would Southern Europe, if the South would take her full share of the incoming tide of foreigners who are of poor physique, who are illiterate, who are unassimilative, who have criminal propensities, and who have an unalterable tendency to congregate in the worst quarters of the large cities, who do not pay their own passage, can not support themselves here until they can secure work, and in every way they are unfitted for American standards and citizenship. Then, since, as Lowell says, "The brave makes danger opportunity," let us make the danger of the incoming immigrants an opportunity to better ourselves, our country, and those who are coming. This we can do by carefully watching, selecting, and placing them as they come.

COALS OF FIRE

C. HERMAN TRUEBLOOD.

Birdsville was a small coast village, consisting of two stores, the post-office, the gin down on the creek, the little schoolhouse and the old time-honored church on the hill.

The chief industry, of the three hundred or more good villagers who lived there, was the killing and shipping of wild game.

Here, in this quiet corner of North Carolina, lived Nell Gordon and Harry Darington. Nell was a pretty little golden-haired, blue-eyed lass of sixteen, the daughter of a poor fisherman. Harry was a tall, broad-shouldered, manly looking fellow, possessing brown eyes and dark wavy hair, the son of a once wealthy game dealer, but now he lived here with his widowed mother.

Harry and Nell had both lived here all of their lives, and neither could remember the day that they had not lived, moved, and had their being together.

It was May, and down on the marsh, about two hundred yards from the Darington home, was a scene of intense activity; a company of men were engaged in mending nets, repairing boats, rebuilding and whitewashing outhouses and getting ready in general for the ducking and fishing season.

Back of the Darington home ran a strip of woods, enclosing a long, narrow lake. This lake was a cool place in the late afternoons, for the tall trees on either side kept out the burning rays of the sun.

On this particular day, Harry and Nell were, as they frequently did, drifting in a small skiff on the bosom of this lake. Nell was fixing a large red rose in her golden locks, while Harry pulled leisurely on the oars and gazed dreamingly at the perfectly mirrored image of Nell in the water.

"Why do you look so sad, Harry; are you lonely?" she asked teasingly.

"Read this," replied he, at the same time pulling from his coat pocket a letter and handing it to her, "and you will understand why I look so serious."

Nell took the letter and glanced at it, turning deathly pale.

"And you will go?" she breathlessly asked.

"Yes, little sweetheart," said he, "but why do you look so distressed? Do you not know that there are two sides to every question?"

"But is it not possible to obtain the five thousand dollars without going off to college?" she eagerly asked.

"No, I wish I could, but according to the letter, as you see, my uncle who died in Texas last month, set aside for me the five thousand dollars on condition that I go off and secure a college education. The will states plainly that under no consideration am I to receive a cent, unless I go to college."

"So you will go off and leave me alone? You—you love his old money better than you do me any way," she replied poutingly.

"No, no, Nell," he said tenderly, "I love you better than anybody else in the whole wide world. Do you not see, after all, granting that I want to stay, that the only wise and manly thing for me to do is to go to college? Why I can then fit myself for life, prepare myself more fully to make you happy."

"Harry, are you really in earnest?" she asked searchingly.

"Yes, dearie; my mind is made up; I am going to college, get ready for living, then come home for my bride," said he proudly.

"Perhaps you will find your bride without coming home—af—after you stay away so long, and see and meet so many people, and learn so many new things at college," she replied blushing.

"Oh, stop your teasing, Nell; I am going to make a man out of myself; I'm going to become a king among men, then you will be my queen."

"But do you not forget that I am only a simple-hearted little country lass, unfit to be a queen?" replied she.

"You may think so, but I will teach the world a lesson, and show, that of all queens, the fairest, lives right here in Birdsville," said Harry with considerable pride.

Three months later, if you had passed by a certain cottage in Birdsville one night about ten o'clock, you would have observed a young girl sitting on the front steps, weeping as if her heart would break. It was Nell. Harry, after comforting her the best he could, and promising to be true, and to write often, had left her there a few minutes previous. He had gone to the river, boarded the boat, and was off for college.

Nell Gordon, though barely sixteen, and handicapped on account of poverty, had been deprived, considerably, of educational and social advantages necessary for her full development; nevertheless she was bright and honest, with a heart as true as steel, deep down in which was a secret longing to be and do her best—a hungering and thirsting for a chance.

True she had discouraged Harry concerning his college project, but her own lofty ideals and better judgment told her that he had done the proper thing; and, really, she admired him the more for it, though she had failed to tell him.

So Nell, while sitting on the steps alone, having regained her composure, and consoling herself with Harry's last words: "I love you only, and will always be true," caught herself making some resolutions:

"I know what I will do"—clapping her hands ecstatically at the idea—"I will do fancy work for 'dear old Mabel,' and she will teach me grammar and history; that's what she told me last week. And I will help Mrs. Billings at noon

to wait on the table and wash the dishes, and she will teach me music. I will do all of this, and keep it a secret from Harry, and when he comes home he will be proud of his queen, and she will surprise him by playing his favorite song on the piano."

Be it said to Nell's credit, that this plan was put into execution.

Despite his everlasting longing to see Nell, Harry soon adapted himself to his surroundings, and made an enviable record during the spring term.

In the meantime, it was noised abroad that Harry was rich; his popularity increased, and shortly after the opening of the fall term he became intimately associated with some aristocratic "sports" (?), who took great pride in teaching him the "science of living."

After examinations were over, Harry passed a few days at home, then went to spend his vacation in the North with one of his chums. He was ushered immediately into high society, and lost himself in a swirl of splendor and extravagance.

And now the rumor grew that Mr. Darington was a millionaire; nor did Harry correct the rumor, since it was a passport into *Swelldom.*

When Harry left New York to return to college, he was considered one of the most prominent figures in the "upper circles," and it was rumored that he was engaged to one of the most wealthy and beautiful of New York's society ladies.

His second year at school was a succession of blunders and failures, and at the close of the session he was notified not to return again.

Harry went direct to New York City and accepted a position as a traveling salesman.

At home, Nell was wondering, though she trusted Harry implicitly, why he wrote so infrequently; and Harry's mother had become alarmed.

Nell had many obstacles to surmount, but she stuck to it and made wonderful progress in her books—she was steadily climbing.

Imagine her chagrin and humiliation, when one day, about a year after Harry had been in New York, she picked up a Northern paper, which a drummer had dropped at Mrs. Billings' boarding house, and read the announcement of Harry's engagement.

So violent was the shock that Nell swooned away. She was found on the floor later in an unconscious state. Complications set in, and the old village doctor, in trying to diagnose the case, shook his head apprehensively, as he uttered the words: "It's a grave case."

Harry's mother, in the meantime, telegraphed for him to come quickly, for Nell was dying; but the only answer was: "Impossible, business obligations make it necessary that I remain in New York just at this time—hope Nell will not die."

Strange to say, that was the last message that Mrs. Darington ever received from her son. From that time on no trace of Harry could be found. He seemed to drop out of existence, as completely as if he had been swallowed up in a great ocean.

Poor Nell hovered between life and death for three days, then slowly grew stronger. Somewhat over a month, however, was required for her complete recovery.

Just a few days before Nell arose from her sick bed, one beautiful, sunny afternoon, while alone, she turned over and looked out of the window toward the clear blue sky; the recollections of the past, the awful present, and blasted hopes of the future, caused the hot tears to flow freely.

Notwithstanding her broken heart and crushed life, a prayer, in behalf of a wayward boy, went up from her heart,

and a resolution was made: "Though the whole world turn its back on me, yet will I be true."

* * * * * * *

The sharp crack of a pistol rang out on the evening air, in a certain suburban district of Chicago. The report of the gun was followed by a cry of pain: "I'm shot! I'm killed!"

A half hour later a most disreputable looking man was brought into one of the leading hospitals. He presented a pitiable sight: eyes bloated and red; hair long and unkempt; clothing torn, filthy and bloody—a typical tramp. He was one out of three other such toughs who had been gambling and drinking; a disagreement arose, a fight ensued, and he was all but mortally wounded.

For several days he lay seemingly unconscious; but when he had regained more strength and consciousness slowly dawned upon him, his first impression of his surroundings, was that of heaven, and he thought he saw an angel moving around in the room. He lay perfectly quiet, fearful to move, lest all should vanish and he wake up to find it all a dream. Miserable wretch! so debauched had he become that he had lost all power of recognition. However, he did finally realize that he was in a hospital, and that the angel was a nurse.

As he gradually recovered from his long illness there was one thing that greatly puzzled him as he lay pondering:

"Why have I been brought here? Why do I receive such kind treatment at the hands of this nurse?" It had been a long time since anybody had spoken kindly to him; but this nurse, was as vigilant and attentive to him, as is a mother to her new-born babe.

"Angel lady, why are you so good to me? I'm the meanest wretch that ever breathed; I deceived the truest, best little girl in the world, was kicked out of New York society, broke my mother's heart, and"—

"Oh, you musn't think about that," interrupted the nurse

hastily. "The doctor says you will soon be well. Then you can go out and enjoy the sunshine, breath the fresh air, and be strong again," she continued inspiringly.

He lifted his watery eyes, and they met her steady gaze.

"Angel lady, who are you?" he asked anxiously.

Silence prevailed for a moment, as they continued to look into each others' eyes.

"Harry," she said softly and sympathetically, with her eyes brimming full of tenderness, "don't you remember your little friend Nell, who used to go rowing with you on the lake?"

"Impossible! And you a nurse here?" he exclaimed, as he stared at her bewilderingly.

"No, not here, Harry; I am a nurse in another hospital on the other side of the city. I had just been granted a four weeks' vacation and came here to bid one of my friends, who is a nurse in this hospital, good bye; as I was about to leave you were brought in; I recognized you at once and vowed that nobody but myself should be your nurse. I have lost the pleasures of a vacation on the seashore, but have found greater pleasure in being here, in seeing you return from death's door to life's opportunity."

He listened to her narrative with breathless awe, then cried penitently:

"Great heavens! Nell, you have heaped COALS OF FIRE on my head."

TRIUMVIRATE TRIUMPHANS

P. P.—MAC.

I.

Napoleon Bonaparte descended the car steps into a vociferous mob of students, gravely acknowledging their hilarious greetings as he wormed his way through. On the outskirts he encountered William the Silent. Without a word they shook hands and started toward Castle Thunder. Once there they dropped into chairs and gazed sadly and interrogatively at each other.

Napoleon began to enumerate on his fingers.

"One, two—" he counted and hesitated.

"One, two—" also counted William and stopped. Then he rose, took a glass from the dresser and carefully inverted it on the table.

"Turn down an empty glass," he quoted. Napoleon nodded and bowed his head in silent grief.

"Without three there is no Triumvirate," he said after a moment. "And without a Triumvirate there can be no triumvirating." William gave silent consent.

II.

For two months deep peace brooded over drug store, post-office, chapel, and library. All things moved undisturbed in the straight and narrow way. Then Napoleon stalked in one night wearing a scowl on his face and an empty clothes-bag under his arm.

"It is disgraceful! it is unbearable!" he muttered.

"It is," assented William. "But to what particular disgraceful and unbearable thing do you refer?"

"I refer to the Mormon's plebeian habit of cultivating potatoes in his very dooryard," explained Napoleon.

"Think of the humiliation to his wife and children, to say nothing of the notoriety to be gained by any kindly disposed person who would thoughtfully dig his tubers for him."

"What a beast!" exclaimed William. "And he has plenty of ground entirely out of sight and hearing of his dwelling."

"He has no æsthetic sense, no sense of the eternal fitness of things, and his soul is wrapped about with potatoes and Yale locks," cried Napoleon with a return of the old spirit. "Revenge!"

William sat lost in thought for a few minutes.

"Materials needed," he muttered, "one perambulator, one bar of Octagon soap, one pass key." Being familiar with the workings of William's mind, Napoleon nodded and the pair arose, closed the window shutters, and went out, locking the door, leaving the light burning and a sign on the door— "Busy. Quiz tomorrow. No admittance." They went their way, collecting one perambulator, one bar of Octagon soap, and one pass key.

When the Mormon visited his garage the following morning he was short one machine. He could find only nine. What was worse, the missing perambulator belonged to the younger twins. Ergo, he was sorely vexed. But as the shades of evening fell a rumor reached him from some vague source that a perambulator had been seen in the vat room in the basement of the building devoted to the study of the medical sciences; and with his characteristic vigor he dashed off post-haste to the vat room for his property. Arrived there he fairly foamed at the mouth with rage on seeing his elegant perambulator hanging from a nail on the wall behind a large vat. The vat was filled with a murky, black liquid, from whose surface protruded sundry arms and legs and an occasional head or two belonging to defunct citizens whom a paternal government, after availing itself of their services in the construction of highways, had generously devoted to

the ends of science. What with the vat's contents, the pervasive odor, and the twins' perambulator the Mormon was so absorbed that he failed to note a zone of soaped tiles surrounding the vat. If he had noticed he might possibly have refrained from precipitantly rushing to the vat and leaning over—far over—to reach the perambulator at the back. Also there would not have been the soft splash and gentle gurgle that might have been a heard a moment later if any one had been near enough to hear.

A few minutes later the colored janitor was petrified for a brief moment on seeing a figure dripping with black liquid and emitting wheezy, inarticulate sounds coming up the basement steps. Then with a yell that would have made a Comanche Indian turn pale green with envy, his body described a graceful arc through the nearest window. Three minutes later he was seen to pass Forestville jauntily wearing a window sash for a neck ruff and disinclined to answer questions.

III.

About the same time Napoleon and William seated themselves in Castle Thunder and gazed at each other with the happy expression of men whose work has been well done. Then Napoleon's brow clouded. He raised his hand and began doubtfully to enumerate on his fingers.

"One, two—" he counted and hesitated.

William rose, took up a glass that sat inverted on the table, filled it with a foaming fluid and set it down full.

He raised his fingers and counted:

"One, two, three."

SKIRTS—A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS

P. P. G.

Site of Conflict: Imperial University of Fiji. Buildings, campus, bulletin boards, loiterers, faculty, and other appurtenances of a well regulated institution of higher learning.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

The Hero—After a prolonged search the author was unable to discover a hero, so that part had to be omitted.

The Heroine—Miss Gladys Gladrags, a college widow, therefore highly ornamental.

The Base Villain—Rev. Abram Hunter, skypilot, therefore initiated in all the higher mysteries as all good villains are.

A wide assortment of other characters are kept constantly in stock so the gentle reader may readily pick and choose to his taste.

(The Author having unfortunately forgotten a date with Miss Gladrags on account of a broken leg, she has refused to appear in his production. The Rev. Mr. Hunter writes us that he is assisting in a protracted meeting and will also be unable to take his part. Last night some scoundrel beast burglarized our warehouse and pilfered our entire reserve stock of characters. In view of these adverse workings of an all-wise but inscrutable providence, we have decided in order not to disappoint the public to bring out an entirely new caste of characters and train of action as the reader will presently discover if he reads closely.—Editor.)

ACT I.

There was a great tumult. Infant Smith, being irreverent by nature, had rudely aroused the astonished and indignant librarian from his afternoon siesta to borrow a book. What was infinitely worse, with the impetuous haste of undisci-

plined youth, he desired that book immediately and said so. The flustered guardian of books expostulated with him.

"Young man," he said with severity, "overlooking the fact that to remove a book would disturb the orderly arrangement of this library and leave an unsightly gap for the eyes of visitors, it would require several days to locate it in our excellent card catalog and to draw up the necessary papers."

"But," protested the crude Smith, "I know where to find that book—"

"Young man," interrupted the librarian with a gasp like Father Abraham Geyser in action, "you jest on serious matters. Do you not know that our card catalog was invented by Himself, the Curator, the head of the—?"

But at mention of the Roman there was a rush of listening students, a mighty crash, and a passer-by was stupefied to observe the dignified and anæmic librarian making a spirited exit from his own library door three feet in advance of a howling mob that thirsted for to kill.

ACT II.

Certain of the morally stunted who should have known better happened to be crouched unobtrusively beneath a window on the opposite side of which a faculty meeting was in progress. The final remarks of the shattered librarian percolated through the glass.

"Gentlemen, I have been assaulted and well-nigh murdered, wantonly and maliciously by the students of this institution, for whose good I have labored day and night. The strength and vigor of my young manhood and the ripened wisdom of my mature old age I have poured out at her feet. and I have been recompensed by these indignities on my aged form. My heart lies crushed and bleeding. It is with sorrow unspeakable that I tender my resignation as librarian in this institution that I love so well."

The president and the chairman of the committee on dis-

cipline here thought it necessary to retire and investigate a disturbance under the window that sounded suspiciously like applause. They found a perfectly good, round, beneficent-looking moon, surrounded by a halo and shining sleepily on a deserted campus.

Some minutes later a venerable member of the faculty was speaking.

"We must appeal to the chivalry of the student body to cope with this situation," he was saying. "We must secure a lady librarian—"

"Lady librarian!" almost shouted the Roman. "Lady librarian! "Why, she would disjoint my entire system. Moreover, these young devils would try to borrow every book on the place the first day."

This time the noise outside sounded like an insurrection in San Domingo. It must certainly have been made by the moon passing through its Aphelion for it was the only thing visible to the president a moment later. Whereupon he made faces at it and called it a green cheese.

ACT III.

A peeking scoundrel had his eyes glued to a crack in the closed blinds of a library window. What he saw made his eyes bulge, his teeth chatter, and his knees do the ghost wagge, but he kept his eyes to that crack. A demure maiden with heavenly brown eyes, three wayward curls, and a tip-tilted nose had draped herself artistically over the corner of a table and swung a tastefully shod little foot in a graceful ellipse. She was smiling ever so sweetly at the dazed inventor of the card catalog and speaking softly between smiles.

"We must have a nice cleaning up in here, don't you think? We must put some of this trash into the stove. Those cards over there—"

"Yes'm!" said the master of declensions and subjunctions, diving for the cards.

(Curtain.)

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DECEMBER, 1911.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

H. TYRAM HUNTER, Editor

The Editor is in a dilemma. He has allowed quizzes, examinations, committee meetings and what not to usurp his time, believing, of course, in the inexhaustibleness, resourcefulness, and instantaneousness of his copious pen, until the last moment has arrived for this exquisitely delightful task. The Business Manager is incorrigible, and will not wait. So the editor gravely unties his bale of *isms,* and here goes.

"But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

An Explanation

The readers will doubtless be surprised that the "Letters From the Trenches," mentioned in the last issue, does not appear this time. It was also stated that the Carlyle Memorial Number would be the January issue. As it seemed impossible to get some of the material ready by the time to send off manuscripts for the January issue, it has been decided to make the February issue the Memorial Number. The "Letters From the Trenches" will appear in the January Number.

College Patriotism

When we hear this expression, we instinctively feel a swelling pride, and want to pull off our hats and shout. It carries with it the suggestion of a throng on the side line or filling the bleachers and yelling themselves hoarse at the weaving, surging line of favorites between the goals; or a suggestion of the return of the inter-collegiate debaters with glittering trophies, whirling in the midst of fellow students eager to congratulate them, in a veritable chariot draped with old Gold and Black. It's grand to live and move and have a part in scenes like that. The man who has never yelled till his lungs hurt for the boys, who has not been caught in the grip of enthusiasm and wished for lungs like an enraged lion, has never been in college. He may have hibernated in some hole for awhile near the college campus. But in his aloofness, his cynical moroseness, he has out-Diogenesed Diogenes himself. A tub is too spacious for him.

Yes, these are the recognized signs of college loyalty and patriotism. They are universal. But is there not still a higher patriotism which one may manifest? Perhaps it should be asked: Is it not possible for one to do all but tear his lungs out for the ball team, give money lavishly for athletics, to shout like a wild man at the success of the inter-

collegiate debaters, and still be lacking in true college patriotism? One who loves and is devoted to the welfare of the institution—this is the college patriot. Now, plainly, are we as Wake Forest men coming up to the standard? Do we not complacently fold our hands and wink on things which, if allowed, will ruin the reputation of the college? Are we insulted when that which would stain the reputation of Wake Forest is said or done? That's the question. Stick this under the hatband and think upon it occasionally.

Mr. R. T. Crane, a Chicago iron-master, said in a recent article in one of our magazines, "The utterly depraved moral sense exhibited by some college students is beyond belief." He states further that "the college student flaunts depravity in the face of his fellows." Now, we take the position that this seathing denunciation of the college man is an unwarranted libel. Perhaps it might be true in some instances, but not at Wake Forest. Here we are above the average. We are not outbreaking; dissipation is scarcely known; we attend Sunday School; we read the Bible. In fact, we are a pretty meek and humble set of fellows. But there are things right around us, right under our noses, disreputable and damaging to the good name of Wake Forest, which nothing but a strong sentiment against it can stop. They are such things as make those who are on the outside brand us as heathenish. You've heard the term.

Just to enumerate—chicken-raiding, stealing Faculty wood, damaging school property, discourtesy to visiting ball teams, flaunting and firing pistols, strewing paper over campus, speaking damagingly of the professors, cheating on examination. Little things—yes; but such as make the difference between real men and near-men, and there should be an effort to stop them. We are not posing as a lawyer, but we offer the following tentative code for the punishment of those guilty of the offenses mentioned above:

Chicken-raiding—Tar and feather the criminal.

Damaging school property—Offender should be banished to the Sahara Desert, supplied with chisels, screwdrivers, files and corkscrews, with a commission to transform it into a paradise.

Discourtesy to visiting ball teams—Offenders to be placed in a cage near ball ground with this inscription: "Notice! Animals are allowed to see games for first time. The strange sight may disturb them. Be considerate."

Flaunting and firing pistols—Culprit taken into the laboratory and further equipped with horns, spurs, and tusks.

Damaging remarks about Professors—Offender forced to teach for the first offense; for the second, the whipping post.

Stealing Faculty Wood—Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, fire for fire,—well, his penalty is prepared for him from the foundation of the world.

Cheating on examination—Offender should have stamped in his forehead name of his illustrious ancestor—"Ananias."

If some one winces at this, and calls the editor names for his severity, tell him whether you as a student stand for this platform. As for the editor, he is engaged neither as a purveyor of sanctimoniousness nor as a vendor of soft soap. Let us one and all be squarely against those things which hurt the reputation of Wake Forest College, or forever cease to pose as patriotic college men.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

LESLIE G. BULLARD, Editor

Thanksgiving is gone, the next stop is Christmas. Midnight oil, exams, railroad ticket, then home!

* * *

Dr. Sykes attended the Little River Baptist Association on November 3d.

* * *

On October 23, Dr. Brewer delivered an address before the Y. M. C. A. His subject was, "The Abundant Life."

* * *

Monday night, October 30, Dr. Sledd addressed the Y. M. C. A. on the subject, "The Influence of the Religious Teacher."

* * *

In the early part of November the students who are preparing themselves for teachers met and organized. Officers were elected as follows: M. L. Barnes, president; L. B. Olive, vice-president; J. S. Edwards, secretary; D. S. Kennedy, treasurer; H. T. Hunter, historian; T. L. Revelle, prophet; L. G. Bullard, poet; H. A. Nanney and J. C. Jones, basketball managers.

The other professional students have for several years had their organizations, but this is the first time the teachers have organized.

* * *

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has accepted the invitation of the Faculty to preach the Baccalaureate sermon and also to deliver the literary address at commencement next May.

The basketball season has opened up with the inter-class games. On Saturday night, November 4, the lawyers and doctors played the first game. The doctors won in the close score of 18 to 19.

The next game was played between the preachers and the teachers, the latter winning in the score of 9 to 31.

On November 13 the Sophomores played the Freshmen and the result was a score of 7 to 13 in favor of the Sophomores.

* * *

President Poteat delivered the Anniversary Address before the Astrotekton and Philaretian Literary Societies of Meredith College, Raleigh, November 18th.

* * *

There are no victories to report this month from the football team, yet this doesn't mean that our boys have not been playing ball. The game with Washington and Lee occurred at Lexington October 21, and resulted in a victory for that institution in a score of 18 to 5; the next game was played with the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, Va., November 2, and the result was 29 to 5 in favor of the University; the game with Davidson was played at Greensboro, November 11, the score being 9 to 0 in favor of Davidson. In all these games the Wake Forest boys fought valiantly and their spirits are still undaunted. They are not discouraged at little things.

* * *

From November 2d to the 5th there was held with the Wake Forest Y. M. C. A. the Interstate Bible Study Conference. The Conference was in charge of Mr. H. S. Johnson, Interstate Student Secretary, and held three sessions each day—one in the morning, one in the afternoon and one at night. Over one hundred delegates from the institutions of

North and South Carolina were in attendance. Among those who addressed the Conference were: Dr. W. D. Weatherford, Southern Secretary of the International Committee; Rev. C. G. Hounshell, Methodist Missionary to Korea; Mr. Clayton S. Cooper, Bible Study Secretary of the International Committee; Mr. H. S. Johnson, Interstate Student Secretary; and Mr. J. W. Bergthold, Secretary of A. & M. College.

* * *

Following the Conference Mr. Cooper remained over for two days and gave four addresses—one each on Monday and Tuesday mornings, and again one each on Monday and Tuesday nights. The night services were especially interesting. His theme on Monday night was, "A Young Man's Battlefield," and on Tuesday night, "The Victory." Mr. Cooper's plain, practical, gospel messages went straight to the hearts of the boys and stirred them as never before. Many a man in those meetings took a new grip on life. It was the greatest revival among the students ever seen at Wake Forest. One of the striking results is that nearly three hundred boys are engaged in daily Bible study.

* * *

The Wake Forest Alumni Association of New York City was organized at a dinner in the Grand Hotel, Thursday evening, October 26. Rev. Oscar Haywood, D.D., pastor of the Collegiate Baptist Church, was elected president; Dr. M. L. Carr, a member of the Clinical Staff of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, vice-president; Mr. John H. Royal, 445 W. 31st St., secretary; Mr. John E. Ray, Jr., Cornell University Medical College, treasurer; Mr. S. S. Woodey, 13th and Broadway; Mr. George B. Carter, 135 W. 14th St.; and Mr. James T. Broughton, 7 W. 107, a Committee on Membership.

At 7:30 on Friday evening, November 10, there was held in the Wingate Memorial Hall a memorial service in honor of the late lamented J. B. Carlyle. When the bell ceased tolling the student body, which had formed in line on the campus, marched in. Then the Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies, under the direction of Mr. T. S. Guy, chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, carried out very impressively the following program:

1. Doxology, by the congregation.
2. Invocation, by Dr. Brewer.
3. Carlyle From a Religious Standpoint—J. A. Ellis.
4. Anthem, by the choir.
5. Carlyle's Contribution to Education—W. M. Scruggs.
6. Hymn, by the congregation.
7. Carlyle's Contribution to Education in the Matter of Finance—S. C. Hilliard.
8. Quartette by members of the Faculty.
9. Carlyle the Statesman—R. S. Pruitt.
10. Hymn, by the congregation.
11. Benediction, by Dr. Poteat.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

C. HERMAN TRUEBLOOD, Editor

It is the hope of the Alumni Editor of THE STUDENT to get into closer relations than ever before, with the Sons of Wake Forest. Instead of so many of the Short Alumni notices, that have hitherto been the custom, we hope to print every month a number of short letters from the Alumni.

A certain well known Alumnus of the college, remarked to the editor not long since: "I want you to send me THE STUDENT; I love to read it because it's good, and it keeps me posted as to the achievements and whereabouts of the 'Old Boys.'" This same man said that his check for a year's subscription would be forthcoming.

Will you not exercise this same loyal spirit, and send us your subscription? And will you not help to make this department of THE STUDENT more attractive and interesting, by informing us as to the movements—change of address or position—of yourself or any others of the Alumni? A short communication with regard to your work and success, which I am sure will be of interest to your many friends, would be thankfully received.

We greatly deplore the death of Mr. Henry Clay Dockery, of Rockingham, N. C., which occurred November 6th.

The *News and Observer,* in a well-written eulogy, said in part:

"In the death of Mr. Henry Clay Dockery, of Rockingham, North Carolina loses one of its most useful and esteemed leaders. Mr. Dockery belongs to a family that has long been prominent in North Carolina, and, although many members of his family have attained position and won popularity, not one was so widely and generally esteemed as the

progressive citizen of Rockingham whose death shocked the State yesterday.

"Mr. Dockery was an influential member of the Baptist Church, a Director of the Thomasville Orphanage, a Trustee of Wake Forest College and was otherwise honored by his church. He was a sincere believer in temperance and a supporter of State Prohibition, and stood with the moral and industrial forces working for the betterment of North Carolina. His loss is a serious one to his town, his section, and his State."

"Rev. C. T. Ball, a native of this State and a Wake Forest man, has just removed from Abilene, to Fort Worth, Texas, where he occupies the Chair of Missions in the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. We anticipate for Brother Ball great usefulness in this important position."—*Biblical Recorder.*

Rev. Livingston Johnson, recently went to Nashville, in response to an invitation extended by the Mission Board of Tennessee, to address the Mission Board, and other Baptists, at a mass meeting held in the First Baptist Church of that city. In commenting on his trip, in the *Biblical Recorder,* he said the following, concerning two distinguished sons of Wake Forest:

"It is needless to tell *Recorder* readers that White is doing things in the great city of Memphis. Although he has been there but a short time, he is already one of the most conspicuous figures in the city. He is doing much for civic righteousness in Memphis. Last Sunday he preached a sermon on laxity in law enforcement which stirred the town. Those who were hit, heaped their anathemas upon him, but the lawless element will learn that J. L. White is not the man to be suppressed by abuse or threats. His pulpit will continue to thunder against these evils, and it is one of the most influential pulpits in the City by the Riverside.

"It was a pleasure to see Dr. Rufus W. Weaver and to hear good reports of his work. Brother Weaver is laying the foundation of a $40,000 auditorium, and will add a handsome Sunday School building later. He will deliver a series of lectures at the Seminary this winter."

Mr. Wade B. Hampton has taken the LL.M. degree from the George Washington University; and has also been promoted to the position of Section Supervisor in the Census Bureau. Mr. Hampton deserves considerable credit for his achievements, for his work has been hard—having taken his school work at night.

Pastor I. N. Loftin, of the Blackwell Memorial Baptist Church, Elizabeth City, N. C., recently entered upon his sixth year as pastor of that church. His pastorate has been very fruitful. During the five years that he has been pastor of this church, the membership has more than doubled, numbering now 650. The church equipment, worth about $60,000, is paid for; the seating capacity is about fifteen hundred; the work is growing rapidly, and the congregation is among the largest in Northeastern North Carolina; a debt of $5,000 has been paid on the main auditorium; an annex costing $12,000 has been erected; the spiritual power of the church was never so deep, with a continual growth in membership—in a recent meeting over eighty were added to the church.

This pastor and church have passed through the fiery furnace of persecution, but "the fire had no power, nor was an hair of their head singed."

Mr. Dennis G. Brummitt, who took his B.L. degree in 1907, is making an enviable record as a lawyer, in Oxford. N. C. Not only is he having a good practice in law, but he has been elected twice the mayor of the town, and holds that position of honor now. He is also chairman of the County Democratic Executive Committee.

"Rev. W. O. Rosser has resigned his work at Crewe, Va., to take effect November 15th. He is a North Carolinian, graduate of Wake Forest (Class of 1900), and of Crozer Seminary (Class of 1905). It is time for him to return to his native State."—*Biblical Recorder.*

Mr. William Harry Heck (B.A., 1897; M.A., 1899), Professor of Education in the University of Virginia, and his brother, Mr. Charles McGee Heck (B.A., 1900), now of Pekin, China, were both married within a few months of one another—the former marrying Miss Anna Seelyey Tuttle, of University of Virginia, September 9th, and the latter, Miss Maude Elizabeth Williams, of Lincoln, Nebraska, April 5th.

'08. Rev. Joel Spurgeon Snider has been pastor of the Baptist Church at Chester, S. C., for five years. The success of the pastorate is in part indicated by the addition of three hundred members to the church.

'09. Dr. A. D. Morgan, having received his professional degree from the University Medical College of Richmond, Virginia, has been appointed Instructor of Biology in Richmond College, having full charge of the course, in which he has conducted the laboratory work for the last two years. He is associated with the distinguished specialist, Dr. Jos. A. White, of Richmond.

"W are glad to note that the Fayetteville Street Baptist Church of our city increased its membership by seventy-two during the year ending October 31st. The church is now beginning to spend about two thousand dollars in improvements to provide additional room."—*Biblical Recorder.*

Rev. F. D. King (B.A., 1908), is pastor of this wide-awake church.

Mr. Thomas J. Pence (B.A., 1904), recently returned to Washington, D. C., to resume his place of distinction among

the newspaper correspondents of the Capital of the country. He represents the *News and Observer.* Mr. Pence spent his vacation in Europe this summer.

Mr. Kyle Elliott (B.A., 1907), of Gadsden, Ala., was married June 27th to Miss Cary Forney Caldwell, of Jacksonville, Ala.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

"Wherever one goes he finds the Alumni of Wake Forest College. I know of at least twenty-six in New York City. You and the other friends of the College will be interested to know that on Thursday night, October 26th, at a dinner in the Grand Hotel, the Wake Forest Alumni Association of New York City was organized, with the following officers: President, Rev. Oscar Haywood, D.D.; Vice-President, Dr. M. L. Carr; Secretary, Mr. John H. Royall; Treasurer, Mr. John E. Ray, Jr.; Membership Committee, Messrs. S. S. Woody, George Carter, and Jas. T. Broughton.—Wm. Louis Poteat, Wake Forest, N. C.,"—*Biblical Recorder.*

'10. Rev. W. G. Moore was recently ordained to the full work of the ministry at Brooklyn Church in Wilmington. He is now teaching; and also preaching, at the following churches: Wrightsville, Bethlehem, Shiloh, and Well's Chapel, in the Wilmington Association.

'92. Captain Oliver H. Dockery is now stationed at Louisville, Ky., as recruiting officer of the United States Army with full rank of Captain.

Pastor T. H. King, of Selma and Smithfield, recently tendered his resignation as pastor of the Baptist churches of these two towns. The *Smithfield Herald* spoke in a very complimentary way of Mr. King's work at that place. Mr. King will soon become pastor of the Baptist Church of Mt. Airy, N. C.

Rev. G. T. Watkins is bringing things to pass in Goldsboro. He has been pastor of the First Baptist Church of that place for nearly four years. "During this time the church has made excellent progress in additions, Sunday School work, and in missions and spiritual life. Our new church, to cost from $30,000 to $40,000, is being rapidly built. Hope to have roof on by Christmas. It will be one of the prettiest, and most convenient churches in the State." —Writes Pastor Watkins.

"Scotland Neck, November 14th.—Sunday was a happy day for the Baptist congregation here, because of the return of the pastor, Rev. O. L. Powers, who has been sick for quite a while. Mr. Powers has been absent from his congregation for two months and a half, having been ill with a severe attack of fever."—*News and Observer.*

'11. Rev. J. Ben Eller, who made an enviable record while in college, both as a student and as a debater, is still showing his customary activity. He writes in part: "I have been pastor of Lee Street Baptist Church, Danville, Va., since the first of last June. Since then, without special meetings, we have welcomed about thirty into our fellowship. We are now adding, at a considerable cost, some much needed Sunday School rooms, and enlarging the auditorium. Last Sunday our church captured the banner for having the banner Sunday School among the Baptist churches of the city during October. Prospects continue bright."

Prof. J. B. Huff, formerly Principal of the Wilmington High School, is now teaching in Mars Hill College.

Rev. C. L. Greaves is doing some fine work as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Hawkinsville, Ga.

The following is a letter from Rev. C. D. Creasman:

"Nashville, Tenn., November 18th.—I am now pastor of Grace Baptist Church of this city. We have one of the

best churches here. We are building a $10,000 house, which we hope to occupy in about four weeks. The church is growing and the prospects are bright for a great future. I am always glad to hear good news from the college."

Rev. F. A. Lyles is doing some excellent work as pastor of the Baptist churches of Jacksonville and Richlands, N. C. A certain newspaper recently stated that he was about to build a handsome parsonage at Jacksonville (?)

More school teachers:

'11. J. P. Harris, Principal, Lilesville, N. C.
'11. J. U. Teague, Principal, Princeton, N. C.
'10. C. W. Davis, Principal, Godwin, N. C.
'11. J. A. McLeod, Principal, Chalybeate Springs, N. C.
'09. R. E. Walker, Principal, Windsor, N. C.
'11. G. C. Buck, Assistant Principal, Wingate, N. C.

'11. Asa P. Gray has received an appointment of Deputy Head Consul in the Society of the Modern Woodmen of America. Wake Forest will be his headquarters until January 1, 1912.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

D. S. KENNEDY, Editor

We hold *The Richmond College Messenger* as one of the best of our exchanges. The October issue is well-balanced in material except in the contributions of poetry. Only one piece of verse is printed, and there ought to be at least three. Another defect in the magazine is the lack of an exchange department. The magazine can not become well rounded until this defect is remedied. There is a refreshing breath of earnestness perceptible in all the articles. This hint of a purposful effort redeems the magazine from the spirit of inconsequence which so often marks student literary productions.

"Virginia's Call to Her Young Men" is an able speech and worthy of consideration. We question, however, the advisability of publishing orations in a college magazine. "Greater Love Hath No Man Than This," is a well written story with a mediocre plot. The author is to be commended on his courage in producing the tragic climax. The average college writer has not the nerve to bring a touching love story to a sad close. "Lake Drummond" is an unusually good bit of college verse. It bears, here and there, the gleam of true poetry. "The Sins of the Fathers" is woven around an interesting problem, and stimulates psychological reflection, but it lacks many of the elements of a first rate story. Twenty-five years, untold agony of mind, and a big moral are all described in the space of two pages. The author indicates transition of the point of view by inserting a row of asterisks. It might have been done more gracefully with an explanatory sentence. "Rufus Rustieus" is laughable. The leading talker reminds us of David Harum. The flavor of the story

is somewhat marred by the stale joke at the end. "Woodrow Wilson" is a timely essay on the interesting subject of the college man in politics. The writer seems to be well acquainted with his material and handles it well. "The Last Fire" can not be called a story. It lacks plot. As a sketch it passes criticism favorably. It could be used to an advantage in the setting of a story. The Editorial Department shows a lack of attention. The editor might expend a little more time with good results. The magazine seems lop-sided without an Exchange Department. Altogether, *The Messenger* is worthy of praise.

The Baylor Literary presents a well-balanced magazine. It is composed of three pieces of verse, three essays, and three stories, besides a short sketch, and a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Most of the contributions are articles of solid worth, and reflect credit on the magazine. The Editorial Department discusses questions of vital interest to every college and its student body. The Exchange Department shows lack of preparation. A general comment on the worth of an exchange is always interesting but rarely helpful. The Exchange Editor might well express his opinions more fully.

The opening article is a poem entitled "Since You Have Went." The sentiment is trite, but the dialect is well handled and the rhyme is good. "Some Impressions of Oxford and the Rhodes Scholarships" is an article of especial interest to Wake Forest students. Prof. Henry Trantham, the writer, is an alumnus of our college, and is remembered as an exceptionally brilliant student. Having spent three years at Oxford as a Rhodes scholar from North Carolina, he has personal knowledge as the base of his article. "The Squanderer," a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is printed among the other contributions. "I Love You" is an unusually good bit of verse. The construction is difficult, but the author shows his skill by handling it well. The plot in "The Subduing of

the Despot" is treated rather carelessly. The story is written to the dregs, and would gain in effect if it were condensed. "His Brother's Keeper" is good, both as to style and plot. The story is short, and the writer is to be commended for stopping when his tale is told. After a story has reached its logical climax, every additional sentence detracts from the effect. The meter is correct in "If I Were King," but the rhyme is slightly broken. It lacks poetic phraseology and in consequence reads very much like prose. "Making Good," although interesting, is not well handled. The time element is too much extended for the compass of the story. "October Days" is neither an essay nor a story. Perhaps it should be called a sketch. The style is peculiar, but pleasing. The article contains some rich remarks on student habits. "Athletics vs. Oratory" expresses an opinion strongly felt in all colleges. Moreover, it treads on the toes of our so-called college spirit. The writer uses his argument with telling effect. "A Summer Night in the Panhandle" is a sketch. It is vividly written and conveys its impression admirably. We question whether sketches should be included is a college magazine. It is decidedly better to insert stories or essays if such are to be obtained.

The College of Charleston Magazine is rather thin this month. It has just been aroused from its summer quarters, and evidently has not had time to recover its normal weight after so long a fast. The magazine is not as well balanced as it might be. We find two poems, four stories, and no essays. A magazine without essays is top-heavy. An Exchange Department is also lacking. The stories on the average are good, the poems mediocre. The editorials show hasty preparation.

"The Song of the Dawn" is a poem with some points of real merit. It shows poetic appreciation and has good poetic phraseology. The writer is a little too ambitious with

his meter and consequently breaks down in several places. "The Tie of Blood" is good. It shows the influence of Hale's story, "The Man Without a Country." The imaginative element is soundly based on the laws of physics. "A Jingling Allegory" is mechanically correct, but is slightly wooden. In "He is Not Worthy of Me" the emotion seems overdrawn. The style shows a tendency to become ornate. The description, however, is good, and the plot is well developed. "One Step" is too vague. It has the elements of an interesting story, but, in contrast with the preceding story, it is too short for the plot. It is difficult for us to grasp the meaning in "Service." The connection between the beginning and the end is "far-fetched." Among the editorials the one on "The Literary Society" strikes a keynote. The question is a vital one in all colleges, if we are to judge from other editorials. The Department Editors give proof of their earnest industry.

The Guilford Collegian is stronger in theDepartments than in the contributions. We find ten pages of contributions and fifteen pages of Departments. Not a single story is printed in the magazine. The editors might strive to maintain the balance of the magazine better. The opening poem is brief and pointed. It suits well as the introductory article. "The Unskilled Profession" is a well-written essay. The subject is as old as the hills, but the writer treats it with a pleasing freshness. "The New Term's Impressions" adds little to the value of the magazine. As a literary production it is nondescript. It would serve well as an editorial, but ought not to have been placed among the contributions. "A Dream of Home" has several good stanzas, but in a number of places the author subverts the meaning to secure the rhyme. The departments are well edited and are creditable. As a whole, the magazine, although it has many points of merit, is not up to the standard that should be set by Guilford College.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Palmetto, Isaqueena, Central Collegian, Buff and Blue, Emory Phoenix, Trinity Archive, The Corral, The Newberry Stylus, Southwestern University Magazine, Red and White, Hamilton Literary Magazine, The Carolinian, Wofford College Journal, University of North Carolina Magazine, Black and Gold, University of Virginia Magazine, Davidson College Magazine, Philomathean Monthly, Emory and Henry Era, Furman Echo, The Dahlonega Collegian.*

Among the high school magazines are: *Mars Hill Record, Goldsboro Gluck Auf, The Messenger,* of Durham High School, *Black and Gold,* from Winston-Salem, and others.

CLIPPINGS

Firstyear Gentleman—"Hy, Dunbar, I found a funny old specimen in the museum today. I thought of you at once."

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

Pastor—"Mary, had you rather be beautiful or good?"
Mary—"I'd rather be beautiful and repent."

AT LAST.

"Wife," said the sick man, after the doctor had pronounced it a case of smallpox, "if any of my creditors call, tell them that I am at last in a position to give them something."

MODERN POETRY.

To market, to market,
To buy a fat pig;
Home again, home again,
Price is too big.

A SUFFRAGETTE.

"Ma's just crazy to serve on a jury."
"That so?"
"Yes; she says she wants to be one of the first to tell the secrets of the jury room."

INCURABLE.

"You say you are your wife's third husband?"
"No; I am her fourth husband."
"Heavens, man, you are not a husband; you are a habit."

AT THE DRUG STORE.

Preacher Robinson—"I want a grape juice, not strong, a little diluted."

Polly Green says that if he has to take German, he will have to drop his Foundations of Christianity.

ON HISTORY.

"Mr. O'Brian, what is it about the life of a monk that would prevent you from following it?"

O'Brian—"The fact that so few of them ever get married."

Savage—"Say, Smith, have you seen Bennie?"

Smith—"Bennie who?"

Savage (starting off)—"Benefactor."

DEFINITION.

"A bore is a person who talks about himself all the time you are dying to talk about yourself."

"Pud"—"That girl must love me. Every time she looks at me she smiles."

Horrell—"No-o-o; she-e merely has a sense of hu-u-mor."

Dr. Sikes (on History)—"Mr. Smoot, tell me something about Elizabeth.

Smoot—"She was Queen of England, and was fond of chivalry, cavalry, and other wild game."

AT THE TABLE.

Newish—"Pass the beef, please."

Sophomore—"Run the cow up this way; the calf is bawling."

CAUGHT.

"You look warm."

"I have been chasing a hat."

"Did your hat blow off?"

"It wasn't my hat, it belonged to somebody else, and it had a pretty girl under it."

"Did you catch it?"

"Yes; my wife saw me chasing it."

INGENUITY.

Farmer—"What are you doing in my cherry tree?"

Tramp—"I just fell from an airship."

OPEN WATERWAYS.

Objection is made in New York to drowning stray dogs. It is feared that so many sunken barks may obstruct navigation.

A SOFT ANSWER.

He—"Why do you put the hair of another woman on your head?"
She—"Why do you put the skin of another calf on your feet?".

NO LOVE LOST.

Ella—"Have I made myself plain?"
Stella—"Somebody has, if you haven't."

Fresh No. 1—"How high is the curriculum here at Wake Forest?"
Fresh No. 2—"I don't know, but I think the water tank is about the highest thing here."

SLIDING SCALE.

"What do you charge for rooms?"
"Five dollars up."
"But I'm a student."
"Then it's five dollars down."

Dr. Brewer—"Mr. Rankin, what is oxygen?"
Rankin (perplexed)—"It's—er—a figure with eight sides."

Porter (as train approaches Wake Forest)—"Mistah, shall I brush you off?"
Harris—"I'd rather get off by myself, thank you."

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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THE SOUTHLAND

JAY B. HUBBELL.

Have you seen the full moon's splendor
  On those sunny Southern plains
When the fields are white with cotton
  And the star of evening reigns?

When the mocking-bird is singing
  To his loved one of his love,
And all the myriad stars are dancing
  To his singing far above;

When o'er every hill and woodland
  Breathes a rapture of delight,
Borne in murmurs and in whispers
  On the balmy wings of night;

Now it breathes of fairy islands
  On the distant ocean-ways;
Now of gay sweet Southern maidens
  Of the vanished olden days;

Then it tells of merry darkies
  Dancing barefoot in the loam,
Calling up in fond remembrance
  All the deep delights of home.

Stranger, know you not that land of gladness
  That no tongue can tell?
Land of love and song and beauty,
  Land of all we love so well?

Come and be one with us
  In the land of joy and song,
Where life is worth the living,
  Merry as the days are long.

"LETTERS FROM THE TRENCHES"

PROF. L. R. MILLS.

The twenty letters, which appear under the caption "Letters From the Trenches," were written at different times during the Civil War by Prof. L. R. Mills, then a young soldier in the Twenty-sixth Virginia Regiment, to his brother, John H. Mills, at that time the President of the Oxford Female College. They were carefully preserved by the recipient and shortly before his death were presented to Mr. John G. Mills, of Wake Forest. These letters, by a happy chance, fell under the eye of the Editor of THE STUDENT, were read by him with unusual interest and are, by the kind permission of Mr. Mills and Professor Mills, published in this issue. Presenting, as they do, a true and graphic account, not so much of battles and campaigns, but of the ordinary, every-day life of the Confederate soldier, they will undoubtedly be received with pleasure by our readers. With the exception of a few personal and private references, the letters appear just as they were hurriedly written in the camp and the trenches.

Professor Mills was graduated from Wake Forest College in 1861 with the degree of Master of Arts. He was mustered into service September 30, 1861, as a soldier in the Twenty-sixth Virginia Regiment. In October of that year his regiment served as a garrison of Gloucester Point, on the opposite side of York River from Yorktown, where it remained until May 3. The greater part of Wise's Brigade to which this regiment belonged was captured at Roanoke Island in the winter of 1862. At the fall of Yorktown the Twenty-sixth Virginia was put into Rodes's Brigade, D. H. Hill's Division, and on June 1, 1862, it was transferred to Wise's Second Brigade, Huger's Division. When General Lee went

to the Valley of Virginia after Pope, Wise's Brigade was left to guard Drewry's and Chafin's Bluffs on James River. It remained at Chafin's Bluff till October, 1863; while there the brigade was under Major-General Arnold Elzey and subsequently under Major-General G. W. Smith, with headquarters in Richmond. Pickett's Division took its place at Chafin's Bluff in October, 1863, Wise's Brigade being ordered to Charleston. In the neighborhood of this city it remained until the early spring of '64, when it was transferred to Florida. Its stay in Florida was a short one, for in May, 1864, the regiment was engaged in the fierce fighting around Richmond, encamped in Chesterfield County. From June, 1864, till the capture of Petersburg, 1865, the regiment occupied the trenches around that ill-fated city.

Professor Mills did not surrender with Lee at Appomattox. He was captured at the Battle of Sailor Creek, April 6, 1865, and was sent to Washington, reaching that city six or seven hours before the assassination of Lincoln. Thence he was sent as prisoner to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie. He was released on June 19, 1865.

LETTER I.

[Owing to a slight mutilation the date of this letter does not appear and a few words of the contents are lost. The approximate date is the winter of 1862-'3. Chafin's Farm is situated eight or ten miles below Richmond, on the James River.]

Brother John:— CHAFIN'S FARM.

Our Brigade left the camp last Sunday morning about daybreak and marched in an incessant rain until three o'clock p. m. We were then five miles from Charles City Court House, and twenty-five from camp. Gen. Wise ordered us to bivouac for the night and return to camp next day. For our hard day's marching through the rain we received this encouragement, "Ah, you lazy boggers! I guess I have

marched the lice off of you." We slept in wet clothes on the wet ground in a cold, cutting rain. We returned to camp Monday morning, having waded swollen creeks and branches without number. In some cases it was necessary to hold our cartridge-boxes up to prevent them from getting wet. It was Gen. Wise's intention to take Williamsburg from the rear, but the Yankees changed their base by a strategic movement and "skedaddled." I was almost certain that I would be sick from the effects of that march, but I feel as well as ever. My legs are not well, but I have very near as much strength as usual. I expect that we will have to take that trip again in a few days. The report that there are no troops around Richmond is all false. There are two full ——— field artillery alone—75 pieces ——— at how many R. [Richmond] and P. [Petersburg]. I can count any number of tents over there. Our line of fortifications from Petersburg to Mechanichsville is nearly completed. It will be about forty miles long and will be equal to the average grading of railroads. We work upon fortifications one day and winter quarters the next. So you see we have very little time to spare.

When I was in Oxford last I saw some nice gray "cassimere" (I spell according to "natur") at Cooper and Williams. It was 2½ per yard. If you can get at 4 get me three or four yards and send it to me, care of W. B. Davidson, Richmond, Va. A good fatigue shirt in R. [Richmond] is worth about $25. I will be glad to hear from you.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS.

LETTER II.

[The Confederate gunboat "Virginia" mentioned below was built in Richmond, and going down to Drewry's Bluff ran aground, but suffered no serious damage. The title "Squatter Sovereignty" was

a humorous name given by the soldiers to their camp at Burton's Farm, nine miles from Drewry's Bluff.]

SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY, Feb. 2, 1863.

Brother John:—

I received your letter yesterday evening. I was very glad to hear from you once more. You seem to think I have neglected writing to you, but I have written to you twice since you wrote to me, and to write oftener than that I consider "dry shucking."

Brother Robert came with me from Richmond down here last Friday. He was trying to get a substitute for himself. Our brigade-surgeon refused to receive the man he brought down. That gave him the "fidgits" and hurry, so he stayed in camp only about one-half an hour in all. I did not have time to think of anything to send home in the way of curiosities. I sent you a six smooth bore percussion-shell which I found on Malvern Hill. I intended to send also a Yankee breastplate—warranted to resist a musket ball a hundred and twenty yards. We use them as shovels. Anything else that you may want, from a skeleton to a hundred pound bomb, may be found at Malvern Hills. I intend going to Seven Pines in a few days. Our Brigade camped upon that battlefield on our march from Yorktown. I will be glad to see you at any time. If you wish, I would go with you over the battlefields whenever you can come down here; if you can not come, I will meet you at Richmond if you will let me know several days beforehand.

The Ironclad gunboat, *Virginia,* is now at Drewry's Bluff ready for action. The report that she is top-heavy is a lie. It is true that it was aground in Richmond, but that was because the water was not deep enough. She has eight port holes and eight guns. The bow-gun has three port holes—one in each side and one forward. It is mounted on barbet carriage and has a range of 180°. The stern gun is like the

bow. She can fire a broadside of three guns. This arrangement—of bow and stern guns—is equal to the turrets of the *Monitor* in a fight and gets rid of the extra weight of the turret. She has five inches of the best steelplating. Her timbers are all twelve inches thick. Though a smaller boat, she is stronger than the old *Merrimac.*

We are doing nothing here now except eating and sleeping. Our company is enjoying very good health, indeed only four upon the sick list. We have had two cases of smallpox. All of the men have been vaccinated and four have died from the effect of it. I never heard of it killing men before.

I am sorry to learn that Professors ——— and ——— have looked behind and left the plow in the middle of the day.

My kindest regards to sister Bettie, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS.

LETTER III.

"SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY," April 6, 1863.

Brother John:—

Your letter came to hand several days ago. As to my views about the ministry—I have pretty well decided that it is not my duty to preach. I have not been able to give the subject a rigid examination, yet my mind seems to have gradually come to that conclusion. I think, however, that I will not decide positively until the war is over, when I can give the subject a prayerful consideration, and to be better able to weigh the matter as I ought. It is true that I have the same earnest desire to be a preacher, yet I am fully convinced that I have not the necessary qualifications. I think I could do more good and be more content as a teacher (of boys) than I would in any other profession.

We are doing nothing at all, except eating and sleeping.

The health of our Brigade is excellent. The aggregate of our company is eighty; our sick list, four,—three of them are rheumatic conscripts. Our Brigade will be reviewed by Maj.-Gen. Elzey next Wednesday. He saw our regiment several days ago and said it was the finest regiment he had ever seen. The Secretary of War has promised Gen. Wise "a chance to show his hand" this spring. From all that I can learn we will not be here by the first of May. If Gen. Elzey is not ordered off with his division, I think our Brigade will be transferred to Jackson's old Division. We came very near losing our winter quarters last fall after building them. Gen. Taliafero, commanding Third Brigade, Jackson's Division, proposed to Wise to exchange divisions with him and all the authorities favored it except Elzey. I would prefer remaining here, but I have no hope of such a thing. However, there is no telling. If you conclude to visit me, it would be best to let me meet you in Richmond. You could not walk out here and a conveyance would cost you about $25 or $30. If you give me several days' notice, I can meet you any time.

I can get as many bomb-shells, solid shot, etc., of all sizes, shapes, fashions and forms as you wish. I will send home a breast-plate for you if you do not come down. Shells are so heavy and so dangerous to unload, that I am unable to send any.

Hon. W. L. Yancey and several other Senators were heard to say several days ago, that if we met with no great accident, the Confederacy would have afloat in sixty or ninety days sixty-four vessels of war. About ten are to come from Europe, the remainder, I suppose, will be built at home. If you have heard anything from Grandma or Dr. Walker, please let me know what it is. The home-folks generally write when anybody gets sick, but I can never pump anything more from them.

My kindest regards to Sister Bettie and Mr. and Mrs. Marsh.

Yours truly,

L. R. MILLS.

LETTER IV.

[Fort Magruder mentioned in this letter was near Williamsburg, Va. An interesting account is here given of an order countermanded just in time to avert inevitable defeat.]

SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY, April 27, 1863.

Brother John:—

Your letter was received while we were encamped two miles this side of Williamsburg, and would have been answered down there, had I been able to beg, borrow, or buy any paper. We left this place the morning of the eighth, with no tents and but few cooking utensils, and after two and a half days of hard marching we camped at Six-Mile-Ordinary, distant from this place sixty-four miles, and six from Williamsburg. We entered Williamsburg about sunrise of the eleventh. Our raid was made for the purpose of drawing the enemy's attention from Suffolk, collecting forage and allowing the inhabitants of the town a chance to get away. The Yankees would not even allow them to go to mill or enter their lines unless they would take the Oath. I will leave you to draw the results of it from newspapers, as I do not wish to destroy the effects of that glorious report by telling you the truth. I will, however, tell you something about the manner in which the affair was managed. Gen. Wise carried us down Main street in solid column (infantry on both sidewalks and artillery in double column in the center) without clearing the town with skirmishers. Four pieces of artillery at the lower end of town would have destroyed half of the Brigade. Gen. Wise ordered Col. Page to take Fort Magruder—mounting nine heavy guns and sup-

ported by two redoubts, with the 4th and 26th Regiments (950 men in all), and just as we were about to change, we discovered that the Yankee force was not less than 3,500. Had this discovery been made thirty minutes later it would have been too late. Col. Singler, Col. of Cavalry of the Holcomb Legion, was so much under the influence of liquor that he had to make three attempts to mount his horse—the horse standing as still as a horse could stand. But I will not weary you with any further details of such things. I do hope that it will never fall to my lot to go into a fight under Gen. Wise. If it does, I will have to "stare fate in the face and trust to luck."

We got back here the evening of the twenty-third, having marched twenty-eight miles in ten hours, wading creeks that floated four-horse wagons heavily loaded. Our force was seventeen hundred, Yankee four thousand. Three men belonging to the artillery were wounded, one of Co. B, 26th Va. killed. I am as well as usual. We have resumed our old way of living—doing nothing. Some few are gardening. Shad sell at one dollar apiece, herrings at ten cents.

If you can get any of Prof. Wingate's tracts send me one. Write to me soon.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS.

LETTER V.

[Colonel Jones referred to in this and some subsequent letters was Col. John G. Jones, commanding 35th Regiment N. C. Troops, Ransom's Brigade. He was a fellow-student with Professor Mills at Wake Forest College. He entered the war as captain of a company from Person County, and by bravery and talent was rapidly promoted. He fell in a heroic night attack on the enemy June 17, 1864. A few days before his death he had been appointed Brigadier-General but had not formally assumed the duties of this office.

Professor Mills had been offered and had accepted a place on his staff.]

NEAR CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 17, 1863.

Brother John:—

Your letter of the 9th instant was received several days ago. I made two attempts to answer it yesterday, but I was so unwell that I was forced to desist. I have had the cramp-colic twice in five days. We have from twenty to thirty cases every day in this regiment. Nearly every man in our Company has had it, some as often as three times. Our rations consist mostly of musty corn-meal and beef—and this, I think, is the cause of it.

I will accept of Col. Jones' appointment, if he sees fit to make it. I will not write to him just now, because I think it quite probable that I will be able to see him in Weldon in a few days. Capt. Poindexter will make an application to-morrow morning for a detail for me to go to Halifax after clothing, etc., for this Company. I am not certain that Gen. Wise will approve of it, yet I think it very probable. The men are suffering very much for shoes, blankets, overcoats, etc., and it seems that the Government can not supply them. He has granted details for men from other companies and I suppose that he will do the same for this company. If you should happen to see Col. Jones before I do, you can let him know how I feel on the subject. Gen. Wise has determined to furnish his brigade (three thousand strong) with shoes and has, for that purpose, supplied himself with one dozen raw-hides! He is certainly cracked. Our brigade is doing comparatively nothing. Our regiment does the picket duty for one week at a time at Fort Johnson. Our regiment will go there the last of this week. The Yankees seem to think that old Sumpter is demolished. It is stronger now than it ever was, and they will find it so whenever their vessels attempt to run up the harbor. They have been shelling the

city nearly all day from one large gun. "Nobody is hurt," is the result. Oranges are quite plentiful—some very fine ones can be bought at ten cents apiece; apples, fifty cents; bacon, five dollars, and scarce; butter, the same. While we were at the old camp on Wappoo Cut, fish were quite plentiful. I have a seine twenty yards long, and you may be sure I had fine sport fishing. We baked the fish and broiled them on the coals, for "hog taller is pintedly scase."

Very kindest regards to Sister Bettie and Cousin Lizzie, and Mrs. Marsh. I heard from Sister Pugg yesterday. All well at home. Yours truly,

L. R. MILLS.

LETTER VI.

[Pecan Camp was situated eight miles from Charleston on the railroad to Savannah.]

PECAN CAMP, ST. ANDREW'S PARISH, S. C.,
Nov. 24, 1863.

Brother John:—

Your letter of the eighteenth instant came to hand several days ago. I have not heard from Col. Jones. I doubt very much whether he can get the appointment for me. Congress will have to use some extraordinary means to fill up the old regiments or consolidate them. If the regiments are consolidated then there will be a superabundance of officers of all sorts. May not Gen. R. E. Lee have had some such consolidation in view when he ordered that no more Brevet Second Lieutenants be elected unless in full companies? However, I will accept the position if I can get it. I have not written to Jones yet, because I expected to see him in Weldon before this. I will write to him today or tomorrow. I have been repeatedly disappointed about going home within

the last week. I do not give up all hopes of going home by the middle of next month.

No news of interest. Siege is about played out.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS.

LETTER VII.

[The action described in this letter took place on John's Island, an island as large as a small county, southwest of Charleston. Legareville is a small town twenty-five miles from Charleston. The town Pocotalago referred to is situated about thirty or forty miles from Charleston on the railroad to Savannah.]

PECAN CAMP, ST. ANDREW'S, S. C., January 6th, 1864.

Brother John:—

I have been looking for a letter from you since I got back here. I was very sorry that you and Sister Hasseltine did not meet me at home. It seems rather hard that you two could not afford to meet me there when I got a furlough. But I suppose it did not make any material difference in dividing the negroes. What did you all do? What negroes did you get? I am afraid that Brother Robert has been troubled so much about going into the army that he will not write to me. What do you think of it now? Ma told me you spoke of going in cavalry, if you were forced to go. Do you think that you could find a horse strong enough to carry you? Could you afford to lose a fifteen-hundred-dollar horse every six or nine months? My advice to you is to get a position if you can. If you can not, get into the Signal Corps. You would ride then and get everything hauled for you and would have something to interest you all the time—would have no picketing or fighting to do. In fact it is the most desirable situation in the army. I have heard well-informed men of every arm of service discussing the matter and they unanimously agreed that a position in the Signal Corps is the easiest and most desirable position in the service.

Heavy artillery would suit you next best. I guess you are saying by this time: "Don't give me so much advice." So I will pour water on a duck's back no longer.

I have not heard anything from ———, and I hope that I will not. I would rather be a private than associate with men who are so much *tainted* as some of that brigade I saw on my way down here. I was thoroughly disgusted with some of the soldiers I saw on the train.

We had a small turn on the organ Christmas morning. Col. Page took five companies of the 26th and five of the 59th and 16 pieces of artillery over to John's Island to burn Legareville, capture the Yankees in the place and sink the *Marblehead,* a wooden gunboat lying in the river opposite the village. The infantry went secretly within three-quarters of a mile of the boat and threw up three redoubts for the artillery Christmas-eve night. In fact we fixed everything to suit our own notions. At light the artillery opened on the boat. We took them completely by surprise. We fired on the boat for twenty minutes before our fire was returned. Our artillery fired about two hundred rounds at the boat and failed to touch it! The boat poured broadside after broadside into the artillery. The old *Pawnee* and a motor boat came to the assistance of the *Marblehead.* Our artillery was driven from the field. The infantry retired after the artillery left. Result of the whole affair: 3 killed, 6 wounded, 14 artillery horses killed, 2 pieces left in the hands of the enemy. I never heard infantry abuse artillery as ours did. The artillery ought to have sunk the boat in fifteen minutes.

Beauregard seems to be looking for a flank movement about Pocotalago. Nothing new from the front. Gen. Wise is engaged in tanning leather and making shoes.

Write to me soon.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS.

LETTER VIII.

[A considerable portion of this letter deals with details of the division of his father's estate. This is omitted, as the reader is interested mainly in the military observations of Professor Mills.]

PECAN CAMP, ST. ANDREW'S, S. C., Jan. 12, 1864.

Brother John:—

Your letter was received several days ago. It was not my fault that you were not informed of my movements. I wrote to you that it was probable that I would be at home the 15th of December, and that I would write and let you know if I did not go. I did not write and you should have taken it for granted that I had gone. I received a letter from Brother Robert yesterday evening giving me the points about the division or sale. * * * Do not think that my feelings are at all hurt about the division. I have often been pestered more about one meal of victuals in the army than I have been by this division. I have determined upon one course, however,—lose everything I have, rather than have myself bothered by any bond or debt after the war is over.

Gen. Beauregard will allow you to come to Charleston. No pass is necessary except your Executive Papers and a passport from Wilmington. I would not advise you to come to Charleston, although I would be very glad to see you. There is no hotel in the place and there is no accommodations for you here. I do not make out to keep entirely dry when it rains. Rations quite short, sometimes none at all. All eyes are turned towards Pocotalago. Nothing new from the front. What do you think of going into service? You will surely have to go.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS.

LETTER IX.

[The town from which this letter was written is situated nineteen miles west of Jacksonville. The following explanation is made by Professor Mills with reference to the "Gilmore expedition" mentioned below: "Gilmore was the Federal commander at Charleston. He sent an expedition to Florida under Seymour. Colquitt met him ten or fifteen miles east of Lake City, the 23d or 24th of February, 1864, and drove him back to Jacksonville. The battlefield lay near the town of Olustee; hence it has been called the Battle of Olustee, sometimes Ocean Pond. Colquitt's and Finegan's brigades were of special prominence in the fight."]

BALDWIN, DUVAL CO., FLA., Mar. 21, 1864.

Brother John:—

Your letter was received about a week ago. I have been absent from my company several days on public business, and could not answer it before now.

We are doing very little now. Several regiments and battalions are at this place throwing up fortifications. The troops at Camp Milton are drilling. I think it quite probable that there will be no more fighting here. We can not advance on Jacksonville, as the place is under the cover of the Yankee gunboats. I hardly think the Yankees will advance. The object of Gilmore's expedition was twofold—to destroy all the beef cattle in the State, and to get one-tenth of the inhabitants to accept the terms offered in Lincoln's Proclamation and organize a new State. The Commissary General of this State says that there is enough beef in east Florida for Beauregard's Department for twelve months, and Johnson's for six. Gilmore got very few of the beef cattle. He will probably meet with much better success in getting the people to avail themselves of the privileges offered in the Proclamation. I understand that there are 800 deserters on the Sewanee and Withlachoochee rivers who would be glad of the chance of going back in Abraham's bosom. Many of the inhabitants are the same way.

I am utterly disgusted at the whole State so far as I have seen. I saw the Olustee—or Ocean Ponds—battlefield yesterday. The Yankees were caught in their own trap in that fight. White men were thrown forward as skirmishers, and the negroes were in the first line of battle, and the white troops in line of battle a short distance in the rear of the negroes. Thus the Yankees had his front exposed to our fire and but one line firing at us. The shots that missed the negroes hit the Yankees behind. When the negroes were killed out the Yankees had already sustained a heavy loss, while ours was very light indeed. The negroes saw a hard time; those who stood were shot by our men, those who ran by the Yankees. Such was the fight at Olustee.

Gen. Colquit deserves all the credit of the fight. Finegan was in Lake City. He had sent Colquit with his own brigade, the brigade of cavalry and several Florida battalions from Finegan's Brigade to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. Colquit found them in that position and pitched into them. Finegan ordered him to fall back. He refused to do it. Finegan stopped the ordnance train and came near spoiling the whole affair. He ought to be cashiered.

We hear a great many rumors about our going back to Virginia. Gen. Wise is near Charleston with two regiments. I hope that we will leave him soon. We lost an excellent soldier at Lake City, the 18th, from pneumonia. We catch a great many young, black squirrels. They are indeed beautiful. When grown they are nearly as large as a cat. If we pass through N. Carolina I will try to send Martha one. We are still in Finegan's Brigade.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS,

K. 26th Virginia, Baldwin, Fla.

LETTER X.

CAMP 26TH VA., WISE'S BRIGADE,
JOHNSTON'S DIVISION, May 24th, 1864.

Brother John:—

I wrote a short note to you several days ago. We were then on the right in D. H. Hill's Division. We are now in Bushrod, Johnson's Division, and on the left. We are within a mile of James River. You will see our position on the left from a pencil sketch of James River, which I send you. We are very busy fortifying—gun in one hand and spade in the other. In fact we have had so much skirmishing and working this week that I am almost broken down. I am certain that our brigade has not had one day's rest since the 14th. We have been in no regular battle yet. Col. Page said yesterday that our regiment had lost 75 men since we left Charleston. The casualties in our company amount to 1 killed and 10 wounded. John W. Ferrell (brother of J. O. Ferrell) was killed the 18th, near Port Walthall. You can judge how much exhausted I am when I tell that I have slept while we were being drawn up for a general engagement as every one thought. We have had more rest since we have been on the left. I understand that we will be relieved this morning and allowed a little rest. I shall be glad to see the time come. You will find the pencil sketch tolerably correct. I have been absent from James River so long that I may have omitted something in the sketch, yet it will aid you very much in getting an insight into the operations which will shortly take place near here. Our troops are in good spirits and fight well.

Write me soon.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS.

LETTER XI.

CAMP 26TH VA., WISE'S BRIGADE,
JOHNSTON'S DIVISION, S. C., May 27, 1864.

Brother John:—

I received letters from you and brother Robert yesterday. I was very sorry to find your's so short. If I mistake not I wrote to you two weeks ago, last Sunday, and last Tuesday. I sent to you a crayon sketch of James River last Tuesday. I am sorry that I was so situated that I could not make it more complete. I am very well acquainted with the whole country immediately north of James River from City Point to Richmond. I am not so well acquainted with the south side. It is evident to my mind that Drewry Bluff is not worth one hand full of ashes. Butler held all the roads leading from Richmond to Petersburg, yet the Bluff remained in our hands. We would have been forced to evacuate Richmond and the whole of Virginia had Butler held his position one month. A few days ago Butler's rear was actually higher up west than Petersburg. Had Maj.-Gen'l Whiting obeyed orders and fought the Yankees Monday, 16th, it is quite probable Butler's Army would have been captured or destroyed. It came out of Petersburg that morning with fully 5,000 infantry, 30 pieces of artillery, and 1 of Cavalry and did nothing but skirmish that morning, and then fell back to his entrenchments at Petersburg. During that day Beauregard drove the enemy to their base, Bermuda Hundred. It is under arrest now. I think the line established now by "Old Borey" will be used instead of Drewry's Bluff. The lines extend from Dutch Gap to Swift Creek near Petersburg—not more than 5 miles. Our position is most excellent, commanding the country well in front. Butler would have to work up hill while we work down. In a few days Grant might as well hurl his column against the rocks of Gibraltar as against Beauregard's present position. The

south side view looks cheering. Beauregard has the whole A. C. (Army of Charleston) with him. I don't suppose that there are two regiments of infantry in his old department. Heavy artillery and the cavalry constitute the whole force. Even "Old Barney" Finegan, from the land of gophers and pine smoke, has brought his little battalion along. He has gone to the A. N. V. I understand that Lt. Polk's Corps has gone to reinforce Lee. The great fight of the war will take place in a few days. Waterloo will be a skirmish when compared to it. Lee's prospects will be good. He is stronger now when compared with Grant than at first. Besides the "Esprit du Corps" of his army is good, whilst Grant's is destroyed. I fear Grant will come on the south side of Petersburg. When Petersburg falls Richmond is bound to fall. Grant has thrown everything on this one fight. From all appearances our authorities at Richmond have done the same. I feel confident of success. Yet I would feel much more so did I know that those we have left behind are fasting and praying—or putting away their iniquity far from them, or bearing our cause, our country, and our soldiers upon their prayers to a throne of grace. Surely our people are forgetting their extortions and are praying for their brothers, sons, and husbands continually. I have felt in time of danger that the prayers of my pure-hearted mother would not be in vain. I know that it may be the will of God that I should offer up my life on my country's altar. Yet God's grace will be sufficient for me in that hour of trouble. I could fight no longer, our cause would be hopeless, if the same lightness and frivolity prevailed here that does in the North. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

We have been back resting since day before yesterday. At least we have to keep only one hundred men at work night and day. Our men work within a few hundred yards

of the Yankee gun boats. It is quite probable that our rams will "come down" as soon as our works at Dutch Gap are sufficiently completed to protect them in case of a defeat. Rumor has it that Butler is moving to Grant. I know not how true it is. We have had no fighting lately. I saw Col. Jones a few days ago. He seemed to be surprised when I told him I had received no letter from him. It is quite probable that I will get an appointment in my own regiment after awhile if I live through this fight. It will be best for me to stay where I am now.

Paper will not allow me to write any more. My kindest regards to all my friends. Write me a long letter in a few days.

L. R. MILLS.

LETTER XII.

WARE BOTTOM CHURCH, CHESTERFIELD, VA.,

Brother John:— June 6th, 1864.

The dull routine of our life in the trenches was relieved the 2d instant by a lively skirmish. Gen. Beauregard ordered us early Thursday morning to carry the enemy's rifle pits in front of us and, if it could be done without too great loss of life, to storm the enemy's main works. The rifle pits were carried in a short time, but we were forced to relinquish them. Johnston's, Wise's, and the left of Ransom's Brigade alone hold them now. The enemy's rifle pits were so near the main works except in front of the above mentioned brigades, that it was found impossible to hold them without taking the main works. In front of our regiment our skirmishers occupy rifle pits six hundred yards beyond the Yankee pits.

The casualties in our regiment foot up 11—in our company 2—making in all 13 since we left S. C. The loss in the regiment for the same time was a hundred. Thus,

without having been in any engagement except skirmishing, our regiment has lost one-fifth of its effective strength. A great many of them, however, will be [back] for duty in a month or so. Nearly all of Beauregard's Army has been sent to Gen. Lee. Hoke's entire Division and Matt Ransom's Brigade have gone lately. I think Lee must have gotten at least 25,000 fresh troops since the fight of Spottsylvania C. H. I am expecting Lee to take the offensive. Perhaps he will allow Grant to butt his head a few more times and destroy more of his men, and then pitch into him. I think Lee will attempt to capture Grant's whole army. His chance for it seems to be quite good. We are not more than twelve or fifteen miles from Lee's right. Everything seems to be moving on very well. Every prisoner taken says this is the last struggle of the war. The most of the troops we have been fighting are from Maine, Connecticut, Massachusetts, etc. Letters from their friends contain the following expressions: "Glad that you were not fool enough to re-enlist—sorry that one or two have done so." From soldiers in the army—"I am not going to bite at the big Bounty twice, as much wouldn't catch me." A great many letters from New England States complain of very hard times.

Please write to me soon. I would much rather get letters now than when we are in regular camp. We need something to cheer us up. Write soon. My kindest regards to Sister Bettie.

Yours truly,

L. R. MILLS,

K. 26th Va., Wise's Brig.,

Bushrod, Johnston's, Richmond, Va.

LETTER XIII.

[Tom, "Baldy," and Sam. Williams, referred to in this and subsequent letters, were brothers of Mrs. John H. Mills.]

Brother John:— PETERSBURG, June 12, 1864.

Your letter was received several days ago. I would have been glad to have been able to answer it before now, but I fear that the report that "Wise's Brigade drove off Blunt's raiding party" may have reached you and caused you some anxiety; but we have been so busy about one thing and another that I could not write. One regiment—the 4th Va. of Wise's Brigade—was in Petersburg, but strange to say it was not engaged in the fight. The other regiments were at Ware Bottom Church. A great many people, many Editors included, thought because Wise's Brigade remained around Richmond so long, that it would never do any fighting, that it was composed of a parcel of renegade Virginians and cowards. The Editors, etc., have been very much surprised at our actions since we have been in Virginia and now, to do us justice, they say we are in fights when we are not. Evans' S. C. Brigade, commanded now by Brig.-Gen. Elliott, of Old Fort Sumpter notoriety, says that that brigade has done all the fighting and Wise's get the credit. Our loss stands as follows: W., 350; E., 214. Loss is the best criterion I have ever found to test fighting in open fields. I was very, very sorry to hear of the death of Tom Williams. What regiment and brigade did he belong to? When was he killed? I wish you had stated that. Where are Baldy, Sam, and John? I would like very much to know about them. We left Ware Bottom Church yesterday evening and came about twelve miles. It was a short march, but was quite fatiguing. The men are more reduced and weakened than I have ever seen them. It is four weeks today since we went into Chesterfield County and I do not think that the men have averaged sleeping more than one-

half the nights while we were over there, besides working with spades, picks, and axes during day and night. Grant has been badly whipped by Gen'l Lee and is now fortifying and recruiting his army. Raids will be abundant until he is ready to move. I think he will endeavor to cut our railroads, so that there will be as little provisions in Richmond as possible when he comes on us again. I fear some of his raiding parties will reach Halifax and Danville. Our cavalry is sadly deficient. Horses do not get enough long forage. Butler is luxuriating about Bermuda Hundred, surrounded by one thousand odoriferous buck negroes. We will probably go to work today on fortifications. We are about three miles from Petersburg on the City Point road, Battery No. 7. I would like very much to be sent to Weldon to get some fish and vegetables. While in Chesterfield we paid one dollar (new issue or its equivalent) for one onion. We ate all the weeds, such as polk, lambs-quarters, pusly, etc., that we could find in Chesterfield. We get a plenty of musty corn-meal and mess-pork imported from Nassau. All of our bread is baked beforehand by cooks detailed from companies. I would be very glad to see you, but would not advise you to come to Petersburg. We might have a raid and you might be conscribed. Consequently you had better stay at home and work your corn. You can send me a small box of vegetables if convenient, onions, 'taters, cucumbers, etc., some vinegar if possible. If you have any Mash, send me a small bottle if you can spare it. Poindexter has had diarrhœa for nearly one month and can get nothing to cure it. The doctors have nothing but opium. I wish it for him. He is the only officer with the company and he will not leave as long as he can possibly walk. He has acted so bravely that I should be very sorry to see him sent to the hospital. Send it care of Brittain and Foost.

Write to me soon.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS.

LETTER XIV.

[The considerable interval of time between Letters XIII and XIV is explained by the fact that Professor Mills was wounded on July 30th. The shot entered near the top of his right shoulder, passed along the shoulder and lodged in the muscles at the lower point. He was compelled to leave the army for some months, returning to duty November 15th, the day before this letter was written.]

TRENCHES NEAR "CRATER,"
PETERSBURG, VA., Nov. 16th, 1864.

Brother John:—

Your last letter was received a short time before I left home. I was thinking so much about coming down here, that I concluded I would not answer it until I got here. So you need not look for one at Oxford tomorrow. I got to Petersburg the night of the 14th, went to waggon-yard, and slept upon a pile of spiders, skillets, and pots. No pleasant change from a good bed. Next morning my head felt as tight as a drum and my shoulder was quite sore. I am now stationed near where I was shot, perhaps within a hundred yards. Everything has changed so much that I do not think I would have recognized the old place. Two new lines have been thrown up in rear of the old "Crater." One of these lines extends out towards the right; some say, to the extreme right. This line is situated upon a ridge in our rear and has any number of heavy batteries in it. Instead of an *abattis* we have a kind of *chevaux de frise.* In fact, everything seems to be much better than when I left. Fewer men are killed, men fare better, and so far as I am able to learn Grant was much nearer taking Petersburg last summer than he is now. We are making out tolerably well. It is quite cold and wood is very scarce. Blankets and overcoats are scarce—some men have neither. The men are veterans "worn but not subdued." I suppose desertion among our men is not frequent. A good number of the enemy come

over every night. One came over last night; the boys began to ask him if he wanted to sell his overcoat or blanket, but he could say nothing except, "Lincoln is elected." The most of them are foreigners and can not speak English. I have not been able to see Baldy Williams yet. I have I will get a chance to go in a few days.

My kindest regards to Sister Bettie and the Marshes.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS,

K. 26th Va., Wise's Brigade, B. R. Johnston's Division,
Anderson's Corps, A. N. V.

LETTER XV.

TRENCHES NEAR "CRATER,"
PETERSBURG, VA., Nov. 21st, 1864.

Brother John:—

In my short note to you about a week ago, I was unable to give any of the army news, etc., for that can only be gathered by observation. We have just passed through a spell of very hard weather. The suffering in the trenches was much greater than it should have been. Many of the men were entirely destitute of blankets and overcoats and it was really distressing to see them shivering over a little fire made of green pine wood. Duty, too, is quite heavy. The men have twelve hours of picket and twelve of camp. Guard every thirty-six hours. The effect that one cold, wet night has upon the boys is a little remarkable. They are generally for *Peace on any terms* at the close of a cold, wet night, but after the sun is up and they get warm, they are in their usual spirits. I have never seen an army so *completely whipped.* The men do not seem to fear the winter campaign so much as they do the coming spring. An evidence that our army is whipped is seen in the resolutions of

Butler's Cavalry Brigade (*vide* late *Standard*). I hardly know what to think of our prospect next spring. Some men desert from our brigade nearly every day or two. Yet I believe there will be a great many more next spring. Our army, however, is quite large, perhaps as large as it was last spring. The troops are arranged from extreme left to right in the following order: Fulds, Kershaw, north of the James; Pickett, south of it; Johnson, Mahone, Hoke, and Heath, south of Appomattox. Infantry, 36,000; Cavalry, 10,000; Artillery, 8,000; Total, 54,000. There is a rumor in our camp that our division will go to Georgia. This I think extremely doubtful. One good, decisive victory in the Valley or Georgia would do a great deal towards cheering our men up. We have been supplied within the last few days with shoes and blankets and it is to be hoped that our men will do better. We had to carry some men to hospital for frost bites, etc. Some have come in off picket crying from cold like children. In fact I have seen men in the trenches with no shoes at all.

I saw Capt. John Williams a few days ago, but have not been able to see Baldy yet. We are still near the old mine. I suppose that I am now within fifty yards of the spot where I was wounded.

I am doing very well. My shoulder does not annoy me much.

Wm. M. Hounton is our 3d Lieut. I suppose you are acquainted with him.

Please write soon and give me all the news.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS.

LETTER XVI.

TRENCHES NEAR "CRATER,"
December 5th, 1864.

Brother John:—

Yours of the 28th was received last night. I was really glad to get a letter once more. It has been weeks since I left home and I have received only two letters. I am very glad to hear that you made so much corn. I expect you made more than Brother Robert did.

We are doing very well, just at the present. The weather has been remarkably fine for the last ten days. We have been expecting an attack or some movement from Grant. Everything, however, has been quiet ever since I have been down here. Hancock's big Dutchmen are not in our front now. It is thought that Warren's Corps relieved Hancock's. Fewer deserters come in now than usual. We are still to the left of the Crater. I am still within fifty yards of where I was wounded. I said above that all was quiet. I meant that all was as quiet as usual. Picket firing and shelling rarely ceases here. Three shells passed over while I was writing the preceding sentence of seven words. The Halifax conscripts have been faring rather badly. Mat. Watkins (son of Alex.) was killed and Mat. Pate wounded a few days ago. Barksdale deserted a few days ago and was taken near Burkesville and brought back under guard. I fear it will go very hard with him. Private Henry Clay Chism, of our Co., was killed the 30th of Nov. by a fragment of a rifle shell. Brig.-Gen. Gracie, of Johnson's Division, was killed several days ago. He was an Alabamian and the most promising Brigadier in our division. Our division occupies from the Appomattox to the Weldon Railroad. I think we have all the sharpshooting and mortar-shelling along the whole line. The Yankees seem to hate the old Crater as much as they do old Fort Sumter. The spirit of the men

is improving slowly. They have been whipped more by the actions of many of our leading men than by the enemy. I think it is the desire of the army at large to fight it out to the bitter end, if we can remain united as we have been; if not, let us give it up at once. If Beauregard has a half a chance, Sherman will certainly be captured. It is almost certain that Maj.-Gen. Hampton, with a good portion of his division, has gone to Georgia. I fear Gen. Lee has sent too much of his cavalry away. Grant's late reconnoissance near Stoney Creek revealed the fact to him that Lee was bare of Cavalry and I look for some large raid or movement in our rear similar to Sherman's in rear of Hood. I fear that rear movement more than any other, as many of our artillery horses are in N. C. and it would be impossible to move our artillery. I would be very uneasy about our situation if Gen. Lee was not in command. Gen. Wise is making an effort to get back to his brigade. I hope he will succeed and get us out of Johnson's Division.

The Yankees shoot some strange projectiles over here. They shoot some rifle-shells which sound almost exactly like an old turkey-gobbler flying over. The boys call it "the old gobbler." It never goes straight, but wabbles about in all directions. One "hit" near my tent the other day, and two or three of the boys went out to get it, but it had "hopped up and gone again before they got there." A great many of the men employ themselves in excavating Grant's shells. They get four cents per pound for them. The whole field in the rear is covered with men with spades, etc., after a shelling. It is said that men can be heard saying when they see a shell: "That is my shell, if she don't bust."

I have not seen Baldy yet. I will send in application for leave of absence for twenty-four hours tomorrow, and go to see him. I am doing well and needing nothing.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS.

LETTER XVII.

[Professor Mills makes the following explanation concerning the "fight at Wilmington" referred to below: "I knew that the North Carolina Reserves were ordered to Wilmington to Fort Fisher. Governor Ellis, however, would not let Brother John go, but insisted on his remaining at his school, Oxford Female Seminary."]

TRENCHES NEAR "CRATER,"
PETERSBURG, VA., Jan. 3, 1865.

Brother John:—

Yours of the 22d ultimo was received several days ago. I hope the N. C. Legislature will exempt you. If it does not, you will be very sure to have to shoulder your musket. I am very anxious that you or Brother Robert should be allowed to remain out to attend to Sister Hasseltine's and Ma's affairs. The prospect for Brother Robert's getting off is very gloomy indeed. Maj.-Gen. Kemper thinks that boys will be called out from fifteen upwards. If so, detailed farmers will be few and far between. I am quite uneasy about you. I am afraid you were hurt in the fight at Wilmington. Those old gunboat shells are the worst that can be found except the mortar shells. If a man is wounded by them, he is almost sure to be badly mangled. Notwithstanding I feel anxious about you, I can not help thinking of the old Irish song,

> "Paddy O'Whack of Balernyhack,"
> The *Ladies* cry when me they spy,
> "Och! what a *lovely* sodier."

We are still at our old position—right of the brigade extending just beyond Rive's Salient and left resting near the Blow-up. There is a rumor afloat that we will be relieved some time this month and sent to the rear to rest, etc. Everything seems to indicate that we are fixed up here for the winter. Our division holds the hottest part of the entire lines. In front of Wilcox's Division, immediately on our

right, the enemy can not be seen from the lines and they get all the wood for the division between the picket lines and the main lines. Here our picket lines are from 60 to 200 yards from the enemy and a man does not show his head. We have the biggest rows some days you ever heard of. The batteries in the rear lines and the enemy's batteries get to shelling occasionally and the shells fly by us as thick as bats on a summer's night. After a row last week some men picked up at least 500 pounds of fragments of shells within 150 yards of my tent. It was an amusing sight to hear our boys taunting and inviting Grant's army to fight us, while they were firing salutes and rejoicing over Sherman's great victory in Georgia. Our men need a good victory badly. It would do us a great deal of good for Grant to charge our lines. I believe every man would hail such an attack with joy. We are preparing to put two more *Chevaux de Frise.* The spirit of our men is improving slowly. A good many are deserting to the enemy—more than come to us. Two men of my company deserted to the enemy last Christmas night. One was a substitute from Georgetown and the other from near Wheeling.

We get pit coal now instead of green pine. I guess we will do a little better now. If I could get a good big eat I could do a great deal better. We have rats and mice and something else in abundance. We can say with old Burn's, "Ha, ware ye gaun ye crawlin' ferlies," etc. I saw a man catch a large rat and eat it about a week ago. What is it that a dirty soldier won't do? The *Richmond Examiner* says: "Coming events cast their shadows before them," but I have not seen the shadows of the big New Year's Dinner yet. Perhaps it is not a "coming event."

The total list of casualties of my old company ending December 31st, 1864—killed and wounded, 25; captured, 7; died of disease, 3; total, 51. Capt. W. J. Younger, of this

company, was shot through right forearm, 15th December. One of the men lamenting his own hard luck and Younger's good luck, said, "Five balls have struck me this campaign, and the one that would have given me a furlough I cotched in a blanket."

I am in good health and doing well.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS.

LETTER XVIII.

TRENCHES NEAR CRATER,
March 2nd, 1865.

Brother John:—

Something is about to happen. I know not what. Nearly every one who will express an opinion says Gen'l Lee is about to evacuate Petersburg. The authorities are having all the cotton, tobacco, etc., moved out of the place as rapidly as possible. This was commenced about the 22d of February. Two-thirds of the artillery of our division has been moved out. The Reserved Ordnance Train has been loaded up and is ready to move at any time. I think Gen'l Lee expects a hard fight on the right and has ordered all this simply as a precautionary measure. Since my visit to the right I have changed my opinion about the necessity for the evacuation of Petersburg. If it is evacuated Johnson's Division will be in a bad situation for getting out. Unless we are so fortunate as to give the Yankees the slip, many of us will be captured. I would regret very much to have to give up this old place. The soiled and tattered colors borne by our skeleton regiments is sacred and dear to the hearts of every man. No one would exchange it for a new flag. So it is with us. I go down the lines, I see the marks of shot and shell, I see where fell my comrades, the Crater, the grave of fifteen hun-

dred Yankees. When I go to the rear I see little mounds of dirt, some with head-boards, some with none, some with shoes protruding, some with a small pile of bones on one side near the end, showing where a hand was left uncovered; in fact everything near shows desperate fighting. And here I would rather "fight it out." If Petersburg and Richmond are evacuated,—from what I have seen and heard in the army, our cause will be hopeless. It is useless to conceal the truth any longer. Many of our people at home have become so demoralized that they write to their husbands, sons, and brothers that our cause is hopeless and that desertion now is *not dishonorable*. It would be impossible to keep the army from straggling to a ruinous extent if we evacuate. I have just received an order from Wise to carry out on picket tonight a rifle and ten rounds of cartridges to shoot men when they desert. The men seem to think desertion no crime and hence never shoot a deserter when he goes over. They always shoot but never hit. I am glad today that we have not had but four desertions from our right to the enemy. I enjoyed my trip to the right very much indeed. Saw Royall, Cooke, Satterwhites, Dr. and John Cannady, Prof. Wingate, and the "immortal T. H. P." One of the brigades can scarcely be said to be in service. They are in the pride, pomp, and circumstance of a glorious rear. Had no idea that any of the Army of N. C. was doing so well. Saw 12th Reg't Va. Infantry yesterday. It had only about 200 men and I feel sure that you could not get 200 officers—no not 100 out of Johnson's Division who would look as neat and as clean. I felt ashamed to go among such a neat band-box crowd as Cooke's Reg't was. Prof. W. and T. H. P. assisted by Dr. Cannady were trying to "flank" some "sliding elders." "Sliding elders" had decided advantage in position. Sorry I did not see Baldy Williams. Did not see

the Parson. I sent you this morning "Five Months in a Yankee Prison," by a Petersburg militiaman.

Write soon.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS.

LETTER XIX.

TRENCHES NEAR CRATER, March 9, 1865.

Brother John:—

Your letter of the 2d was received yesterday evening, and as my letter might have made a false impression on you about the evacuation of Petersburg, I will answer your last immediately. I am perfectly satisfied that Gen'l Lee has determined to hold Petersburg and Richmond "at all hazards." If Sherman gets Charlotte and Greensboro, Lee will probably send a large force to Johnston, but even then Grant will have to "knock him out" of Petersburg, if he ever gets him out. Pickett's Division has been relieved by Mahone's. I guess it will have to "whip the next fight." Gen'l Lee has always given that division more praise according to the amount of fighting it has done than any other in the A. N. V. It carries from ten to eleven thousand muskets. We feel tolerably secure as far as regards the summer campaign. I guess we will not be required to do more than hold our own during the spring and summer. Ulysses has something in his head. I would not be surprised to hear of a movement on the north side of James River. He has moved out all the mortars and a large quantity of artillery from our front. We can not provoke a single mortar from Fort Hill. Can rarely get a rifle shot. His mortars can only be used at short range and hence would do no good on the right. Fort Harrison may be the point from which the attack will be made.

Had another flood last night. It seems as if the dreadful days of Deucalion and Pyrrha will return again. Was all

right this time, did not get out. In fact I am doing remarkably.

> "Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis.
> Ducere sollicitar jucunda oblivia vitas
> * * * faba Pythagoræ cognata simulque
> Uncta satis pinqui ponuentur oluscula lardo."

I tried to get Prof. Wingate and T. H. P. in here to see the monkey, but could not. I fear they got demoralized in their contest with the "sliding elders" and determined to beat a safe retreat home. Old Vance ought to adopt the cry of the 8th Ward of Baltimore when it was attacked by the Know Nothings. "Turn out here, 8th Ward, all yer men, wymen, and childer. The 8th Ward is attacked and Paddy Murphy lies kilt upon the sidewalk."

It is probable that Sherman will attempt to take Raleigh. If he succeeds, Holden will be in his "glory." Can't some one over there "screw his courage up to the sticking-point" and make him a present of an ounce of lead?

I am in "recent session" debating whether I shall send in an application for a furlough—probabilities of success, etc. Negro-bill has been indefinitely postponed.

Lieuts. of the "bloody 26th" "are some." Three out for Legislature. One has sent in an application for furlough to get married. One was married last January and Yankees caught him next night and carried him away prisoner.

I send "enclosed" two extracts from *Petersburg Express:* "Waterloo or Austerlitz" and "The Petersburg Mine." Both interesting and useful.

Always state the Reg't, if known, in directing letters to a soldier. It will go sooner.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS.

Yours of 3d instant received. Never fear but that I will be sure to plank everything if I can see a desirable place. But soft places are always full and prospect is dull.

LETTER XX.

[The arduous fighting in the trenches around Petersburg for almost a year was ended for the 26th Va. by the transfer of this regiment to Lee's extreme right. It was stationed about ten or twelve miles southwest of Petersburg, when this letter was written. One short month from this time and the Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered at Appomattox, but the writer of these letters was then languishing in a Northern prison and only obtained his liberty in the last days of June.]

NEAR HATCHER'S RUN, March 19, 1865.

Brother John:—

Our brigade was relieved the night of the 14th by Terry's Brigade, Gordon's Division, and ordered to the right. Johnson's Division is on the extreme right next to the Cavalry. It may seem strange that our men were opposed to leaving our old place. We had made ourselves tolerably comfortable, and as we had held that position during the winter, we did not think it exactly fair to order us to the right where all the hard fighting was expected. Had we remained in the trenches six days longer, we could have completed our ten months in the trenches—much longer than any other division has ever staid in them. I'm very agreeably surprised at the conduct of our old brigade the night of the 13th. The Yankees "kicked up a row" just to our right that had for a while the appearance of a charge upon our lines. Our men were in place before they could be ordered out, cheered lustily and seemed to be "panting for fray." I do hope it is an earnest of what our old division will do this summer. I feel assured that our old brigade, if sustained by other troops, will win more laurels during the coming campaign. My regiment is now on picket, I know not where to say, unless in a swamp. The left of our right rests near where Gen'l Pegram was killed in the last fight. We will be relieved tomorrow. We stay in picket three days at a time. C. S. gives us a little corn-meal, bacon, sugar, and

coffee, but no cooking utensils. So we have "ashcake" all the time. We enjoy wood immensely, would enjoy it more if it was colder. Make up large log-fires, "scourse" (discourse) and smoke our pipes until the small hours of the night. When we are relieved, we will go back towards the S. S. R. R. about three miles where we will have superb quarters—good log-cabins. I have but one objection to them; they are so large that I will have to hunt for my bed. It seems like being out of doors. The chimney of my cabin is larger than the tent that four of us staid in last winter. We are doing too well for good luck. I am going out in a few minutes to look for Baldy Williams. I guess he is a mile or so to our left. I will stop writing.

Yours truly, L. R. MILLS.

"THE OLD GUM TREE"

H. F. PAGE.

Where a cottage lawn dips to the edge of the pines,
Midmost a tangle of fence-row vines
A-hum, day long, with many a bee,
(Away, far away)
Stands "The Old Gum Tree."

And ever, when a straying summer wind calls,
A cool, green mist of grape bloom falls,
Balmily sweet, on who should be
(Away, far away)
'Neath "The Old Gum Tree."

There a maiden looks away from her book to the sky,
While the far, thin clouds float dreamily by
And it's O in my heart today to be
(Away, far away)
'Neath "The Old Gum Tree!"

BOOREEN MOOKERGEE AND HIS CLOCK

H. T. HUNTER.

Click! Click! Click! Click!

"Uhm mahne padme hum! Uhm mahne padme hum!"

The gaunt, angular figure opened his eyes—eyes large and bleared, but terribly luminous—stared frightfully at the sun blazing through the scant willow boughs; then the heavy black eyelids closed slowly as an iron door, and the turbaned mass of shaggy hair fell to nodding again.

The villagers winked at one another, tiptoed across the platform of the little postoffice, and held their breath. The people of De Kalb had not had such an opportunity of seeing Booreen Mookergee at close range, and they whispered in clusters and motioned all who approached to be silent. Even Inman, the postmaster, catching sight of the dozing wreck of a human being, stood peering through the grated window.

The mysterious foreigner sat on an inverted nail keg, and the merciless July sun sucked at his withered veins. The legs, lean as rake handles, stuck out clumsily; one dark, skinny hand lay upon the lap, while the other was thrust beneath the brown coat; the black beard, greying at the edge, dished sharply forward; and the yellow turban, lashed with green, showed in marked contrast with the dark, withered, but conspicuously bony face. Every characteristic mark was that of the Asiatic.

A little mangy flee quit kicking fleas long enough to take a sniff at the sprawling, steaming oriental, and crawled growling under the floor. A little shuffling response from the nail keg, and "Uhm mahne padme hum! Uhm mahne padme hum!" blubbered out of the protruded lips, and a click! click! came from beneath the brown coat.

"What is that he's sayin'?" asked Oss Edmonds, in a whisper.

"It sounds like some kind of a prayer to me," whispered Inman.

"Huh! The old devil 'ud better pray, fur he's about ready fur the bone yard."

"It shore does look like it," assented Inman. "Oss, you see that thing under his left arm—see what it is."

After a cautious peep, Oss dropped his chin, opened his eyes, and said in strained whisper:

"I'll be confound! Hit looks like a coffee mill er a little sausage grinder."

Dr. Dugger chuckled as the crowd tiptoed up for a peep. "The old fellow's brought his prayer mill along," he said; "that's what it is."

"A prayer mill?"

"A prayer mill!"

"A prayer mill!!"

"Whoever heard of a prayer mill?"

The clap, clap of heavy boots coming from the adjoining store made blood run cold. "Super" Brock was mad, and flourished a new buggy whip.

"Stand back!" he snapped. "I'll whelk his rotten hide with this whip—the old rat-eating devil."

The villagers recoiled as from the kick of a duck gun. But the rattle of an overturned chair saved the dozing Mookergee.

"Uhm mahne padme hum! Uhm mahne—"

The little prayer mill slipped from beneath the brown coat, and tumbled with a few clicks into the dust. Booreen Mookergee scrambled to his feet, recovered the dusty treasure and turned a hyena-like stare upon the crowd, but said not a word. However, the harrowing gaze of the "Super," whip in hand and dangerously near, sent him to his hut. The green-lashed

turban bobbed wrathfully as the shambling Mookergee turned the corner.

The mine superintendent puffed unprintable epithets, perorating with "I've a good mind to drive the whole Hindoo gang from the camp—the trifling skunks won't work! They quit a man when he needs them worst."

With this he, too, departed.

"Gosh! ain't he mad!" ejaculated Oss Edmonds. "I wouldn't be in old Mookergee's shoes fur his socks."

"The 'Super' will have trouble with those Hindoos yet," coldly remarked Dr. Dugger, "if he fools with them. I know them."

"Let 'Super' Brock and old Mookergee settle their own fusses," said Edmonds, "but I want to know more about that prayer-machine-of-a-thing."

"Oh, that's the Brahmin's god and devil, all in one," said the Doctor. "When expecting a calamity, or planning some revenge, they use their prayer machines. When I was abroad, in North India, I saw scores of ignorant but devout worshipers of Brahma walking the streets of Delhi, and ceaselessly turning the cranks of tiny prayer mills and mumbling, just as he did awhile ago. It's a strange custom. When a child is to be born, for instance, they use their prayer machines before the image of Brahma. During a thunderstorm they get terribly frightened, and gather in crowds and groan and pray and rattle their prayer machines to drown the thunder claps. Just make one mad; he will gather all his knives and daggers and bludgeons and what not, pile them up, and pray to his gods to help him fight like a thousand dragons. The strain often produces insanity—he literally goes crazy as a result of this idiotic attachment to an idol. Not infrequently one of them loses his mind and fancies his gods are going to destroy him, or that his own dagger is threatening to slay

him. Then the praying and rattling of prayer mills is hideous."

"By hokey," interrupted Grinny Flinn, "I'll bet that 'ere thing's what I heard last night. I come by old Mookergee's 'bout midnight. It was as dark as thirteen black cats, and I heard somethin' a-mumblin' and a-clickin' in there, and—"

"What? Last night?" Dugger was interested.

"Yes, siree—plum midnight at that!"

That was enough. A crazy Hindoo remain unmolested in an American village? The little village of De Kalb said, "Not in me," and set its sails for the storming of Booreen Mokergee's castle. "Super" Brock, however, said: "D—n the greasy rascal, he ought to be blown up with dynamite!"

Dr. Dugger led De Kalb in silence to the lair of this big-jawed, prayer machine wizard. Some became weak-kneed and turned back, others "stood afar off" and looked on. Once at the door of the hut the procession stopped, with hearts pounding at the Adam's apples of a dozen throats. Within could be heard the rhythmic monotone:

"Uhm mahne padme hum! Uhm mahne padme hum!" and the click, click of the prayer machine.

Dr. Dugger cautiously opened the door. Kneeling on the floor and frantically swaying back and forth was the gaunt, wild-eyed Booreen Mookergee, groaning out that hideous prayer. In front of him on the floor sat a remarkably strange object—a box-like thing, about a foot square, of beaten brass. It was curiously ornamented with beads and trinkets of many colors. Surmounting the box was a large ivory dragon, out of proportion to the size of the box. The face of this strange idol, as they considered it, resembled the dial of a clock, and indeed its one iron hand seemed to be crudely marking time.

At the sight of the crowd the little prayer mill was tucked under the brown coat, a chair was dragged mechanically in front of the clock-like idol, and Booreen Mookergee crouched

in the corner, the very skeleton of death. Not a word would he say, but kept up a feeble, idiotic mumble, and at the prayer mill fumbled uneasily. He kept his eyes either on the Doctor or on the thing which he had tried to conceal behind the chair. What was it?—that thing of brass and ivory and trinkets and iron? And why the object of so much fear or veneration on the part of that poor deranged Hindoo? It was a clock and yet not a clock. The twelve figures on the dial indicated a timepiece yet whoever saw a clock with one iron hand moving in that jerky fashion? There it stood, an enigma, a brazen challenge to human intelligence and human fancy.

"Well," said Dr. Dugger, "it is evident that this old man is deranged. This thing is responsible. His excitement at the postoffice was the last hair on the camel's back. Edmonds, you go and tell the superintendent that he'd better come and do something for him."

Edmonds hastened away, accompanied by Grinny Flinn.

"While the superintendent's coming," resumed the Doctor, "I'm going to examine this thing and see what it is."

He moved the chair and started to pick up the brazen clock. A scramble in the corner and a certain wild, indescribable gesture completely awed him. The old madman began to rock frantically back and forth, and in accents of wild, unearthly rhythm, they all heard again, "Uhm mahne padme hum! Uhm mahne padme hum!" and the click, click of the prayer mill. Several women screeched "Oo-o!" and the flapping of skirts announced the unceremonious desertion of the good sisters of De Kalb.

"Well, men, I see this won't do," remarked Dugger. "Any disturbance may augment his insanity. We'll just have to stay with him until Superintendent Brock comes. It's his business to take care of the miners."

"I'll bet he'll want to beat him when he does come," suggested some one.

"No, he won't; we've got to keep him from it."

"Where d'reckon he got that thing, Doc?" queried the villager after a pause, indicating the clock.

"Made it, I guess," said the Doctor.

"Huh! he couldn't make a shuck pen."

It was getting dark, and Dr. Dugger took a brass lamp from the shelf by the fireplace, lighted it, and placed it upon the clock as the most convenient place. The pale light exaggerated the ghostly grin of the old lunatic, crouching in the corner and blinking around on the circle of nervous villagers. There was an occasional click of the prayer mill.

The ivory dragon on top of the clock was conspicuous. The pale lamp beside it cast a flickering shadow of its spikey teeth upon the floor. Against the side of the ivory was a small pasteboard tag, suspended from a copper key, which stuck out of the very back of the dragon.

"Wonder what this is," said the Doctor, turning the tag. "Here's something written on it."

He read, after some effort, the scrawled resemblance of English:

> "TU SUPR BROCK
> Mee givee zee This, it Heep goodee Klock, me zee Frend.
> BOOREEN MOOKERGEE."

"Well, what d'ye think of that?" said a surprised villager.

"For Super Brock!" ejaculated another.

"A present—a present from old Mooker!" said a third, looking over his shoulder at the shadowy figure of Mookergee, who was becoming restless.

Dr. Dugger had as yet made no comment. With lamp in hand he was examining critically every inch of the clock—back, side, top, and all.

"What are you looking for, Doctor?" questioned some one.

"There's foul play here," said Dugger, impressively. "This is no clock."

"Yes, sir; shore it is," asserted the positive villager. "Looky here—here's the key where you wind it with."

"Take care—take care!" said the Dctor, pushing away the hand that was all but laid upon the key to turn it. Then he examined carefully the little copper key in the back of the ivory dragon, and shook his head.

"Men," he said, "I'm convinced. You see this little copper wire here by this key? This is a machine for some devilish purpose. Clock! What business would Super. Brock have with such a thing? Present! What kind of a present do you think old Mookergee would give Brock for that flogging he got Thanksgiving, with a mule whip? If a Hindoo knows anything it is how to get revenge. And old Mookergee didn't stay in that electric shop at Cold Camp for nothing. He has learned something of electricity, and as I said awhile ago, this is the product of his own hands. It is an Asiatic's revenge. Touch that key and you would be blown into atoms."

But why wasn't the superintendent coming? Edmonds and Flinn had been gone a full hour. The villagers seated themselves to wait. Some on the bed, some in the doorway, but all at a safe distance from both Booreen Mookergee and that clock-like devil or god supporting the brass lamp in the middle of the floor. In the silence that followed the brazen ticking became almost unbearable. Booreen became restless and crawled back and forth on hand and knees, hugging the prayer mill. A gaunt gorilla could not have looked more hideous. His lynx eyes watched the key on the dragon's back.

A foot scraped on the rocks and the superintendent, whip in hand, entered. The two mile walk from the upper camp had him steaming like one of his coke-ovens in a shower. All gave him room, but he declined the seat offered him with an

angry puff as he mopped his brow. Booreen had slipped into the corner upon hearing the scraping on the stones as Brock entered. The superintendent started to ask something, but peering around, he saw the crouching madman.

"D—n him!" the Super. hissed, "I've had enough of this."

Then the Ætna of anger poured its hot lava stream of curses upon the blinking shadow in the corner. But this was not enough. The sharp crack of the whip told of still deeper, angrier depths of rage. Booreen grunted loudly, but made a huge lunge and seized Brock just above the knees. He began to worm himself up the struggling captive's legs. In the scramble the light went out. A grating sound as of revolving wheels issued from the brazen bowels of the diabolical machine. Blue flames spurted out. The madman gave a hideous, triumphant laugh. As the fleeing, terrified men passed the corner a tremendous blast shook the earth, and a precipitate shower of *debris* rattled upon the houses of the little mining village of De Kalb.

The ivory head of a dragon and a battered prayer mill, picked up by some boys on the street the next morning, told of the passing of Booreen Mookergee and his clock.

And it is a common saying among the miners until this day, that Superintendent Brock was carried away in Booreen Mookergee's bosom.

THE CUB'S SCOOP

FRANK A. SMETHURST.

The Cub was sleepy. It had been a hard day. There was a scarcity of news even of the sort that he was allowed to handle. He had long finished his own petty assignments. He propped his elbows on the desk and nodded. Through the open window came the busy noises of the street, the rattling trucks, the warning "honk-honk" of an automobile, the screeching of wheels as the street car rounded the corner. They were all hazy and far-away now, like the heavy rolling machines upstairs in the press room, like the big, curiously-shaped bugs that buzzed and scraped their wings against the electric light above him.

The Star Reporter rushed in, striking his heels importantly. He mumbled a few words to the chief. The Cub gathered their meaning. There was a big story, a new leak in city politics. The chief looked over the rim of his glasses.

"Good!" he snapped.

The Cub dozed again, but not peacefully. The "Star" was furiously beating a typewriter at his elbow. The unhesitating "click-click" was a song of triumph. The Cub knew it, and the fact was disconcerting. His mind worked uneasily. Why had he never been praised thus? Was it that he could not write? No, certainly not. He had been for two consecutive terms the editor of his college magazine and a recognized authority on literary subjects. Where were all the big stories that he promised himself would be his? Where was the fame? He had not been given a chance. Yes, he told himself, that was it; he had not been given a chance.

The 'phone rang loudly at his ear. The Cub jumped.

"Hello, ninety. Hello."

No one answered. Somewhere on the line two persons were talking. A few words of the conversation reached him.

"Yes, there is a posse looking for him in Cameron's woods now—let you know the particulars later."

That was all, but it was enough. The Cub was excited. Here was a story, and a big one, too. His imagination ran wild. The possibilities of the thing made him nervous. He pictured a dastardly crime, the criminal seeking refuge in the woods, the determined posse, the probable capture. He tried to reason calmly. He could not. His brain was fired by the one thought: "Get the story."

He called up central. No, she did not know who was talking at that particular time. She was not allowed to tell anyway. She was sorry. At the police station he could learn nothing. There was just one thing left for him to do. He must go to the woods and meet that posse. He took his hat and walked out. At the door he turned. No one was looking. For once he was glad of his apparent insignificance, glad that his going and coming was not worthy of notice.

On the street there was the usual Saturday night crowds, busy shoppers and careless loiterers. Here and there a group of negroes were chattering noisily. The Cub hurried on. It was getting late. Suppose he should not get the story in time? He ought to have told them to hold out for him. But then, someone else would have been given the assignment if they had known the importance of the story, and the credit would not have been his own.

What if he should fail in the writing even after he had made the scoop? But that could not be. He pictured himself before the chief, copy in hand. He saw the surprise, heard the congratulations. He was walking fast now. Already he had come to the railroad. Here he must turn. Only a quarter of a mile down the track, and then the woods.

It was pitch dark now. There was no moon and he had long passed the last street lamp. The cinders crunched under his feet and gravel worked its way into his low shoes. It was painful, but he must hurry anyhow. He tried the cross-ties. The walking was irregular and he lost speed. Just ahead was a cotton field, then the woods. He did not know the path. He had been over it but once before, and that was in the daylight. He felt a little uncertainty. Suppose he should not meet the posse, then what?

Now he came to the turning place. The city dumping ground lay between him and the woods. Trash was piled high. Tin cans and white backs of coverless books showed here and there in the *debris*. He skirted the pile and went straight along the path to the woods. It was darker than ever now. The foliage was heavy; the trees grew closely together; the path was narrow. He walked slowly. Occasionally he missed the path and ran against a tree. He strained his ears for sounds of the posse. There was only the noise of his own stumbling footsteps, the snapping twigs, and the mournful notes of the screech owl somewhere in the distance.

On and on he walked, thinking hard. Could he have been mistaken? Was it possible that he had been too hasty, that he had misunderstood? There was a crash. His toe struck a fallen log and he fell sprawling. His heart stood still, but there was no further sound. He rose to his feet slowly and looked for the path. It had vanished completely. There was not a sign of it around him. He realized the truth. He had been walking out of the path. He could not have told how long. He was in a predicament. In the daylight he might have found his way with ease. It was different now. He sat down upon the log and thought. A twig snapped. He looked about him quickly. No one was in sight. He was just nervous, he told himself. Well, he must get somewhere. He started off straight ahead.

"Stop there, will you!"

He wheeled sharply, facing the dim outline of a figure that leaned against a tree. Even in the dark he could see the glint of a leveled pistol. What was this? Was he mistaken for the criminal? How could he prove his identity to the posse? A thousand thoughts rushed through his brain. He shuddered at the possible consequences of this night's experiences.

"I know you," the voice continued. "I've been watching you for a long time. You thought you would escape me, but you can't. You are sharp, but not a match for me. Walk in front."

The Cub felt the cold mouth of the revolver against his neck.

"What—what—" he stammered, but his voice choked, and he could get no further.

His captor was in an amiable mood. He chuckled often, but the occasional touch of cold steel against his neck told the Cub that he was still on his guard. They went on slowly. There was no path, but the voice behind directed him unerringly. Once the Cub saw a light ahead, but it was lost to view almost immediately. He was rapidly regaining his senses, but the purpose of his captor was still beyond his comprehension. Now they came to a path. The Cub stopped.

"Look here!" he cried. "What have I done? Where are you carrying me? You've got the wrong man!"

There was a derisive laugh. The menacing touch of the pistol barrel was on his neck.

"Go on," the voice said.

Before them was a steep incline with a heavy clump of trees on top. There was a house beyond. The Cub was sure of it. He had seen a light for a moment through the trees. Straight on they went up the path. A sharp turn disclosed a large building with lights in front. This was a new one.

The Cub had not known this part of the country before. The very style of the structure proclaimed that it was not a residence.

His captor led the way through the open door into a small office. Several men were lounging about a table, engaged in conversation.

"There's no use hunting any more tonight. We can't find him now," some one was saying.

The Cub's heart gave a great bound. What was in store for him? All the men turned as the two entered. There were several surprised exclamations.

"Well boys, I've got him. I guess you'd better carry him back to the death cell now. I must get some rest tonight." He yawned sleepily.

What happened then the Cub hardly knew. Some one sprang upon his captor from behind, pinning his arms to his sides. The pistol fell noisily to the floor. All the men gathered about him and carried him bodily from the room.

The Cub was in a maze. Was he in his right senses? What was the reason of it all? He knew one thing. No one was looking. It was his only opportunity. At the front door he stopped and looked back. There was a large inscription on a tablet in the back of the hall.

"STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE."

The Cub stumbled out weakly.

THE CIRCLE ROUNDED

D. S. KENNEDY.

I

Aurora's gold flames up the eastern sky,
And sun-kissed goals of promise tower high;
With restless strength I spread my wings and fly
On youth's far quest.

II

The blazing sun of mid-day round me gleams;
The tide of cheering thousands past me streams;
But with it all Fame's laurel scarce redeems
Morn's long lost dreams.

III

The parting soul one moment looks behind;
The fading ghosts of former struggles find
My failing self, quiescently reclined
At Life's last bourne.

THE CHRIST IDEA IN BROWNING

J. M. K.

Robert Browning has given us in poetry a study of the deeper problems of life. He, unlike Wordsworth, saw more than mere nature. He saw God in Nature and behind Nature—and man next to God,—

> Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth.

The real subjects of his thought were God, God in man, Christ, man, suffering, and sin. Into these subjects he put his life and thought; as a result we have vital messages for all time. While not professedly a theologian he has given us some very helpful messages upon theological problems. The subjects of many of his poems were taken directly from the Bible, among which are "Karshish," "Saul," and "A Death in the Desert."

Browning lived in a time of skepticism, atheism, and doubt. He lived in a period when people thought that science had exploded the idea of Christ. Some have even accused Browning himself of being an agnostic or heretic; but that will be found untrue to any one who will carefully study his poetry. It is true that he often sought to bring out his great truth by proving the negative, but he never remained negative; there is always the bright side, the elevating and optomistic outlook. The subject of this paper, the Christ Idea—the Incarnated and Mediating Christ—is brought out in both the negative and positive sides. In "An Epistle" and "Cleon," the argument is negative or from the point of view of the heathen; in "Saul," "A Death in the Desert," and the double poem, "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," the argument is positive or from the point of view of the Chris-

tian. These are the main poems in which the Christ idea is presented. We now study them in order.

In "Karshish" we have the story of Karshish, an Arab physician, who approaches the question of a loving God with great doubt and little reverence. He had lived under the idea of a divine power, but the power he knew was cold, hard, distant, and known only dimly to him. However, it was such as to command his respect and fear; but he had never thought of a living God. One day he meets Lazarus, whom Jesus had raised from the dead, and, while he could not believe in the fact that Christ was God, he could not rid himself of thoughts concerning the act. Time after time he casts the thought aside, as it were, to pursue his scientific discussion; but each time this new conception, that God had taken flesh and had come to earth to minister to man, draws him back with almost irresistible force. He thinks the matter through from the negative side and finds that the raising of Lazarus could have been done only by an all-loving God-man. He questions the matter from a scientific standpoint:

> Think, could we penetrate by any drug
> And bathe the wearied soul and worried flesh,
> And bring it clear and fair, by three days' sleep!
> Whence has the man the balm that brightens all?

Recognizing how perfectly the love of God in Christ fills the void in man's heart, while he dares not believe it, he bursts forth into a passionate expression of faith in the last words of the poem:

> The very God! think, Ahib; dost thou think?
> So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
> So, through thunder comes a human voice
> Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
> Face, my hands fashioned; see it in myself!
> Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine,
> But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
> And thou must love me who died for thee!"

We find in "Cleon" that Christ's purpose in coming into the world was not alone to show men God's love, as is set forth in "Karshish," but also to show them

> The worth both absolute and relative
> Of all his children from the birth of time,
> His instruments for all appointed work.

The "eventual element of calm" and the cold, distant Zeus, which were the basis of the Greek idea of deity, did not satisfy the soul of Cleon. He needs the revelation of the God-man. He writes to Protus:

> Long since, I imaged, wrote the fiction out,
> That he or other gods descended here
> And, once for all, showed simultaneously
> What, in its nature, never can be shown,
> Piecemeal or in succession.

This is the negative view but the positive is shown in that Cleon recognizes that

> In man there's failure, only since he left
> The lower and inconscious forms of life.

Nevertheless man is

> A tower that crowns a country

in whom

> There's a world of capability.

Cleon's soul is seeking for that which Christ taught and exemplified by His death and resurrection, that is immortality, as is expressed in these lines:

> It is so horrible
> I dare at times imagine to my need
> Some future state revealed to us by Zeus,
> Unlimited in capability
> For joy, as this is in desire for joy,
> That, stung by straitness of our own life, made strait
> On purpose to make prized the life at large
> We burst there as worm into the fly,
> Who, while a worm still, wants his wings. But no!
> Zeus has not yet revealed it: and alas,
> He must have done so, were it possible!

In "Saul" we have the charm of eloquence coupled with an insight of faith and thrill of genius—"all flaming up from the hidden fires of the poet's innermost being to throw a convincing light upon this transcendent truth," the God-man in Christ. This poem is perhaps Browning's best interpretation of Christ. The great king, Saul, being despondent, David comes to solace him with music from his lyre. He plays and sings: first, songs filled with the beauty of true life; the help tunes of life's epochs; then songs of aspiration; lastly songs of Saul's future glory. Not until the last is the king aroused, but then he gazes tenderly into the singer's face. David, when he sees that he has aroused the king, no longer sings to him, but tells him of a vision which makes a new law and a new life. David says:

> I report, as man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Do I task any faculty highest to image success?
> I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more, no less,
> In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
> In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.
> And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
> (With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too)
> The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,
> As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to His feet.

God alone, with His great love and wonderful power, can, as David sees it,

> Snatch Saul the mistake,
> Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now,—and bid him awake
> From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself set
> Clear and safe in new light and new life,—a new harmony yet
> To be run, and continued, and ended—who knows? or endure!
> The man taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to make sure;
> By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
> And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles in this.
> I believe it! 'Tis thou, God, that gives, 'tis I who receive:
> In the first is the last, in thy will is my power to believe.
> All's one gift: thou canst grant it moreover or prompt to my prayer
> As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to the air.

David closes his speech to Saul with a prayer for the revelation of God's love, in these magnetic words:

'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever; a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! see the Christ stand!

Browning realized that man must ever cry out for the human in the Divine; he really believed in the Incarnation and that man was made "to grow," as we have tried to show. But he could not stop with just believing those things; he went further: There must be a mediator between God and man. He evidently believed in the Atonement in so far as it reconciled man to God. This is shown in "A Death in the Desert."

Himself conceived of life as love,
Conceived of love as what must enter in,
Fill up, make one with each soul he loved.

The Incarnate Christ was to Browning much more than a simple example of a perfect life. He was a divine personage, entering into and making divine all those who sought His companionship and accepted his will: .

I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it,
And has so far advanced thee to be wise.

This same argument is brought out in "Christmas Eve," though here it is brought to bear on the immortality of the soul:

My soul brought all to a single test—
That he, the Eternal First and Last,
Who, in his power, had so surpassed
All man conceives of what is might,—
Whose wisdom, too, showed infinite,
—Would prove as infinitely good.

Again it recurs in "Easter Day":

> Remembering every moment Who
> Beside creating thee unto
> These ends, and these for thee, was said
> To undergo death in thy stead
> In flesh like thine: so ran the tale,
> What doubt in thee could countervail
> Belief in it? Upon the ground
> 'That in the story had been found
> Too much love! How could God love so?'

Love is the key-note of "Christmas Eve and Easter Day." Christ enters the bare and prosaic old chapel and appears to the solitary worshipper in the moonlight. That Christ is the Divine Saviour, and that He will reveal Himself to man in response to love and faith, is shown in these words from "Christmas Eve":

> I then, in ignorance and weakness,
> Taking God's help, have attained to think
> My heart does best to receive in meekness
> That mode of worship, as most to his mind,
> Where earthly aids being cast behind,
> His All in All appears serene
> With the thinnest human veil between,
> Letting the mystic lamps, the seven,
> The many motions of his spirit,
> Pass, as they list, to earth from heaven.

Even the professor, with all his fine arguments about Christ, "the myth," can not get away from the need of divine God-man. He still loves and worships the myth, and tells his pupils to do so. The speaker feels that the professor must have something more substantial than a myth:

> May Christ do for him what no mere man shall,
> And stand confessed as the God of salvation.

The real command in "Christmas Eve" is to

> Believe in me,
> Who lived and died, yet essentially
> Am Lord of Life.

The trend of "Easter Day" is thoroughly Christian. It contains the central truth of Christianity, as is shown in the following lines:

> You indeed opine
> That the Eternal and Divine
> Did, eighteen centuries ago,
> In very truth . . . Enough! you know
> The all-stupendous tale,—that Birth,
> That Life, that Death! And all, the earth
> Shuddered at,—all, the heavens grew black
> Rather than see; all, nature's rack
> And throe at dissolution's brink
> Attested,—all, took place, you think,
> Only to give our joys a zest,
> And prove our sorrows for the best?
> We differ, then!

In "Easter Day" the great truths of life and conduct, of judgment with Christ the Judge, and of condemnation, are brought out. The climax is brought out where Christ reveals Himself to a soul,

> Then did the form expand, expand—
> I knew him through the dread disguise
> As the whole God within his eyes
> Embraced me.

This may well be connected with the very beautiful passage in "Christmas Eve," where Christ is the "very man and very God":

> Earth breaks up, time drops away,
> In flows heaven, with its new day
> Of endless life, when he who trod,
> Very man and very God,
> This earth in weakness, shame and pain,
> Dying the death whose signs remain
> Up yonder on the accursed tree,—
> Shall come again, no more to be
> Of captivity the thrall,
> But the one God, All in all,
> King of kings, Lord of lords,
> As his servant John received the words,
> 'I died and live evermore!'

Such, then, in short, is Browning's message concerning the world's greatest personality—Jesus Christ, and His work. Dr. Weatherford says: "To Browning the world owes a great debt for bringing such a positive and convincing message in this period of deep unrest. He met this age of doubt by reminding men that doubt was but a mark of faith, and the greatest proof that Christ really was lay in the fact that through doubt men were groping for a knowledge of Him. He helped men to see that the essential argument for Christ was not historical, but based upon the fact that Christ, and Christ alone, was able to solve the problems of life and satisfy the longing of the soul." Let us then accept Browning's vital message and with him

> Call Christ, then, the illimitable God,
> Or lost.

THE EVOLUTION OF MADNESS IN LEAR

D. S. KENNEDY.

Joseph Warton says that Lear was not mad from the time at which the play opens, but was driven insane by continual attention to two things, namely: regret for the resignation of his power to Goneril and Regan, and his ill-treatment of Cordelia. In this he differs somewhat from most critics who are inclined to assert that the ingratitude of his daughters was the dominant cause of his madness. Arthur Murphy holds strongly to the latter opinion. On the contrary Mrs. Lennox thinks that he was insane from the first. She holds that his conduct towards Cordelia in the first scene bears evidence of a depraved reason. Thus the discussion goes on *ad infinitum* in a circle. In this medley of conflicting criticisms, every reader of the play is tempted to propound a theory of his own.

Out of the army of critics few have attempted to make a scientific study of insanity as revealed in the case of Lear. Medical men, however, who have made a life-study of insanity as it appears in humanity, have done this. A. Brigham, M.D., expresses the prevailing view among scientists when he states that Lear was mad from the first of the play, and that the ingratitude of the daughters merely accelerated the disease and caused the outbreak. It has been assumed by Brigham and his contemporaries that in Lear Shakespeare portrayed an actual case of mental disease. This being true, the disease admits of diagnosis as in a concrete case. Brigham does not state fully his conclusions on the subject. He shows that the progressive course of the disease is correct from the point of view of the pathologist and the psychologist, and that the symptoms indicate a case of senile insanity.

In the time which has elapsed since Brigham made his diagnosis, continuous researches have thrown new light on the causes and progress of mental diseases. In the clearer view of this fresh light, a more thorough study of Lear's madness is made possible. A popular fallacy is that all insanity is of the intellectual part of the brain. Investigation has exploded this idea, and has proved the fact that many cases of insanity are emotional, while the intellect may be comparatively sound. This, of course, applies only to light cases of insanity or to the earlier stages of the more serious diseases. In the later stages the intellect also becomes affected, as we find in the case of Lear. We quote from a recent treatise on insanity, "Emotional disturbances are the cause and condition of insanity. Disorders of the intellectual faculties are secondary." One of the most significant features of Lear's madness is that in the midst of his ravings are spoken some of his most caustic observations on human nature. It will be noticed that his disease more often takes the form of emotional eruptions than of intellectual. This feature is more pronounced in the earlier scenes of the play.

The theory is absolutely untenable that Lear was driven mad by the ingratitude of his daughters. Undoubtedly the anguish felt by the well-meaning father was almost insupportable, but this would not drive insane a man in a sound mind. Either there must have been in Lear a strong predisposition to the disease, or he was already in the clutches of the malady. This action in the first of the play leads us to conclude that his mind was even then partially deranged. Taking this for granted it is easily understood how minor afflictions could shatter a brain already weakened by disease.

The symptoms in Lear's case indicate that form of mental disease known as "the recurrent form of manic-depression." In this form of insanity over 50 per cent of the cases examined show a hereditary predisposition to the disease. We

have no data to prove or disprove this supposition about Lear, but, judging from the mental traits shown by him and his daughter, there is a strong probability in its favor. The Encyclopedia Brittanica, in its discussion of this disease, discusses the following symptoms: Perversion of the moral sense is common; the onset is gradual, accompanied by emotional disturbances; mania is often present; the earliest symptoms are moral rather than physical, and there is a tendency to depart from usual customs and conventionalities; at times the emotions become uncontrollable.

The form of madness portrayed in Lear possesses all the symptoms just mentioned. His action in the first scene of the play, however, is elusive in its nature. The division of his kingdom among his daughters apparently denotes an error of judgment, and consequently an impairment of the intellect, but a closer examination reveals the fact that it is due to emotional disturbances. He has become weary of the duties of the sovereign,—he desires rest. For the time being, his love for his daughters is slightly hypertrophied, and he thinks that he may with safety turn the actual power over to them and retain the nominal kingship for himself. His next step also shows a perverted emotional state. He makes the division of his kingdom in proportion to the affection which each daughter says she has for him. Because Cordelia's answer is not smoothed over with flattery, he passionately deprives her of any part in the inheritance. Because Kent reproves him for his rash act he banishes him from the kingdom. In this we recognize that Lear is aware of what he is doing—his intellect is comparatively sound—but his emotions are perverted to such an extent as to influence his intellect. This gives us the first symptom of emotional disturbances.

Some time later, we learn from the words of Goneril. Lear shows a looseness of conduct entirely out of keeping with his

former habits. Having gathered around him a hundred boon companions—he will have no more nor less than a round hundred—he passes his time in dissipation and riotous carousals. Another significant fact is that Lear does not recognize the improper nature of his revels. To his excited emotional state it seems to him entirely natural, and he can not see the justice of Goneril's complaint. When she reproves him for his conduct his mind explodes into anger like a spark to gunpowder. He calls down such curses upon his daughter that we feel inclined to stop our ears in order to shut out the echoes of the malediction. This scene gives us another premonitory symptom of the disease. We find Lear's moral sense weakening and he is throwing aside the conservative customs and conventionalities of his household. Here also we find that the canker worm of ingratitude has entered his morbid mind, for he gives utterance to that oft-repeated quotation:

> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child.

Just at this time Lear himself begins to fear that madness is approaching. Throughout the entire play it is noticeable that this fear constantly haunts him. Even when he is in the last stages of the disease he does not realize the fact, but still fears lest his wits should turn.

From this period on, Goneril and Regan grow more and more inconsiderate of their father. They do not yet recognize that insanity is laying its hold upon him; they believe that he is merely in his dotage. Moreover, the supreme power is firmly welded in their hands, and the king with his nominal claim to the crown is an encumbrance. Lear, in spite of his weakened moral and emotional nature has not lost his powers of perception, and the canker of ingratitude grows larger and gnaws more insistently. His thoughts upon this

become a mania. Thus we have the manic element of the disease.

In the last part of the second act is the prelude to the crisis of the play, if indeed it is not itself the crisis. Goneril and Regan come to an open break with their father. He, with his hundred followers, desires hospitality and his daughters refuse it. This is the last straw which is added to the burden pressing upon Lear's mind. The bonds of his reason give way. His moral nature has already been weakened; fancy has given free reins to his emotions; and now the stronghold of the intellect has been breached. In a furor of insanity he rushes out into the storm.

Next we find Lear in the famous storm scene. This scene marks the culmination of the play. The spectacle of the old man, insane, wandering in the tempest of conflicting elements, arouses to the fullest degree our indignation against the unfilial conduct of the daughters. Shakespeare here reveals to us his observations on insanity in its throbbing nakedness. The whirl of the storm on the outside is not greater than the tempest in the mind of Lear. He himself feels the effect of the madness in his brain, but attributes it to another cause.

> The tempest in my mind
> Doth from my senses take all feeling else
> Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!

When Lear enters the hovel on the heath he meets Edgar, who is passing under the guise of madness. This give us the opportunity of observing the contrast between real and feigned madness. The fact that Lear is really insane is at once emphasized. His ravings bear in their nature the stamp of the genuine, while those of Edgar plainly bear the marks of insincerity. The ravings of genuine instanity, wild as they may appear, are subject to certain laws of association. In the madness of Lear, all his thoughts whirl around

the ingratitude of his daughters as a pivot. The train of association of ideas can easily be followed. On the contrary, Edgar's ravings are overdrawn. The disconnection between the successive ideas is too carefully planned. Under the flights of eloquence which occur from time to time in Lear's madness, Edgar's efforts pale into insignificance. Lear is moved to compassion by the thought that Edgar, too, is afflicted with ingratitude of his daughters, and sympathizes with him. He wishes to stand out in the fury of the storm and discuss the philosophy of the elements. The attendants now to begin to realize for the first time that Lear has gone insane. The body, weakened by a course of riotous dissipation, and the brain, failing with the body, have yielded and allowed the intellect to burst its bonds.

Gloucester finds Lear and his companion on the heath, and leads them to a farmhouse near, where Goneril and Regan are staying. Here hallucinations play havoc in Lear's mind. He thinks that one stool is Goneril and another Regan. He arranges a mock trial and passes judgment upon his daughters for their perfidy and ingratitude. His friends look on silently, awed by the sight of a giant intellect in ruins.

At Dover we again find Lear. Unattended, he is in the last stages of the disease. His mind has failed to such an extent that he has reached the childish state. He is fantastically dressed in weeds and wild flowers. His mind works rapidly, his ideas come and go swiftly, and his judgment is almost entirely deranged. Yet, in spite of this apparent failure of judgment we find some of his most scathing observations on human nature.

> Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
> Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
> And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.

This paradox may perhaps be explained by the law of

association of ideas. Certainly, in the impaired condition of the intellect which Lear here reveals, he is unable to construct such criticisms out of his consciousness. The alternative, then, must be that some present circumstance brings up from the memory judgments which have been constructed in the past.

Just at this time Cordelia, whom in the first of the play Lear had dismissed in a passion of anger, finds her father, and attempts to relieve the disease by medical aid. The attempt, however, is unsuccessful. Lear's madness has progressed to such a degree that his malady can not even be alleviated.

The close of the play is a fitting end to such a tragedy of human hate and passion. Goneril and Regan come to a violent death as a just reward for lives of intriguing selfishness. Cordelia has not become well enough known to excite much sorrow at her death, but in the passing of Lear we feel that an empire has fallen. He does not die directly from his mental disease, but from the bursting of his heart through grief.

It will be seen, then, that the premonitory symptoms of the disease and the progressive stages of its development indicate the "recurrent form of manic-depressive insanity." A merely critical view, however, of insanity as portrayed in Lear is almost impossible. It soon loses itself in the sublimer picture of a vast intellect in the process of disintegration. The outcome of Lear's disease could not have been otherwise than tragic; it was inevitable. Kent, in his farewell, strikes the key-note of the final scene:

> Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer.

MOSE

JAY B. HUBBELL.

One of the most beautiful spots in our country is a little mountain valley on the New River in the extreme northwest-corner of North Carolina. There my grandfather lived; and when I was a boy the greatest pleasure of my life was to spend the summer with him. Fishing and hunting were always better there than anywhere else, and the orchard was filled with the sweetest apples and melons that I have ever seen. None of these, I think, however, delighted me quite so much as the stories told me by one of the old darkies on my grandfather's farm. Uncle Henderson, for that was his name, had been a slave on the plantation before the War, and had never left his old master since that time. He told me the following story one day after I had hunted all the morning and the greater part of the afternoon without success. On my way home I had come by his cabin hungry and tired, but the odor of fried chicken kept me from passing, for Aunt Sally's chicken was famous throughout the county. Uncle Henderson saw me coming and invited me in. I was not long in making my acquaintance with the chicken.

"Now, Uncle Henderson," I said when I had taken my leave of the chicken, "tell me a story; and, if you don't mind, tell me about that grave over yonder on the hill. I am sure there is a good story connected with it, though I saw nothing on the tombstone but the word 'Mose!' Who was Mose?"

"Well, chile, Mose was a run'way niggah."

"What?" I broke in; "was he a tramp?"

"No, chile, he wan't none o' dem trampin' loafin' kind o' young niggars dat goes 'roun' dese days akickin' up all kin's o' debbilment. Yo' gran'pa, Mas' Jimmie, bought me an'

Mose f'om a low-down slave tradah 'cross de mount'ns, an' we ain't nebber fergit it. Mose wuz a good niggah; howsomebber, he had one bad trick; he'd run away. He'd go off an' stay two er free days an' den he'd come back an' wuk as reg'lar as anybody on de plantation. Ol' Massa found dey (there) wan't no use in whippin' 'im; so he jes' lets him go, an' he al'ays come back. What he done when he run off I ain't nebber fin' out yit. Mebbe he wuz afishin' an' sleepin', an' mabbe he wuz ashoutin' an' prayin', fer dey wan't a niggah in de county dat could come anigh him at any ob dem things. But de thing he could do bes' was runnin'. I ain't nebber seed a critter dat could hol' a candle to Mose when he took a notion to trabbel. He wuz al'ays alaughin' an' singin' an' awhoopin' when he wuz wukkin'; an' fer dancin' an' fiddlin' an' atechin' up de banjo dey wan't nothin' like 'im. Mos' all dem kin' o' niggahs is dead now, chile; de new niggahs don't sing an' dance dat way no mo' like dey used to; I's 'fraid dey is mos'ly a mighty bad set anyhow.

"Well, yo' 'member yo' grand'pa wuz a commissa'y an' pateroler fer dis distric' in de Wah. He wuz sick so much dat de doctahs said dat he mus'n' go to de a'my; so de Gov'mint 'p'inted him to 'stribbit (distribute) s'plies to de fambies o' de soldiers. Den de bushwhackahs begin trouble. Bushwhackahs, chile, if you don't know, is soldiers what done run off f'om de a'my an' wuz hidin' out in de mount'ns. Bimeby dey got so dey'd come down an' cya'y (carry) off de cattle an' co'n f'om de folk's ba'ns, an' den dey git so dey come in de open daytime an' cya'y off anything dey wants. Dey wuz a sight wusser'n de Yankees, an' steal a heap mo'. Dey say dey wuz afightin' fer de preserbation ob de Union an' fer freein' de niggahs, but dey ain't nebber free nobody. When Mas' Jimmie lun dat any man done lef' de a'my he'd 'pote (report) 'im an' stop sendin' pervisions to his fambly. Dat make 'em all mad, an' dey lay deir plans fer to kill 'im.

Mose an' me tried to git 'im to go off somers out'n deir way, but he say he can't desuht he Gov'mint like dat. He say he ain't 'fraid, an' he don't b'lieve dey'd kill him anyhow; dey's too big cowards, he said.

"One day in de fall befo' de s'render a run'way soldier some to de house wid his a'm in a sling an' want to know why Mas' Jimmie done stop sendin' s'plies to his fambly. Mas' Jim tell him he know he done lef' de a'my, an' so he can't let him hab nothin'. De man say his a'm done been shot all to pieces an' he been parole'. Mas' Jim ax him let 'im see 'is a'm, but he wouldn't do it; an' he didn't hab no certif'cate to show he been parole'. So Massa tell him he can't hab nothin'. De man went off aeussin' an' aswearin' an' sayin' dat Mas' Jim wuz a seound'el an' a traiter.

"Soon aftah he gone, Mas' Jimmie tell Mose to go an' see if he can't fin' some o' his own meat an' flouah in de smokehouse, dat de bushwhackahs ain't took. Mose went off singin' dat gran' ol' hymn, "Roll, Jordan, Roll," but he come back to de tune o' 'Hallelujah, Jonah, Ebenezer, Susan,' an' some mo' sech stuff dat I ain't understan'. He fotch some flouah an' a li'l ham dat wan't no bigger dan a rabbit's hin' laig; but in dem days it look mos' big as a whole cow, 'ca'se things wuz so sca'ce. 'Fo' de wah ebery 'spectable niggah would 'a' turned up his nose at it, but bless yo' soul, it sho' make his mouf watah den. When Mas' Jimmie tell him take dat meat an' cya'y it to dat run'way soldier's fambly, Mose mos' cried an' he said:

"'Mas' Jim, it am a nachel bo'n shame to gib dis here meat to sich a low-down uncondaminated piece o' po' white trash as dat man. I wouldn't wuk in de same co'n fiel' wid him fer de whole blessed plantation, wid de big house th'own in.'

"Mas' Jimmie laugh, an' say: 'Go 'long, Mose; you wouldn't want folks to sta've to deaf, would you?'

"Mose say: 'Bettah dem 'an us.'

"But he went jes' de same. We didn' see 'im no mo' dat day, an' we wouldn't 'a' knowed what happen' to 'im if a po' slave dat de bushwhackahs took hadn' tol' me. He said dat dat low-life bushwhackah come in de fort dat dey had up in de mount'ns a-ma'chin' Mose befo' 'em wid a pistol in his han'. Dey wan't nothin' de matter wid his a'm, jes' playin' 'possum. Mose ac' jes' lack he glad dey got him, an' he say he been 'tendin' fer to jine 'em fer a long time. He kep' on asingin' an' whoopin' eben aftah dey put 'im to wuk choppin' wood, an' tol' 'im if he don't behave he gwine hab poudah an' shot fer suppah. Mose know dat mean dey'd blow his head off, but he ain't quit singin'.

"Pretty soon dat same man calls a meetin'—he wuz de cap'n den. Aftah dat meetin'—Mose wan't invited—some ob 'em ride off sayin' dat dey gwine kill de ol' traitah dis time fer sho'. Mose know dat mean Mas' Jimmie, but he holler out jes' de same.

" 'Kill 'im; skin 'im alive; frow 'im in de creek; expugate 'im!'

"All dis time Mose kep' awukkin' his brains how he gwine git 'way f'om da an' sabe Mas' Jimmie. Bimeby, dey tell Mose go an' slop de pigs. Dat wuz Mas' Jim's salbation an' yo's too, chile; I b'lieve dem wuz Mas' Jim's pigs, anyhow, an' if it hadn't a-been fer dem pigs you might er been a Chinese er an Injun. Mose took de slop an' went out to de pig-pen all de time stud'in' how he gwine git 'way. He wuz 'fraid to run widout some provication; dey wuz watchin' him wid guns, an' Mose knowed dey'd shoot if he dast (dared) to run. Mose looked at de pigs, dey wuz wil' as bucks. Den Mose said 'Boo!' an' dey jump cl'ar ober de trough an' look lack dey gwine thoo de fence. Den Mose see de hand o' de Lawd. He drap dat bucket lack 'twuz hot an' kicked a plank out'n de sides o' de pen, an' 'way went de pigs fer home jes'

same as ol' Nick wuz out lack a roarin' hipp'pot'muss aseekin' his suppah ob ham an' sa'sage meat. An' Mose he lit out atter 'em ahollerin' an awhoopin': 'He'p me ketch dem pigs.'

"De men in de fo't lit out, too, but bless yo' soul! Mose an' de pigs wuz gone mos' 'fo' a gnat could wink his lef' eye. Den de men stop an' holler fer Mose to come back, but Mose ain't stop at ebery station on de road dis ebenin'; he got a call an' he gwine sho' be da'. Den de men begin shootin'. Mose wuz amovin' lack a grease' streak o' slick light'nin' befo', but when dat bullet go by sayin' 'Zoo-o-oone; come along, chile,' Mose fa'rly riz off'n de groun' an' sail. Dey say you coul' 'a played ma'bles on his shut-tail, it wuz dat lebel. Mose an' de pigs pa'ted comp'ny at de fust crossroads, but neider one didn' stop to say fa'ewell. De pigs wuz acuttin' fer de swamp an' Mose wuz ahittin' a bee-line fer home. Dem pigs ain't nebber ben seen er hyeard ob f'om dat day till dis; mebbe day ain't stop yit. When Mose come to de creek dey say he jump thu'ty foot cl'ar 'cross an' nebber tech de watah. De res' ob dat run ain't nobody see—not eben de pigs—'ceppin' de tracks dat Mose lef' in de road, which wuz f'om fo to fibe ya'ds apa't—chile, dat's a fac; I seed 'em myse'f.

"Well, chile, Mose got to de house jes befo' de bushwhackahs, who wuz ridin' hosses dey done stole from Mas' Jim an' de neighbahs, an' he scyeared us all mos' to def ahollerin: 'Run, dey gwine kill us all. Run fer yo' life, Mas' Jim.'

"Mas' Jim an' me wuz so scyeart we didn' know what to do. Den Mose haul Mas' Jim out de bed an' holler, 'Run,' onceet mo'.

"'Wha' to?' Mas' Jim ax.

"'Anywha'; run; clim' de tree, clim' de che'y tree; dey nebber look up da'.'

"I had to pull Mas' Jim up dat tree, he wuz so weak f'om de feber he'd been took wid dat summer. We hadn' mo'n got up da' when we hear em' bus' in de house. De way dey to'e

things up wuz scan'lous; an' when dey ain't fin' Mas' Jim, dat make 'em madder'n ebber. Dey cuss an' dey swear', dey swea' an' dey cuss; an' den dey sot de house on fiah to run 'im out. When dey can't fin' 'im dat away, dey gits tur'ble mad an' say dey gwine hang Mose; fer one ob 'em had cotch him 'jes as he waz sta'tin' to run. Dey tell Mose he got to tell wha' Mas' Jim be; if he don't dey gwine kill 'im sho'. Mose say he don' know wha' he be, 'ceppin' he hea' him say oncet dat he gwine to Souf Cyaliny wid me. He say Mas' Jim done gone 'fo' he git home an' de pigs is lost, an' he scyea'd to go back to de fo't aftah dat. Chile, mebbe you thinks dat's lyin', an' mebbe 'twuz, but I ain't no 'spressible 'pinion ob de man dat wouldn' lie fer Mas' Jimmie.

"Dey take Mose an' tell him fer to make his will an' say his pra'rs 'kase dey gwine kill 'im if he don' tell mighty quick. I seed Mose f'om de tree, an' he waz ashakin' lack er rabbit when he hea' de houn' bellerin' behin' 'im. Den I thinks to myse'f, 'S'pose he wuz to tell; what 'ud happen to me an' Mas' Jimmie? Dey kill us bofe sho' as Jedgmint day.'

"Mose's knees wuz aknockin' like dey wuz atryin' to play a chune, but still he say he ain't know nothin', an' dat de house wuz empty when he git da'. Den de cap'n hab 'im tied to de tree dat we wuz ahidin' in. Bless yo' soul, honey, I wuz some scyeart den. I see Mas' Jim an' he wuz as white as a sheet. Dey tie Mose to de tree and make 'im hol' a papah in his han' fer dat low-life gang to shoot at. Den dem po' white trash fill dat papah plum full o' holes, but somehow dey didn't seem to tech Mose 't all, dough he wuz so scyeared dat he tu'n mos' whitah 'n de papah.

"Aftah dat de cap'n git mad an' cuss an' say he gwine lun dat niggah how to talk. He take de bridle off'n de hoss an' tie a knot in it an' th'ow it over Mose's head an' den dey swing 'im up to de bottomes' limb jes' same as if he wuz a

beef. Mas' Jim try to jump down an' let 'em kill him' stead o' Mose, but I helt him an' tol' him dey wouldn' kill Mose. Fust thing I know Mas' Jim faint as dead as Christmas, an' I thank de Lawd I had holt ob him er he'd 'a' fell sho'. D'rec'ly de cap'n let down Mose an' ax him if he ain't know nothin' now. Mose still say Mas' Jimmie gone off an' he don't know wha' to.

"'Swing him up ag'in,' de cap'n calls out; up he goes onct mo'. Dey let 'im hang da' a long time dis time; seem to me mos' an houah he hang da' atwistin' an' asquirmin'. I'd a jump down an' told 'em to hang me if it hadn' been fer Mas' Jimmie. Bimeby dey cuts him down ag'in an' ax him if he tell dis time. Mose still say he ain't know. Dis time de cap'n git mad as Jeerus'lum, an' make 'em swing him up ag'in while he whips him wid a long blacksnake whip. It mos' kill me to see him hangin' da' wid his han's an' feet all shakin' an' his tongue out. I hope to de Lawd I nebber see sich a sight ag'in. Dis time when dey cuts him down he jes' drap over an' lay still. De cap'n cut him wid de whip, but he only tu'n haf ober an' say he ain't know. Den one ob de men say to de cap'n: 'Let's let 'im 'lone, cap'n; I b'lieve he don't know; an' if he do, he ain't gwine tell.'

"De men sta'ts off an' takes de cap'n wid 'em. I sta'ts down de tree wid Mas' Jimmie, but jes' den de cap'n come back roarin' an' ashootin'. He kick Mose an' ax him if he know. Mose don' move dis time. I don't know whedder he dead or playin' 'possum. De cap'n shoot dat gun o' his'n ebery which away till it wuz empty. Den he goes off. When I gits down an' brings Mas' Jimmie to, I goes to git some watah f'om de spring to po' on Mose's face. When I gits back, I fin' Mas' Jimmie wid his face in his han's cryin', an' Mose's shut open an' his breas' all bloody an' red. Dey wuz a bullet hole clean thoo him. He was dead. Po' Mose!

"We bury him up on de hill dat night, an' befo' day we sot out fer de Virginnie line. De Gov'mint s'plies wuz all bu'nt up, an' dey wan't no call to stay.

"We come back nex' spring aftah de s'rendah an' he'p de soldiers kill de bushwhackahs. But none o' dat couldn' he'p po' Mose. Wha' he gone to I don't know, but if he ain't gone to de good place, mighty few niggahs 'll ebber git da'.

"Now, chile, when you gits to be a man, folks 'll tell you all de da'kies is a mighty bad set—an' mos' ob de young ones is bad enough, de good Lawd knows—but you jes' remembah ol' Mose. If he wan't what white folks calls a hero, den it's beca'se heroes ain't in de same class wid him. He wuz sholy a good niggah."

STORIETTES

THE SKULL HUNTER

HANS HEINRICH.

"Pour you out another dram. It's going to be a fierce night tonight. The wind plays havoe with this old house. It shakes the windows, opens and closes doors and holds high carnival upstairs. And it's welcome, too. I never go up there; the downstairs is enough for me. Ay, this rare old grain was bottled in 1805.

"Yes, I've lived all alone for well nigh twenty years now, covered with the dust of my bookshelves or steeped in the fumes of my chemicals. I've long since stopped practicing. People send for me once in a while, when the other doctors have given them up. And those I cure they say the Devil will get sooner or later. They call me The Skull Hunter, and it's a fine collection I have, I tell you. Gracious, another gust like that'll twist the trees right off their roots. Let me see if that window's down tight. It's dark as Egypt out there. Phew! turn up the lamp a little.

"You and Sutton are the only members of the old class I've seen. Sutton brought his wife to see me.

"Ha! No, that's not the wind. Those screams used to frighten me, but I'm used to them now. Cly doesn't like a night like this. That's the name of a skull I found.

"They say Sutton's wife conjured him. Needn't smile; there's a heap in this world we can't understand. Ever see her? She used to sit over there where you are, her great front teeth protruding and a birth mark like a great red hand across her face seemed to work and produce a kind of snoring wheeze in her nose. So far as I know she hasn't said a word

yet—Phew! Cly is angry at something tonight—that is, before she died.

"What? Hear a wheezing in that corner? Like some one breathing, you say? Yes, I've noticed it too of late—at night. Must be a crack in the chimney.

"While at the table Sutton and myself were discussing the various ways of poisoning. I was telling the advantages of diamond dust and I remember the queer look that passed over Sutton's face. A pinch in one's coffee, and on the second day he dies of 'inflammation of the intestines.' By the way, I wonder what has become of the few grains I had. I looked at it yesterday for the first time since Sutton was here. There's not enough left to kill a cat. If Sutton wanted it he would have taken it, but don't know what he could have wanted with it.

"You'll get used to Cly's screaming. I pay no attention to it. Tonight she's louder than usual though.

"A little while after Sutton left me his wife died. Some intestinal trouble. People with catarrh usually have weak digestive organs. He died about two weeks later. They think he committed suicide. He was found with his throat torn out.

"That's right, and pass that black bottle this way. Another stick on the fire wouldn't hurt. That's the wind upstairs.

"Say you want to see Cly? All right, I'll show you my whole collection.

"Just about two fingers this time. Now hand me the lamp. Follow me; I'll carry the light. Confound it! It always goes out when I pass that place. Right there is where Sutton's wife used to sit and wheeze. You'll find a lighter on the mantel-piece. I've no use for sulphur matches.

"Here it is. I don't like to look at it. It reminds me of someone I've seen, somewhere.

"It was a night about like this when I heard something

knock, knock, knock at my door. I called and called, but nobody answered. Still it knocked, knocked, knocked. I opened the door and this skull rolled in. I can imagine it working up through the moist earth and rolling over lone moonlit fields and through raging winds up to my door. I buried it once, but that night it came back. I've tried every place in the house, but it's quietest when it's in the bandbox up there with the other skulls. Notice how the upper teeth stick out in front, *incisorum protrusum,* the dentists call it. Now I don't know what caused that red splotch on it. Some oxide, probably. Possibly the moisture dripping from the rusting coffin screws gave it its peculiar shape. Looks like a hand, doesn't it? Say, it comes and goes like a birth mark. That's the light, I reckon.

"Confound it! There, the light's out again! Look out! Did it fall on your foot? That thing rolled out of— Quick! the light! Something's got my— God! my hand!

"Gracious, looks like somebody bit it, doesn't it? Help me tie my handkerchief around it to stop the blood; a little salve'll fix it up.

"What you looking on the floor for? The skull? It's back in its box, I expect. Tie it tight and I'll see. Ugh! Look how red that splotch is now, and the teeth are right bloody. Feel how loose they are. Watch the light!

"What's that? Found a name on the lid? 'Mrs. Sutton'? I didn't know that. Wonder why Cly likes to stay in it so well?"

From a newspaper a week later:

SAMUEL MATHEWS MURDERED.

Samuel Mathews, commonly known as The Skull Hunter, who has lived for twenty years alone pursuing his studies of medicine and chemistry in his old mansion fifteen miles west of the city, was found dead this morning with his throat torn open. In the wound was found a dead tooth which the local dentist identifies as a woman's.

SO SUDDEN

D. S. K.

Outside, the wind whistled mournfully around the corner of the house. The sleet played a sharp rat-tat on the panes. Inside the glow from the coal fire filled the room. Everything was tinged a roseate hue. A lamp was not needed.

She was seated on one side of the grate; he on the other. He was bashful; she was anxious. The courtship had been long; and still the proposal hung fire. Attempts at conversation were intermittent.

"Speaking of Mary, Queen of Scots," said he, "she must have been beautiful."

"Yes," she agreed, "and she had such bold, masterful lovers."

"She was a different kind of woman from her cousin, Queen Bess," he continued.

"Yes," admitted she. "I think Queen Elizabeth was unfortunate. She had many lovers, but none of them was strong enough to make her give up her power to him. You know 'Faint heart ne'er won fair lady'."

For several minutes only the popping of the coal could be heard. He was looking at a picture of Bryon over the mantel-piece.

"I admire Byron very much," he remarked at length.

"So do I," said the girl, "he has always been my hero. I just adore that fiery way that he had. They say when he made court to a girl he went at it like storming a castle. You know, I think the men of the present day lack a good deal of the mastery that they used to have."

"I sometimes think so myself," he said.

The girl's chin was pointed a little dangerously. Her eye had the look of the gambler who is playing a losing game.

The silence remained unbroken. Suddenly a blind slammed at the rear of the house. She jumped up. So did he, automatically.

"What was that?" she asked fearfully, clutching at her breast with her hands.

"Nothing at all," he answered.

Unconsciously she swayed towards him. A delicate perfume intoxicated him. His arm crept out.

"This is so sudden!" she murmured. "When shall we announce the engagement?"

THE FLYING TACKLE

J. L. ALLEN, JR.

It was the Fourth of July, 1910. The scene was Atlantic City, and the immense crowd that overran the Boardwalk and peeped bird-like from every window and balcony of the hotels, pavilions, and Japanese shops, and that were packed like sardines on the white-sanded beach between the crowded million dollar ocean piers, was standing on tip-toe with expectancy.

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and, as we watched, a cloud of yellow smoke burst from the mouth of the small cannon on the ocean pier and was followed by a flash of fire and a boom as of thunder. It was the signal gun. A surge of excitement ran over the mob as a squadron of police cleared a narrow lane straight down the smooth beach between the two piers. The police had to work hard, for the pressure of their rope pushed those in the rear into the edge of the waves, but it was all borne with the good nature of a crowd that has already determined to have a good time and is going to have one in spite of all obstacles.

No one heeded so small a thing as a little salt water when the Atlantic garden was waiting with its foaming steins and Parisian waitresses, to send the warm blood tingling through his veins once more.

A cheer arose from the crowd as the folding doors opened, disclosing Glenn H. Curtis, surrounded by a score of newspaper reporters and his corps of mechanicians, making a last thorough test of his biplane. The cheering grew louder as the racer was carefully trundled down the improvised runway and placed in position for the flight. The police raced frantically up and down the ropes, beating back the people who persisted in endangering their own lives by surging forward for a closer look at this calm, self-contained man and his lifeless bird.

Then suddenly, the big bird awoke from its sleep, and those nearest involuntarily shrank back, as the propeller flew around with a swift whirr and a clatter as of a machine gun in action. Curtis, perhaps the calmest man in the crowd, quietly seated himself on his narrow cushion, grasped his levers with both hands, carefully placed his feet in their accustomed place, and gave the signal to let go.

No one but Curtis himself knew that he was this day breaking one of his sternest rules, and placing not only his own life in jeopardy, but endangering the spectators as well, rather than that this immense crowd should be disappointed on the glorious Fourth. He was going to attempt a flight in the teeth of a forty-mile wind, blowing from the sea, and torn by the piers and high buildings into conflicting currents that rushed every way, forming those air-holes which are the despair of every aviator.

The path was clear, except near the other end where the police were still struggling with a few persons who persevered in slipping under the rope and risking their necks for a mere glimpse of this throbbing wonder. However, Curtis gave

the signal, for he expected to be high in the air before half the distance was covered.

The attendants stepped back, the machine seemed to become a thing of life, and he was off. Lightly as a bird he skimmed over the sand, rapidly gaining in speed; then, with the grace of a pigeon as it curves from its perch he left the earth with a little bound, but quickly struck a side current of air, and dipped again to the sand. He had gained speed from the short passage in the air, and was now moving at the rate of an express train. He tried again and again to rise, but at each attempt the wind beat him back and he could rise no higher than the heads of the people. As he rapidly neared the end of the course the few still in the path made a rush for the safety of the ropes. All at once a woman, overborne by the mad rush, fell directly in the path of the machine. It was impossible to stop the swiftly moving ship before it would reach her body, and the only hope lay in flying over her. This might have been easily done, if she had only lain still. But, crazed by fear, she rose and ran directly down the path. Could the airman fly over her now? With a white face and glittering eyes, but with nerves like steel, he did his best; his big planes rocked and quivered under the blows of the boisterous wind; then suddenly a quick blow tilted the right plane too far, and the equilibrium was lost. As one looked from the rear he saw that if the unfortunate young woman escaped from the front wheel her head was directly in a line with the whirling propeller, which would crush her skull like an egg-shell.

"Oh, if she would only fall!" someone exclaimed.

Quick as thought, a slim, boyish figure from some high school eleven darted from the sideline. With a low, flying tackle, he plucked her body from the air, and they both fell prostrate on the yielding sand. In the same instant the aeroplane glided safely over them to a gentle stop a few yards further on.

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JANUARY, 1912.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

H. TYRAM HUNTER, Editor

Wake Forest to Debate Baylor

The Debate Council is at last rewarded for the tireless efforts to find some institution willing to meet our men in debate. Such has been the record of Wake Forest College in swallowing men on the arena and capturing trophies, that some of the institutions have actually shown cold feet when challenged for a debate. "All of them with one accord began to make excuses." Some of them had just made previous arrangements to debate other

institutions; some belonged to Debate Leagues, and could not meet us; others had "sworn off" from debating; and one beloved sister institution, in as much as it "had all to lose and nothing to gain in debating small institutions," flung back the contemptuous Goliath sneer, "You're too little."

But the Debate Council was not daunted. It at last found an institution without cold feet, and we think it is a foeman worthy of our best steel. Baylor University, of Waco, Texas, looms large on the horizon. Wake Forest must meet her at Waco next Easter. Baylor is a large institution of some seven or eight hundred students, and it would mean something for Wake Forest to take a cup from them. This is the beginning of a series of debates. The next will be at Raleigh, N. C., Easter, 1913. In case of a third trial, it will be at Macon, Ga., Easter, 1914. The subject for the first debate is, "Resolved, That the Initiative, Referendum and Recall, the Recall Not to Apply to Judges, is a Wise Government Policy." The Wake Forest men are girding themselves for the contest. The preliminary to determine the speakers will be held some time in January or early in February, and fifteen or twenty fellows have entered the race for the coveted position. We leave prophecy to the editors of greater pretensions, but whether Wake Forest wins or loses, such is the spirit of Wake Forest men that they can take a defeat manfully, though they have never tried the experience often; and Baylor University will leave the arena with at least a few scratches and a high opinion of her adversary.

The Right Idea

Doctor Hubert Royster, of Raleigh, a Wake Forest Alumnus, offers a new medal which not only indicates his love for the old Alma Mater, but reveals his idea of what her sons should be. He believes the colleges should strive to turn out not simply

book-worms on the one hand, nor mere athletes on the other, but well-rounded, healthy, intelligent men, combining the good qualities of each. And so he has offered a medal, to be given each year to the member of the Senior class who has represented the College on some athletic team, and who has achieved the highest standing in his literary work during his college course.

This seems to us to be significant. Doctor Royster has the right idea. Too often the student is nothing but a student, and the college athlete is nothing but an athlete. Indeed it is not rare that those who are called the real students and the college athletes form two distinct, and in some cases antagonistic, classes. Sometimes the socalled student turns up his nose at the said athlete, and the said athlete reciprocates by denouncing the socalled student as a monkish, musty-nosed, *helluo librorum* (or something which sounds like that). There may be some justice in these counter charges; but is it not a case of pot calling kettle black? Are we not all more or less responsible for this lack of harmony between the two classes? Certainly they sometimes blend, and the athlete is likewise a diligent student, and *vice versa*. But these are the exceptions; the classes in question are more or less distinctly marked in every institution.

Doctor Royster's idea is to bring about a union of interests, to get the book-lover occasionally on the side line, or on the gridiron, and the athlete occasionally over his text books. Too long have colleges turned out lop-sided, "half-made-up" men. Of all men in the world college men should be the most clean, vigorous, intelligent, tolerant, likeable fellows. The weak, cadaverous shadow, with a sheepskin, is a walking advertisement of abnormal, one-sided living, and should be pitied; but that is as far as the world's interest will go. The poor fellow should learn the significance of the truth so aptly put by some one: "No person can be a good man until he is

first a good animal." And being a good animal, it might be added, doesn't mean being *all* animal. The world doesn't want a fellow who simply has muscle, or can run, or throw, or kick, or tackle; but it has a large place for the fellow who has these qualities backed up by intelligence and culture.

Spencer says: "Education is the preparation for complete living." We believe this was Doctor Royster's idea in giving the medal—to encourage the preparing of men for complete living. More encouragement like this would not be amiss; and we believe that some day out of the present chaos we should witness the evolution of the all-round man, a man of whom it might be said, as it was of Hercules, and often repeated of Daniel Webster: "Whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever he did, he conquered."

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

LESLIE G. BULLARD, Editor

A Happy New Year to all!

* * *

"How do you do, old fellow? Hope you had a Merry Christmas!"

* * *

Santa Claus left a few Gifties around. The Freshmen now have the opportunity of seeing some who may perhaps be just a little more miserable than themselves.

* * *

About the first of December Professor J. H. Highsmith spent ten days conducting the singing in evangelistic services in Lynchburg, Va.

* * *

The Y. M. C. A. has been fortunate in securing many excellent speakers during the term just closed. On December 4, we had the pleasure of hearing Dr. E. W. Sikes' address on "The Right Way."

* * *

In a meeting of the Athletic Association December 11, Mr. George N. Howard was elected manager of the football team for the season of 1912, and Messrs. C. E. Rodwell and Smiley Oliver were elected assistant managers.

* * *

Mr. Hubert McNeill Poteat, professor of Latin in Wake Forest College, who will enter upon his work here in September, 1912, spent the month of December with his parents at Wake Forest, during which time he took his old place at the big organ.

On December 7 Dr. Len. G. Broughton, passing through, stopped over long enough to visit his old Alma Mater and shake hands with the boys. Many of the students turned out Tuesday afternoon to the chapel to greet Dr. Broughton and hear him speak of the many things that interested him on his recent trip abroad.

* * *

On December 8 the photographer was on the Hill taking the groups for the Howler. As usual showers of burrs, hurled from the hands of the Sophomores, ran the Freshmen from the box. One of the first-year gentlemen expressed it tersely when he said "Burring Newish is only a vulgar habit."

* * *

On Monday evening, November 27, Dr. J. O. Revis, pastor First Presbyterian church, Columbia, S. C., delivered before a public meeting of the Y. M. C. A. a strong missionary address on the subject, "My Recent Visit to Africa." This was one of the best missionary addresses that Wake Forest has been favored with in many years.

* * *

Miss Helen Ray, of Meredith College, has organized a class here in vocal music. Those who join will have the opportunity of blending their voices with some of the sweet singers of Meredith. The prospects are pointing towards a partial consolidation of Wake Forest and Meredith in the near future. We wish Miss Day much success with her class.

* * *

During the latter part of November the Moot Court held its first public session. The case on docket was that of Mr. C. C. Broughton against the Town of Wake Forest for the recovery of damages to his person during his imprisonment. Messrs. Bagwell, Knight, and King appeared for the plain-

tiff, and Messrs. Bernard, Bennett, and E. G. Brown for the town. The judge gave the plaintiff $3,000.

* * *

While many of the students were enjoying pleasantries around their paternal hearthstones, or exercising their lungs on the side lines of the athletic park on Thanksgiving Day, the remaining few, together with the citizens of the town, assembled in the little chapel, where Rev. Mr. Johnson conducted an interesting and helpful Thanksgiving service.

* * *

Owing to the increase in the departments of THE STUDENT it has been necessary to add another editor to the staff. On Saturday morning, November 25, the Phi Society elected Mr. P. P. Green as Local Editor. This position will alternate between the Societies. THE STUDENT staff has been small, compared with those of other magazines, but the increasing work in getting out our magazine makes it necessary to increase our editorial force.

* * *

Monday evening, December 11, closed a most successful year's work of the Y. M. C. A. Under the splendid leadership of Mr. A. J. Hutchins and his efficient band of co-workers, the Y. M. C. A. has taken the front rank in the religious life of the students. The new officers elected for 1912 are: W. C. Ellis, President; J. W. Freeman, Vice-president; Romulus Skaggs, Recording Secretary; O. L. Stringfield, Jr., Treasurer; J. J. Neal, Corresponding Secretary.

* * *

At a regular meeting of the Baraca Class Sunday morning, December 9, new officers were elected for the spring term of 1912. They follow: Prof. J. H. Highsmith, Teacher; J. C. Jones, President; L. B. Olive, Vice-presi-

dent; Victor McGuire, Treasurer; O. F. Herring, Secretary; L. G. Bullard, Reporter. The year just closed has been a successful one for the Baraca Class. Much interest has been manifested in Baraca work by the students and the roll has been noticeably increased.

* * *

At the request of some of the speakers the Senior speaking was deferred until November 23, at which time six representatives of the Senior Class very ably discussed some of the leading topics of the day. The speakers and their subjects follow: R. P. Blevins, "The Call of North Carolina"; G. M. Beam, "Education as an Economic Asset"; G. G. Wall, "A Prince and Martyr"; G. W. Bagwell, "The Independent Voter"; O. L. Riggs, "The Rural South"; M. L. Barnes, "Inspiration of Purpose."

* * *

At a special session of the Board of Trustees in Winston-Salem, December 7, Prof. N. Y. Gulley, Dean of the Law School, was authorized to secure subscriptions for the erection of a law building. It is thought a suitable building can be erected for $15,000, and the hope is expressed that the more than four hundred licensed lawyers sent out by the Law School will rally to the call of their honored professor and insure the erection of this greatly needed building.

* * *

The following members of the faculty attended the recent session of the Baptist State Convention which convened in Winston-Salem. President Poteat, Dr. W. R. Cullom, who was president of the Pastors' Conference and was reëlected to the same position for next year; Prof. Edgar W. Timberlake, Dr. C. E. Brewer, who was one of the secretaries, and Pastor Walter N. Johnson, who made what is universally considered the most important address in the report of the

Board of Missions on the theme "The Practical Application of Christianity to All the Phases of the Life of North Carolina."

* * *

Mr. Billie Heffner, whose frequent visits to the Hill have made him an ardent friend and admirer of the old college and the boys, hands us the following bit of catchy verse:

AT OLD WAKE FOREST.

The pick of Carolina's boys
  Are at Wake Forest.
Some sorrows, yes, but many joys
  At old Wake Forest.
Majestic buildings greet the view,
Where'er one turns there's something new,
An old dyspeptic can't be blue
  At old Wake Forest.

Kind, manly fellows is the rule
  At old Wake Forest.
It is no task to go to school
  At old Wake Forest.
I always feel that I've a part
In well, I hope, more than one heart
When I arrive and then depart
  From old Wake Forest.

* * *

The Student Baraca Class held its annual banquet in the Gymnasium on the evening of November 20. Some twenty young ladies came in automobiles from Louisburg Seminary to be present by special invitation. The gymnasium was attractively decorated with pennants and the college colors. While a big bonfire roared without the large crowd on the inside entered heartily into the festivities of the occasion. After short addresses of welcome by the teacher, Professor Highsmith, and President Huggins, several songs were rendered by the class quartette. Miss Sallie Oldham, of Mere-

dith College, very delightfully entertained all with her splendid readings. Then followed the good things to eat, served by several little maidens of the Hill. Much credit is due to the ladies of the Hill, who joined heartily with the Baracas in making the banquet a success.

* * *

At the recent session of the Texas Baptist State Convention, a Texas Wake Forest College Alumni Association was organized at a banquet given by Rev. D. F. Lawrence, who has lately removed from Louisiana to Fort Worth, Texas. Ten loyal Wake Foresters feasted together and sang the praises of their Alma Mater. Prof. J. L. Kesler, of Baylor University, was made president; Prof. C. B. Williams, of the chair of New Testament Interpretation in the Southwestern Theological Seminary, Fort Worth, was made secretary and treasurer. The other members are Rev. A. T. Frey, of the chair of the Bible in Simmons College, Abilene; Rev. Samuel J. Porter, San Antonio; Rev. W. J. Ward, Divine; Prof. Chas. T. Ball, of the chair of Missions in the Southwestern Theological Seminary; Dr. C. R. Taylor, Graham; Dr. C. A. Ridley, Beaumont, and Dr. Geo. W. Truett, who was elected an honorary member.

* * *

The Debate Council, of which Mr. S. C. Hilliard is president, has been successful in landing another series of debates. On Easter Monday, 1912, in Waco, Texas, Wake Forest will debate against Baylor University on the query, "Resolved, That the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall, the Recall Not to Apply to the Judiciary, is a Wise Governmental Policy." Baylor submitted the query and Wake Forest will have the choice of sides. The second debate will be held in Raleigh, N. C., on Easter Monday, 1913. In the event of a third, which there will be should each institution win one of the

first two, it will be held in Macon, Ga., Easter Monday, 1914. Each institution will have two debaters and one alternate. Already much enthusiasm is being manifested over the coming debate. Nearly twenty-five men are now lined up for the preliminary, and it may be that two teams will be put out should the council make an engagement with another institution.

* * *

The past two months have been rife with class contests, each class battling for the championship. On Tuesday night, November 21, the Seniors defeated the Sophomores in basketball, and again on the 28th, in the score of 17 to 24, the Seniors defeated the Juniors. In football the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen by the score of 10 to 0. Soon after this game the Juniors and Seniors joined battle. The field was hotly contested, but neither side scored. Ironclad had met armored cruiser; Monitor fought Merrimac. Examinations prevented the Seniors from entering the contest a second time, so the Sophomores pitted themselves against the invincible Juniors. Up and down the field they coursed. The battle waged hot, the fighting became furious; but December's ninth sun sank down and left a big goose egg to the credit of each of the contesting classes.

* * *

From the report of the Board of Trustees which was presented by President Poteat to the late Baptist State Convention, the following facts are gathered:

The number of students reported to the Convention in 1910 was 375 as against 413 of this year.

There is a larger enrollment in voluntary Bible and Mission Study Classes than in any previous session.

The pressure upon available lodgings in the College Dormitories and the village raises the alternative of either

building a new dormitory or shutting the door against many worthy applicants for the Wake Forest training.

A movement is on foot looking towards a modern library building and an adequate endowment for the maintenance and extension of the library.

The $130,000 endowment movement inaugurated at the Convention of 1906 closed formally with the close of 1911. The Trustees voted that upon the completion of that fund it should be made a permanent memorial of the late Professor John Bethune Carlyle, who secured the subscriptions to it, and should bear his name.

* * *

On Saturday, November 18, the great football game between Wake Forest and A. and M. took place. A. and M. came out on a special train looking for a little practice game or a great walkover, but perhaps A. and M. overlooked the fact that Coach Thompson has been on the Wake Forest field this season. It was a good day for Wake Forest when by Utley's starring and the splendid work of the other members of the team the score stood at the close only 13 to 5 in A. and M.'s favor. Some say it was A. and M's off-day, but we termed it Wake Forest's *on* day.

A fitting climax to this fine showing and to the close of the season came on Thanksgiving Day when it was left to Wake Forest to uphold the reputation of the State in football. A special train carried a large crowd from Wake Forest to Durham, where Wake Forest defeated the Battleship Franklin in the big score of 26 to 0. Dr. Poteat, in his congratulatory remarks the day after this great victory, said he felt like the ball season should be just beginning; for, with such a beginning, at the close of the season there would be an almost unbroken chain of victories. Such probably was the feeling, but this chain of victories may indeed be completed next sea-

son, for it has been seen that Wake Forest has the material, and with Coach Thompson to shape this material for three more years there is no doubt that Wake Forest will have one of the best teams out.

* * *

[The following piece of doggerel, written by an anonymous hand, was received by the editor at the close of the examination period. Although it is our rule to consign anonymous contributions to the editorial waste basket, we make an exception of this as being in the nature of a few timely and appropriate remarks, although we must not neglect to emphasize the fact that it is an exaggeration, the professor mentioned being one of the kindest and his class a model of industry and linguistic attainment.]

The Late German Examination

(With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe.)

Once upon a midnight dreary
Sat old Finxtus weak and weary
German Grammar looking o'er
To flunk his class forevermore.

Ah! distinctly we remember,
It was in the bleak December
And each separate, single member
    Of the class began to snore
Safe within their beds reclining,
Weary, weary of repining,
Sad and sickened of combining
    Words they never knew before.
Learning Weak and Strong Declensions,
Fearing flunking and suspensions;
Nouns and adjectives forgetting,
Fuming, frowning, fussing, fretting
    For they'll pass, oh, nevermore.

Drearily came on the morrow,
Vainly they had sought to borrow
Ponies, books, to ease their sorrow,
    Exercises used before.
Filled with anguish, sad and broken,
Longing for a happy token,
Pressed they all within the door,
    All to flunk, oh, evermore!

There within the precincts standing
Was old Finxtus, face expanding,
    Stood and gazed upon the floor;
And his eyes had all the seeming
Of a Demon's. They were gleaming
With the joy of victory, streaming
    Rays infernal by the score.
And the class, they soon were seated,
Hearts a-beating, foreheads heated,
    Full of fever, sick and sore.

The exam.—would it were o'er!
Prepositions—*zwischen, vor;*
Past of verbs—*verliess, verlor;*
Orders, normal and dependent;
Prose and verse, rough and resplendent;
Vowels many, short and long,
Conjugations, Weak and Strong.
Himmel, hilf mir! What a bore!

All is over, night is hovering
Mist and darkness now are covering
    Faces drear that smiles once wore;
And wild maledictions muttering,
Stamping, staring, storming, stuttering,
One sole thought they all were uttering—
    "We'll take German nevermore."

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

P. P. GREEN, Editor

After solemnly taking thought and debating the matter with words of learned length and thunderous sound the Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies gravely passed a resolution adding a new department to THE STUDENT. They stipulate that it shall be known as the Local Department, but the editor is to gyrate about in whatsoever way he will, all the same as a whirligig. It will not interfere with the "In and About College" Department, whose editor grubs about among the toadstools seeking facts, but will be more concerned with fancies—more fancies (athletic prophecies) and most fancies (witty remarks alleged to have been perpetrated by the students or faculty), and clippings.

Owing to the fact that Billy Bopeep, the College goat, chewed up the volume from which the editor was expecting to get his original ideas, the fancies will have to be omitted this month. To be sure extreme measures were taken to recover the book. A vacuum cleaner was attached to Billy's mouth and he was given a spoonful of ipecac to keep him in the right frame of mind, but he acted mean about it and mixed Hilliard's waist measure with the number of Congressional Records in the library and after that the apparatus refused to work. It is hoped that the goat will be induced to repent by the next issue of THE STUDENT so the editor may begin giving causes for offense.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

D. S. KENNEDY, Editor

The Exchange editor finds a great deal of trouble in settling down to his work this month. Naturally of a lazy disposition, he does not find much energy in a blaze which is just hot enough to send a glow of warmth throughout the room. And then red apples and popping chestnuts have their lures. To these must be added several friends who are full of Christmas reminiscences: parties, dances, and hours spent with roguish lasses—the feminine kind, and not the co-eds. All of us have felt the riotous spirit of the Christmastide, and, like John Charles McNeill, have passed many pleasant hours with the

> Druid of the sacred oak and mystic mistletoe.

Some of our exchanges date back to Thanksgiving time, and bear the flavor of roast turkey and cranberries. The Christmas vacation which has intervened has partially obscured our memory of November's day of Thanks, but still something rings reminiscently. What is it? Ah, now it is clear. It is this:

> My turkey, 'tis of thee,
> Sweet bird of cranberry,
> Of thee I sing.
> I love thy neck and wings,
> Legs, back, and other things, etc.

Out of the chaos of magazines scattered over the table *The Furman Echo* is the first to meet our gaze. It looks well filled, and the table of contents shows a delectable list of titles. One poem, by virtue of its unique surname, catches our attention at once. It is "The Conquered Breeches." The subject-matter does not at all belie the title. Although a parody

yet the verse has a refreshing variety of ideas. A great many of our magazines would do well to alleviate their concentrated gravity with a few of such humorous poems. "Give Thanks" is a well-worked bit of verse. It shows some points of merit above the average college poetry. "The Soliloquy of a Pipe" also shows originality. We notice that all of the stories have love as the central theme. Of course love is a noble thing, and all that, but the subject is usually overworked by students. The average college love story has an almost incontrollable tendency to drift into sentimentality. It is dangerous ground for the immature writer. The essays do not show as much thought and preparation as the other contributors. Taken all around *The Echo* is creditable to the institution and we are glad to call it our brother magazine from South Carolina.

It is with some curiosity that we open *The Palmetto*—curiosity to find the difference between the literary characteristics of a magazine from a woman's college and our usual masculine exchanges. We find that *The Palmetto* is distinctively feminine. Such expressions as a "big, old, fat turkey," "dreadfully busy," and a "nice, long story," could not under any circumstances have been written by one with a masculine turn of mind. Among the poems, "Carpe Diem," a translation from the Latin, is decidedly the best. The writer of the other contributions of poetry, though they succeeded fairly well, have evidently striven for correct rhyme and meter rather than for poetic expression. "Horticulture in South Carolina" is an essay well worthy of praise. It is the strongest article in the magazine, and has points of merit. We think *The Palmetto* makes a mistake in beginning the magazine with an editorial. It detracts from the interest in the literary department. The proper place for the editorial depart-

ment is behind the literary contributions. The editors of the various departments seem to be working earnestly.

The Tattler, of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, is the best magazine we have received from a woman's college. If all issues are up to the standard of the November issue, it fairly deserves a place among first-class college publications. The editorials are strong and pertinent. "The Tides" is a well-written and expressive poem. 'Stop! Look! Listen!" is ingenious and interesting, but has no literary merit. "The Revolution in China" is a valuable bit of information to those who are not familiar with the political crisis in China at present. "In the Time of Roses" is a real short story. It is considerably better than the average college fiction. In several places, however, the style is slightly affected. "The Value of Physics" is an amusing piece of sarcasm. The essay, "The Universities of Scandinavia," shows painstaking research into its subject. "When Thanksgiving Came" is slightly overdrawn. It is too emotional. Altogether, the editors and contributors are to be congratulated.

The November *Acorn,* of Meredith College, is a disappointment. It does not uphold the standard set by Meredith among the other colleges for women in the State. We are inclined to think that this is due to the non-support of the students, rather than to the fault of the editors. The contributions are not of an even quality, several bear the stamp of immaturity. This probably indicates that the editors do not have the opportunity of selecting among the contributions, but have difficulty in getting enough material for an issue. The blame, accordingly, falls upon those who are supposed to contribute. We are sure that in an institution of such a high standard there are writers who can increase the volume and quality of the magazine. These need to have their college patriotism stimulated. In this issue we find

one good story, "His Masterpiece," and a well-written essay on "The Nature Background in Hardy's Return of the Native." The essay, in its descriptive power, strikes the dominant note in *The Acorn*. It shows a stronger appreciation of the subtle influences of the heath than of the human element in "The Return of the Native." "The Magic of Fright" could be improved considerably. It is too short and the substance of the story is loosely connected. Several episodes are introduced which have little relation to the main point. "Across the Sand Hills" is not a story, but a sketch. It has nothing whatever of a plot. The description is unusually good, and reveals an intimate acquaintance with the sand hills. The "Sketches" have little to commend them. To the average reader, description alone holds slight interest. Even when it has a direct bearing on a story one feels a desire to hurry over it. "In An Automobile at Night" the writer must have had exceptionally good ears to hear, above the noises of the machine, "the faint hoot of an owl that was almost drowned by the deafening croak of a frog." Our main criticism of the magazine is that it lacks individuality. With the exception of the first two articles the contributions seem to have been written aimlessly, and show little maturity of thought. The editorials and notes are creditable to the magazine. "A Meredith Girl at the Fair" should be placed among the "Sketches." Its style is natural and pleasing. The magazine throughout shows a lack of interest on the part of the contributors. We know that this fault can be remedied, and hope to see evidences of improvement in future issues.

Our exchange list at present includes magazines from practically all of the Southern States. We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of our customary exchanges.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

C. HERMAN TRUEBLOOD, Editor

We heartily commend the following article from the pen of Mr. G. T. Stephenson, a prominent son of Wake Forest. It is timely and to the point. Surely, there never has been a time in the history of the College when the Alumni should be brought face to face with their duty, as now.

It is the sincere hope of THE STUDENT staff that this article may be read and approved by the Alumni; and that the suggestions contained therein be put into practice.

Some Suggestions to Our Alumni

THE alumni of Wake Forest are not doing all for the College that they ought to do, or that they can do. The fault lies party in ineffectual organization. The effort thus far has been to reach the alumni *en masse,* rather than to deal with them by classes. But Wake Forest men are now so numerous, so widely scattered, and with such diversity of interests that a recognition of them by classes seems to be the best way to reach them.

With a view of arousing our alumni for their College through their class spirit, I make the following suggestions:

1. That the class of 1902 have a decennial reunion at Wake Forest next Commencement; that the class officers make an earnest effort to have every member of the class present or to get a report from any members who can not possibly be present; that some evening of that week the class hold an informal banquet to be arranged for by the officers or a committee appointed by them.

2. That the reunion of the class of 1902 be taken as a

precedent by subsequent classes, the class of 1903 having its decennial in 1913, and so on.

3. That each class at its decennial make some appropriate gift to the College.

4. That the Alumni Association recognize the class having its decennial by choosing the Alumni orator, whenever practicable, from that class. This, of course, could not apply until the Commencement of 1913.

5. That at the annual alumni banquet in the gymnasium the participants be seated by classes, thus bringing together collegemates.

6. That hereafter an effort be made to get every class back to Wake Forest once every ten years. The class of 1902, holding its first reunion in 1912, would have a second reunion in 1922, a third in 1932, and so on. An example has already been set by the class of 1892 which is planning to have a reunion at the next commencement.

One of the reasons for these class reunions is the great joy they would give to the old Wake Forest men. Another is the interest in and loyalty to the College they would arouse. Another consideration is that Wake Forest has not enough hotel accommodations for all of the alumni, but it can easily take care of two or three or four classes, along with the other alumni who can be counted upon as being present.

I make these suggestions hoping they will meet the approval of the alumni at large, that my class will take the lead in the matter, and that the other classes will follow suit.

GILBERT T. STEPHENSON, 02.

Winston-Salem, N. C., December 15, 1911.

* * *

The following is a very interesting piece of news from across the ocean, concerning the great work which our own distinguished North Carolinian and Wake Forest son, Dr. A.

C. Dixon, is doing in London. We print this just as we find it in the *London Daily Chronicle,* without any apology for its length, for we feel sure that nothing we could print would be of more interest to the sons of Wake Forest than this glowing account of one of her most illustrious sons:

REVIVAL AT SPURGEON'S.

Famous Tabernacle Again Crowded.

NEW PASTOR'S METHODS.

[From a Correspondent.]

There is something like a return of the old glory at Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernacle. Since Dr. Dixon assumed the pastorship of this famous shrine of Nonconformity, the vast church organization at Newington-butts seems to have been filled with new life, and a revival (in, it must be confessed, a new form) of the dogmatic theology of the founder is in progress—quietly, unostentatiously, and, strange to say, successfully. For, with the exception of an occasional and sporadic mission, "soul-saving" churches, in the "revival" meaning of the term, are now few and far between.

The modern spiritual renaissance is expressed in institutional movements, ethical inquiry, and social reform. These are supposed to symbolize the Broad School of Evangelicalism. But here, at Spurgeon's old battleground, is a movement that points to a triumph of old-fashioned, straight-laced ideas of conversion, regeneration, and spiritual culture. Everyone knows that the Tabernacle, since Spurgeon's death, has passed through the crucible of trial. At one time the voice of dissension was heard within its walls; now the "time of the singing of birds" has arrived. Empty pews saddened and depressed the fathers and elders of the church; now the stewards perspire in the aisles in their endeavours to pack newcomers into the space.

A prayer-meeting at the untimely hour of 7 on a Saturday night is attended by hundreds. A "week-night service," usually on a Thursday, draws a crowd that runs into four figures. A Bible-class, at which the new pastor explores the books of the Bible and digs out of them nuggets of moral philosophy that apparently solve the difficulties of not a few of his hearers, is a great success. Last week,

on a night when the streets of London were like a Slough of Despond, 1,200 men and women were present. The pastor handled on that occasion the threadbare topic of Babel's Tower. People sat spellbound under his enunciation of the moral, "In our civic and individual affairs God will not be left out. If we do not let Him in by prayer, He will come in by Providence. God will be honored or avenged."

As the motley stream of students descended the steps of the sanctuary—costers and doctors, old maids and City clerks, South London tradesmen and servant girls—they faced the torrential darkness of South London with smiles.

THE MAN IN THE PULPIT.

What if, after all, instead of the gospel of an enlarged evangelicalism, the people—when the right man is found to proclaim it—are really eager for one that confines the cure of the soul to the forgiveness of sins and the recognition of Christ as a personal Christ? One swallow, certainly, does not make a summer, and one church, especially with the Calvinistic-salvation traditions of Spurgeon's Tabernacle, does not represent all; and what may lead to a revival there might lead to stagnation elsewhere. But even if we grant that the Tabernacle is not an average Nonconformist church, and that the element of popularity may account for the surprise that one sees there now every Sunday night, the characteristics of the change are of more than usual concern.

How can it be accounted for? Perhaps the most correct answer is the man in the pulpit, or rather, the rostrum, for there is nothing religiously conventional about the Metropolitan Tabernacle. No clerical garb denotes the difference between elder and pastor. A choir has never assisted at Spurgeon's. The old precentor method of starting the singing is most effective.

An impressive part of the service is that which attends the giving out and the singing of hymns. One of the congregation steps to the front, lifts his hand, and, with the aid of a poor harmonium below, simply "keeps time." The congregation supplies the soul and music of the praise; and as I listened to the rolling lines of "I love to tell the story" I felt that, if I had shut my eyes, it would have been easy for me to imagine myself at an old Primitive Methodist camp-meeting.

Dr. Dixon, the pastor, is American in manner, speech, dress and thought. He is imposing, with his military moustache, shock of steel-gray hair, falling in a lavish fold over his forehead. Dressed in the uniform of the Horse Guards he would be a vision of greatness. He has evidently been schooled in the theology of Northfield.

His anecdotes are drawn from experience in the United States and colored by the aid of the American preacher's faith in the use of dramatic gesture and force. The pictures of Bible life live before his own eyes, and he describes them as if he saw them "right now."

When I heard him preach he chose a difficult subject.. At a prayer-meeting the night before one of the gathering prayed, "Oh, Lord, send us along some old-fashioned conversions." "That gave me the text for to-night," said the Doctor, "and I will try and answer the question, 'What is an old-fashioned conversion?'"

Then he took his South London audience to the United States, and described a camp-meeting with 20,000 men and women. All classes were present. Preachers, learned and illiterate, took part in the 14 days' services, during which men and women were carried out prostrate and unconscious. Regaining consciousness they would shout "Hallelujah" and "Glory," and continue in a state of rapture for some time. "And all that," observed Dr. Dixon quietly, "was organized under the good Presbyterians."

Then came a surprise, for the camp was so sympathetically described, and the tone of the doctor's voice and allusions even to the prostrations so warm, that one expected from him a defence of these strange scenes. But no.

BACK TO SPURGEON.

"I do not call these old-fashioned conversions," he said. "I call them modern conversions, and I consider their extravagances did the cause of evangelical religion much harm."

The gist of the sermon was that old-fashioned conversions are described in the New Testament. The preacher selected ten of them, and placed them in pairs by way of contrast:—

Nicodemus, and the Woman of Samaria.
Lydia, and the Jailer.
The Eunuch, and Saul of Tarsus.
Andrew, and Peter.
The Conversions at Pentecost.

Here was a rich field for the pulpit artist, which Dr. Dixon is in a non-oratorical but absorbing sense. He talks plainly and simply. He uses few words with more than three syllables. He is easy to understand.

That night he fascinated his flock with descriptions of an Eastern market-place, the woman at the well, Saul on the way to Damascus, the splendid young martyr (Stephen), and incidents illustrative of his points. And these were also simple, even when he quoted Pro-

fessor James's definition of conversion, that seemed a trifle above the heads of his congregation.

As to his logic, it may be summed up in a sentence. The basis of all his argument is essentially Spurgeonic. He stands by the Old Book. Facts stated there are facts.

The miraculous in Paul's conversion is accepted without qualification, and he plays upon a word in the manner of the old evangelist, as if some great verity hung upon an adverb or adjective. In fact, there is an utter absence of the negative in his theology. Hence the confidence he displays and the confidence he inspires.

His contention about the above conversions is that, though varied in scene and character, they have in common the elements of a change of heart. They are all marked by suddenness, a sense of spiritual need, and a recognition that Christ was God, and so Dr. Dixon concluded that the old-fashioned conversion that he wants to see at the Metropolitan Tabernacle is a change of heart that "takes place in one day, aye one hour, one moment, in short, the birth-crisis of a soul takes place in one second of time."

Does this teaching succeed? Will it help to dispel some of the social sadness of South London? Will it continue to hold the field? Judging by the faces of the 4,000 people who listened to the preacher last Sunday, it looks as if this old gospel is not played out. But here is a rather remarkable fact. Pastor and elders are busy every Wednesday night dealing with anxious inquirers, and accepting new members into the old fold. And the elders are beside themselves with pleasure.

* * *

Mr. Oscar E. Winburn (1892-3, '94-5, '95-6, '96-7) entered College from Fayetteville, N. C. During the first year after leaving Wake Forest he was in Boston, Liverpool, Wake Forest, and Bridgeport, Conn. In the latter city he married, and now has three children. The last ten years of his life he spent in New York City, working as a compositor on all the New York dailies. He became much interested in labor union affairs, and for several years was an officer of the New York Typographical Union. Last winter the national organization sent Mr. Winburn to Southern California to effect the political organization of its forces in that region. At present he is located in Los Angeles.

William Harvey Vann (M.A., 1907), sometime Associate Professor of English, Furman University, S. C., is doing special work in Columbia University.

* * *

A letter from Prof. F. W. Kurfees:

MORVEN, N. C., Dec. 9, 1911.

DEAR SIR:—I have charge of the Morven High School this year. We have a nice $10,000 building, with all the modern improvements, a nice large auditorium on second floor equipped with opera chairs. We have six teachers, and the best school in the history of the school. Morven is a hustling town in the cotton growing section of North Carolina. I am always interested in Wake Forest; to read about the college is like getting a letter from home.

A line or two from Rev. W. E. West:

SPRAY, N. C.

DEAR EDITOR:—At your request I am writing to you concerning my work.

I have been here at Spray about two months, and of course am not as well lined up in the work as I would wish.

The church here is a live one. We have something like three hundred members; since I came here we have had several additions to the church, and others waiting to be received.

The new building is almost completed. There is some debt, but we hope to pay it all off in a few months.

A few words from Prof. John R. Carroll:

WINTERVILLE, N. C.

DEAR SIR:—How is the world serving you? I hope you are enjoying your work. It would give me a great deal of pleasure to be back with the fellows for a while. The next best thing is to read THE STUDENT. I enjoy seeing where the fellows are at work and what they are doing.

Did you know that J. L. Olive is teaching here with us? We had more students than we could handle, and I persuaded him to come to our aid. We are having a good time and plenty of work. Come down to see us some time.

* * *

1880. Mr. John M. Davis, whom older Wake Forest men will remember as the man who heroically cut his way

through the Forest financial difficulties with his axe, and whose graduating oration on the subject, "Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where They May," is president of the Fear Naught Company, a manufacturing enterprise at 309 Broadway, New York City.

* * *

1890. The resignation of Judge George W. Ward, of Elizabeth City, from the Superior Court bench of North Carolina, on account of ill health, has occasioned universal regret. For the past seven years his distinguished abilities have adorned the high position which he filled. Judge Ward took a M.A. degree from Wake Forest.

* * *

1909. Rev. E. E. White has accepted a call from the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia, and will enter upon the pastorate after his ordination, which will probably occur early in January.

* * *

1893. Rev. C. H. Durham was unanimously elected president of the Baptist State Convention at Winston-Salem. The wisdom of the Convention in electing him was amply justified by his able administration.

* * *

1908. Rev. Aurenus Tilden Howard is the pastor of the Baptist Church at Clarksville, La. He entered upon his work there the first of last September.

* * *

1903. Mr. Stephen Gordon Hasty, principal of State High School at Churchland, N. C., paid a visit to Wake Forest early in December, and attended the Baptist State Convention at Winston-Salem. Principal Hasty married Miss Etta Pickler, of Spencer, N. C., June 19, 1911.

"Oxford, N. C., Dec. 14, 1911.—The directors of the Oxford Asylum held their annual meeting here tonight.

"In his report to the directors, Superintendent Brown made two recommendations that will interest the State. He wrote:

"There are two more suggestions I wish to take the liberty of making at this time. One is that a granite arch be authorized to be built at the main entrance to the grounds on College street out of funds which may be contributed for that purpose in the future. The said granite arch to be built as a memorial to the first superintendent, Brother John H. Mills. No man in the State has done a deeper, more far-reaching or lasting work for his generation than Brother Mills, and I believe Masonry will honor itself in building on the grounds where he fought the initial battle on behalf of our orphan children, the results of which will furnish them homes and training through coming generations, a granite arch of such dignity and cost as will be in keeping with the work of the one its existence is intended to honor."—*News and Observer.*

* * *

1901-2. Mr. James Crawford Little, late of Guthrie, Oklahoma, has established himself as a member of the Raleigh bar.

* * *

1900. Rev. Oscar L. Powers, of Scotland Neck, delivered one of the notable addresses at the Baptist State Convention. It was in support of his report on the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville.

* * *

Mr. U. E. Swann holds the responsible position of cashier of the Beaufort Bank, Beaufort, N. C. Mr. Swann is highly esteemed in his town, and exerts an influence for good —being an active worker and officer in the Baptist church.

CLIPPINGS

SUNDAY JARS.

Sue—"The church is jammed."

Lou—"The Lord preserve us."

WHY.

"Why are you so sore on that eminent millionaire? He has done some good things."

"Yes. I was one of them."

WORSE.

It was a dark morning, and Mr. Dorkins was groping around in the basement when somebody suddenly flashed a dark lantern in his face. Mechanically he threw up his hands.

"I'm the gas meter inspector," explained the intruder.

Whereupon Mr. Dorkins held his hands up still higher.—*Chicago Tribune.*

WHAT MILTON OMITTED.

The rebellious angels had just been cast out of heaven. In the swift downward flight Lucifer overtook Beelzebub.

"What's troubling you, Bub?" he called.

"An old problem," answered the future foul fiend, between somersaults. "Where are we going this fall?"—*Lippincott's.*

Newish Harrell—"I can't write as well as I used to. I think my work is falling off. My last work is not near so good as my old."

Pud Thaxton—"Oh, nonsense. You write as well as you ever did, my boy. Your taste is improving. That is all."

FITTING.

"Do you know of any good remedy for a deadlock?"

"I should suggest a key to the situation."

EXPLAINED.

"Was it a case of love at first sight?"

"No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."—*Judge.*

She was young and very fair. Likewise she was bashful and she lisped. Bearing these things in mind, gallant gentleman that he was, Mr. Dubose leaned nearer and inquired which she preferred, a kiss or an embrace.

"Oh, Mithter Duboth," exclaimed the innocent maiden.

Which he did.

THE REAL PUZZLE.

Father (impressively)—"Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you, my boy?"

Irreverent Son—"I'd stay here. The question is, What would become of you?"—*West Chester Critic.*

R-R-REVENGED.

"Shine yer boots, sir?"

"No!" snapped the man.

"Shine 'em so's yer can see yer face in 'em," urged the bootblack.

"No, I tell you!"

"Coward!" hissed the bootblack.—*Ladies Home Journal.*

TABLES TURNED.

Alfred has so often been asked by admiring strangers, "Whose boy are you?" that it was perhaps no wonder when he finally turned the tables on his elders. This he did one evening by enquiring, very sweetly, of a young gentleman who was calling on Alfred's sister, "Whose papa are you?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Bull—"There! Darn the luck! I've gone and butted him over the fence!"

LOOKED SUSPICIOUS.

The Stranger—"Are you quite sure it was a marriage license you gave me last month?"

The Official—"Of course. What's the matter?"

The Stranger—"I've lived a dog's life ever since."—*Philadelphia Times.*

The dove returned to the ark. "We shall have peace," it cried; "there is no land to fight about and nobody to fight."—*New York Sun.*

IT LOOKED THAT WAY.

One morning a man walked into his club, smiling, and said: "Boys, I'm afraid I took on more wine last night than a church member should take."

"Why so?" said one of his friends.

"Well, you see, this morning when I came to breakfast my wife said to me: 'William, what was the matter with you last night? You stood beside the bed for some time looking at me and finally said, "Well, I swear you two girls look enough alike to be sisters."' "—*Ladies Home Journal.*

IN BOSTON.

"Please, ma'am," said a servant, "there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs."

"Why, Bridget," answered the mistress in a reproving tone, "what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we do not want any."—*Ladies Home Journal.*

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED.

"Well, I declare!" said Lot, as he realized that his wife had been turned into a pillar of salt. "That's a strange phenomenon. I always thought the old lady was largely pepper."

Whereupon he dug a salt cellar and laid her gently away therein before moving on.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Newish Jenkins (when the Freshman picture was taken)—"It oughtn't to be allowed. This throwing of burs is nothing but a vulgar habit, anyway."

JOHN BETHUNE CARLYLE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

JOHN BETHUNE CARLYLE

MEMORIAL NUMBER

OF

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

FEBRUARY, 1912

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FOREWORD

The Editors offer to the public this collection of Biographical Sketches of Professor J. B. Carlyle with the desire of thus perpetuating in a permanent form the memory of a patriotic citizen, an inspiring educator, a brilliant orator, and a fruitful worker for Wake Forest College and the Baptist denomination. May the story of his useful life be an inspiration and encouragement to others.

The success of this work is in greatest measure due to the cordial coöperation of those who have written the series of reminiscences contained in this volume. To them all we extend our sincere thanks. Special meed of praise is due to Mr. R. C. Lawrence, of Lumberton, who has generously given of time and means to what has been to him, as to us all, a labor of love.

JOHN BETHUNE CARLYLE

1858—1911

Professor Carlyle was born at St. Paul's, Robeson County, N. C., in 1858; he passed into the eternal world from the College Hospital at 2:20 a. m., July 10, 1911.

Prepared for college in the Academy at Fairmont, N. C., and entered Wake Forest College the fall of 1883, graduating Master of Arts in 1887.

Teacher at Lumber Bridge, 1887-1888.

Superintendent of Public Instruction for Robeson County, 1888, but resigned before entering upon the duties of that office to accept a position in Wake Forest College.

Assistant Professor of Languages, Wake Forest College, 1888-1891.

Professor of Latin Language and Literature, Wake Forest College, 1891-1911.

Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education of the Baptist State Convention, 1890-1891.

Treasurer Students' Aid Fund, 1898-1908.

Financial Agent Wake Forest College, securing funds for the erection of the Alumni Building, 1903-1905; for the College Hospital, 1905-1906; for the General Endowment of the College, $117,798.56, 1907-1911.

President North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, 1904.

President North Carolina Baptist State Convention, 1907 and 1908.

Sunday School Teacher and Deacon Wake Forest Baptist Church.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXI February, 1912 No. 5

THE PASSING

H. T. HUNTER.

Great souls pass on, and in the whelming sense of Night
We sit appalled. For one sad while does Nature weep;
The air is still, all day the lark his measured flight
Postpones, and whispers on a weed and tries to sleep;
The babbling brooks are hushed, and calm within the bars
The sobbing ocean hugs the silence of the stars.

No truer, braver, nobler soul has ever manned
The sails of Life, or furled them in the port of Death.
His quest was Peace, and yet no ruthless pirate band
But knew his power; and burdened was his latest breath
With prayer that Truth and Light, for which his strength was given,
Might bridge the darkness twixt the human soul and heaven.

Though fashioned in the molds wherein the gods were made,
He yet surpassed the gods in that he was so mild:
Such love for all mankind this princely servant had
As stirs the mother's breast when crooning o'er her child;
And the elements within him did so fitly blend
That every one who knew him hailed him Comrade, Friend.

Still facing on he saw a brighter morn unfold,
And calmly smiled; as gently did the struggle cease
As lily petals fall, or softest twilights hold
The fragrance of the rose. 'Twas heaven's granted peace.
Thus passed behind the veil, beyond our feeble span,
Priest worthy of the earth's long travail for a Man.

CHAPTER I.

CARLYLE THE ROBESONIAN

R. C. LAWRENCE, OF THE LUMBERTON BAR.

[Mr. Lawrence, the author of this paper, passed a brilliant career in Wake Forest College, being at one time the Editor-in-Chief of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT and a recipient of one of the Thomas Dixon medals. He was graduated from that institution with the degrees of B.A. and B.L. in 1898. After several years of practice of the law at Raleigh he came to Lumberton, entering the firm of McIntyre & Lawrence, now McIntyre, Lawrence & Proctor. By his exceptional energy and ability he has won for himself the reputation of being one of the most scholarly and successful lawyers in the State. Being an intimate friend of Professor Carlyle, and living for years among those who knew and honored the brilliant son of Robeson, he is able to write with authority on "Carlyle the Robesonian."]

The subject assigned me is a broad one, for to write of Carlyle the Robesonian is to write of Carlyle the man. His love for his native county was so intense, his interest in her prosperity and the advancement of her people so keen that any extensive account of his activities as associated with the county of his birth must of necessity take a wide range and cover almost the entire field of a life of great activity and much usefulness.

His love for his county was impressed upon me the very day I made his acquaintance. When I matriculated at Wake Forest in the fall of 1891 I entered the class in "prep" Latin then taught by him. On the first day of the term, before the class was organized, he made inquiry of the different students as to the county whence they came, and commented briefly upon the men of prominence produced by the counties represented in the class. After so doing he launched into a eulogy of the county of Robeson

and glowingly depicted the grandeur of the county and the virtues of her people. I can see him now, smiling, standing on his tip-toes, his hands in the lapels of his vest. I then became satisfied of three things—that John B. Carlyle was something of an orator; that he was a good "jollier," and that he loved the county of Robeson. His love for his native county was but natural. The Carlyles had lived in what is now Robeson County long before the county was established and for generations back had been bound to it by ties of blood, of property and of association. To them the county was literally "home, sweet home." Several branches of this family resided in the locality, the name being spelled variously as Carlyle, Carlile and Carlisle. After the battle of Culloden Professor Carlyle's ancestors, along with other Scotch emigres, became the pioneer settlers of the Cape Fear section—a section noted to this day as the residence of the largest settlement of Scots in the Western Hemisphere.

Here in the eighteenth century came James Carlyle and his brother, Alexander Carlyle (great-grandfather of Professor Carlyle), and established their residence among the fertile fields bordering the quiet waters of Ten-Mile Swamp, in what was then Bladen, now Robeson, county. These early settlers were stern men, having far more of the Puritan than the cavalier in their composition, realizing fully that upon them rested the task of guiding their people in a new land amid a strange environment. They were plain people seeking to carve a competency from the wilderness among the swamps whose soil had not yet yielded the fruit of the abundant harvest. They toiled six days in the week and worshiped God with great fervor on the seventh. Work and religion were the two great passions of their lives, and both were prosecuted with zeal and untiring energy. With the proverbial thrift and frugality of the Scotch, they began

early to acquire lands, and what they acquired they kept, the early records showing that they acquired estates considered large in that day and time. It was a primitive community in which they lived, wherein the pride of family did not enter. One man of character was esteemed of equal worth with any other man of character, and the desire for the "family tree" had not then penetrated the sanctuary. For this reason the genealogy of the family, back of Alexander and James Carlyle, is veiled in the obscurity of the centuries. One thing, however, is certain: there was no "race suicide" in the family as numerous sons and daughters testify.

Among the children of Alexander Carlyle was Elias Carlyle (grandfather of Professor Carlyle), who lived to the ripe age of 85, dying as recently as January 24, 1881. He married Margaret Schenk, who died March 10, 1862, at the age of 62. Elias Carlyle was a noted Biblical scholar in his day and old residents of the community tell with what eagerness he entered into discussion and disputation concerning different passages of scripture. He waged theological war, first with his neighbors, then with himself.

Among the children of Elias Carlyle was Irvin Carlyle (father of Professor Carlyle), who was born February 15, 1821. He was married to Annie Bethune (born March 11, 1820; daughter of Sallie Bethune, nee McMillan) March 14, 1844. Irvin Carlyle died March 1, 1886, aged 65. His wife died September 10, 1892, aged 73. The children of Irvin Carlyle and his wife Annie were as follows:

1. *Sarah M. Carlyle.* Born March 27, 1845. Married Archibald Willis. Dead, leaving issue.

2. *Eleanor J. Carlyle.* Born April 19, 1847. Married E. J. Biggs. Living, with several children.

3. *Mary T. Carlyle.* Born October 23, 1849. Married Jonathan Ratley. Dead, leaving issue.

4. *Athesia B. Carlyle.* Born March 24, 1851. Living; unmarried.

5. *Amantha B. Carlyle.* Born April 2, 1854. Married Richard Humphrey. Dead, leaving issue.

6. *John Bethune Carlyle.* Born March 29, 1859. Subject of this sketch.

7. *Dennis D. Carlyle.* Born April 28, 1862. Died after reaching manhood, unmarried.

Having thus briefly traced his ancentry, let us examine conditions which surrounded the childhood of Professor Carlyle and inquire into the causes which induced him to make the then uncommon attempt to secure a collegiate education. While the original Carlyle estate had been large, the number of children among whom the estate had to be divided was proportionately larger, and by division and subdivision the shares had dwindled until that which came to Professor Carlyle's father, Irvin, was of small acreage. Besides, land was cheap and soon came the war between the States, with attendant privations and hardships, freeing the slaves and still further reducing the value of the land. Immediately after the war, when Carlyle's school days began, the country was utterly impoverished and exhausted. The family raised plenty of meat and bread, but there was no ready money. The land was then an asset of small value, especially the swamp lands, and round, unbled old field pine timber, so valuable now, was then considered as practically worthless—its remoteness from the market not justifying the hope that it would ever become of value. The truth is, that following the war and the freeing of the slaves the Carlyles were poor and it was all that Irvin Carlyle could do to make buckle and tongue meet for his large and ever growing family. Under these conditions an education for the boys was not to be thought of. Besides, they were intended for the farm and to be

tillers of the soil as their forbears had been, and they did not need an education. A common school education—the three R's—was considered sufficient to fill every requirement, and hence young Carlyle was sent first to Miss Celia Biggs, who taught a small subscription school in an old barn on Ten-Mile Swamp (near the present residence of Dr. S. B. Rozier, Sr.), and then to the common public schools of the neighborhood, his teachers being Margaret Evans and Calvin McIver. Having attended these schools his education was deemed complete. He could both read and write.

Just here occurred one of those trivial events, so small in themselves, yet so fraught with importance to the individual as to change the entire current of the life and alter the destinies of the soul. The nursery rhyme attributing the loss of the battle to the want of a horse shoe nail is perfect in its illustration of these momentous results caused by such slight influences. In the case of Professor Carlyle, the influence which caused him to secure an education and to enter upon his subsequent brilliant career, was the running away of a mule. Prosaic thing! His father had sent him to the mill with corn to be ground; the mule became frightened and shied, overturning the cart and pinning young Carlyle under it. After this the young boy was sickly, and his father, thinking that he might never again be fit for manual labor, considered the matter of a college education to prepare the youth as a teacher. While the subject was being considered another mule ran away with the boy, and this time young Carlyle was thrown on his head and severely injured. That settled it, and an education was determined upon. North Carolina owes much to the memory of those mules and to the evil genius which prompted them to assert on those particular occasions their propensity for doing the unexpected.

Having recovered from the injuries sustained in the run-

aways, young Carlyle, at the age of 15, was sent to attend a boarding school for boys at Ashpole (now Fairmont), in Robeson County. Stinceon Ivey, of blessed memory to so many of our people, was principal of this school, and here young Carlyle remained for three years, returning home and working on the farm during the summer months. Here ambition first asserted itself. He studied and studied hard. Rev. W. W. Willis, then his class-mate and afterwards his pastor at Saddletree Church, writes that at this period young Carlyle "was an apt scholar. I used to think that he was almost inspired in the difficult study of mathematics." But this "inspiration" was only the result of hard work—work of the samo kind that afterwards enabled him to win Latin and Greek medals in the keen competition encountered for such honors at Wake Forest College. It was here, also that Carlyle's latent talent as a public speaker began to be exhibited. Together with several of his companions he organized an informal debating society, the meetings being held in the rooms of the several members and the subject not being announced until after the meeting had been called to order. I imagine these meetings were such as Owen Johnson describes as being held in tho rooms of Swazay at Yale University in his story "Stover at Yale," now current in *McClure's Magazine*. It is related that no matter how many and how long had been the speeches, the meetings could not adjourn until Carlyle had had his say. A class-mate writes that what Carlyle said "carried with it common senso as well as argument, showing his ability as a debater and the pent-up power of oratory which afterwards was to thrill the thousands." This informal debating at the school at Ashpolo laid the foundation of his ability as a speaker and his ready ease as a platform orator. Before he was 18 years old ho had exhibited a good stage presence in a marked manner. Whilo yet a student at Ashpole he

attended a reunion of the "Scottish Greys," a military organization that had gone out from the neighborhood of Saint Paul's to the War Between the States. At this reunion a prominent State officer was to deliver a formal address, and a multitude had turned out to hear the distinguished speaker. It was a notable occasion, and great was the regret when the man of prominence failed to show up. The committee in charge in its distress was about to dismiss the audience, when young Carlyle took a member of the committee aside and volunteered his services. The committee at first demurred, for they doubted the ability of the stripling to make any speech at all, much less to take the place of the speaker on the program. Was he not "home-made"? And what good ever came out of Nazareth? Their dire necessity, however, forced their consent, and so Carlyle spoke. It is related by one of the audience that his impromptu speech made a marked impression. A present commissioner of this county said to me a few days ago: "When I heard him speak under those conditions I knew there was something in him out of the ordinary, and that if he lived North Carolina would hear from him."

While thus engaged in laying the foundation of his education he did not neglect the religious side of his development. At the age of 14, and before he attended school at Ashpole, he became converted under the preaching of Elder Elias Johnson and became a member of Saddletree Baptist Church. He retained his membership there until he entered Wake Forest, where, upon matriculation, he moved his letter and retained his connection there until his death. He was long a deacon of that church and his Sunday School class was a noted one. When forced by illness to relinquish his work his Sunday School class continued to be taught until his health forced him away to the mountains.

While he was a student at Wake Forest he felt a call to

enter the gospel ministry, and consulted with the pastor of his home church in regard to the matter, asking "How does a man feel when God has given him a call to preach?" He pondered this question long, but finally became convinced that his call to usefulness did not lie in that direction. Indeed, after a time, we find him considering for his life's work the law!

Leaving Ashpole after three years' residence he taught school for a time, then engaged in the turpentine business, and for a few months attended the University of North Carolina. Reared, however, in a Baptist community, under Baptist influences, he soon felt himself unplaced, and so, in the fall of 1883, at the age of 25, he matriculated as a student in Wake Forest College.

The course he followed in college was much the same followed by him in the institute at Ashpole. He was consumed with ambition and undertook work that would appall a student of this generation. Now a student desiring to excel in honors seeks his goal *either* in his studies *or* in oratory and debate. Carlyle did both. He twice became the public representative of the Philomathesian Society, once as debater and once as orator. He also took the time-honored Freshman medal for improvement in oratory and the then newly established medal for the best essay. Any one might be proud of such a record, but this is not all. Carlyle also won the Greek medal, the Latin medal and became salutatorian of his class. All these have long since been happily abolished, the fathers reflecting that live men do the college the most good and that working for medals and for "place" in scholarship is conducive neither to good health nor a long life. The contest for these college honors was very keen, and his sister relates that at times her brother would get so tired and so sleepy that he would be moved to quit for the night and retire. At such times, about

midnight, he would go out and look at the room of his opponent. If no light was exhibited he went back satisfied and to bed. But if a light was shown it filled him with renewed energy and back he went to his toil. He could not bear to sleep while his opponent worked! This was the key to his whole life.

He was graduated from Wake Forest with the class of 1887, Master of Arts. The parlor in the old homestead is a shrine to Wake Forest. There may be seen numerous photographs of graduating classes, anniversary debaters, commencement orators, society speakers, college groups of various kinds, diplomas and other mementos of Wake Forest. One instinctively feels that the room is sacred to sweet memories of the past and hallowed with associations of those now gone before.

But one thing remains to be told of his college life. His poverty forced him to contract a debt to secure his collegiate education, and the memory of Dr. R. H. Timberlake should be held in grateful reverence for having had sufficient faith in the ability and integrity of the young student to furnish him with funds—without any security—to complete his education. The money so advanced was promptly repaid the very first year after Carlyle's graduation. We believe no investment ever paid larger dividends either in this world or in the world beyond. The investment of money in character and in men evidently impressed itself upon Carlyle, for he afterwards assumed and prosecuted with unflagging zeal the thankless task of secretary of the Students' Aid Association. In this capacity he greatly increased the funds at the disposal of the association. After his death his executor found among his papers a large pile of notes given by young men all over North Carolina to whom Carlyle had personally advanced funds to complete their education at Wake Forest. Let this be the answer to those of us who

were rather too ready to criticise the man for being close in matters of money.

He had about determined upon the practice of the law as his life's work but the death of his father in his senior year caused a change in his plans, and after mature deliberation he then decided upon teaching. Therefore, upon his graduation, he taught for a year at Lumber Bridge in Robeson County. He entered upon this work with characteristic energy and enthusiasm, and during the short period of his incumbency at that place delivered a number of addresses along educational lines, inciting and stimulating the youth of the county to make any sacrifices necessary to secure not only a common school but a collegiate education. He extended his already wide acquaintance among our people until there was scarcely within our borders a man whom he did not know personally, together with "his wife and her people and all their people." At the time of his death the two men having the widest personal acquaintance among the people of North Carolina were undoubtedly John B. Carlyle and Judge Charles M. Cooke, of Louisburg.

A year after leaving college he was chosen Superintendent of Public Instruction for Robeson County, and about the same time he was elected as assistant professor of Latin and Greek in Wake Forest College. He accepted the latter position and occupied this chair for three years and until his election as full professor of Latin in the same institution in the year 1891. This chair he occupied to the time of his death.

Others will write of his great work as a professor in Wake Forest and of his valuable services to his State as a teacher, as an inspirer of youth and as a leader in the development of the commonwealth. I simply pause here to make acknowledgment of the personal inspiration that came to me as I sat under him from day to day. He moved men with

the desire to get out and tear up the earth—to do things, and then more things. He inspired his pupils with the belief that nothing was beyond their power of personal achievement. He also had a way of getting work out of a class by setting one class over against a former class, and of setting one student against another student's work. In this way he could get more out of a class than would otherwise have been gotten, and there was a magnetism and an inspiration about the man that moved those under him to do the very best of which they were capable.

The two great influences that operated to mould the character of Professor Carlyle and to shape his destiny were his brother, Dennis D. Carlyle, and Wake Forest College. It will be observed that I place Dennis first. Great as was the influence of Wake Forest the influence of the brother was greater. Few people without the borders of Robeson ever heard of Dennis Carlyle. He was three years younger than his brother John B., and did not have the advantage of an education. He was one of those modest, unassuming, quiet men whose force and depth of character is felt only by those closely associated with them. He was a singularly pure and upright man, and his great influence upon his older brother was entirely for good. Professor Carlyle leaned heavily upon him and to the time of his death never entered upon any undertaking without first seeking the approval of the younger brother, upon whose counsel and advice he so implicitly relied. John B.'s nature was impulsive and impetuous while that of Dennis was essentially cool, calm, thoughtful and reflective—thus the one acted as a balance wheel upon the other. The bones of Dennis Carlyle have long since mingled with the dust. He died unhonored and unsung but not unwept, and the good he did will live on and on in the lives of those with whom he communed.

Professor Carlyle was essentially a man of affairs. He was not a scholar; he was not a deep thinker. He moved on the same plane the great mass around him moved; lived the life they lived; was interested in the things that interested them. Instead of being a scholar and moving in a plane distinct from, if not above, that occupied by the ordinary man, Carlyle always met the ordinary man upon life's ordinary level. He was more of a business man and an executive administrator than a scholar, and if he had entered the business world would have attained a commanding position. In his long connection with Wake Forest its business affairs were of chief moment to him. By inheritance and by disposition he was essentially frugal, with an eye always on the present situation and his hand always on the public pulse. While others were engaged in the routine work of professorial duties Carlyle was out gunning either for money or students. He usually got both. He had the capacity of the expert man of business to tell the effects of material conditions as reflected in the life of the college, and he could very accurately predict the effect of crop conditions upon the number of students to matriculate the following fall. I think he considered the college in respect to its finances and the campaign for students much as he did his own private property. His private finances were admirably managed, and upon his death the miracle was exhibited of a college professor who had managed to leave something for the support of his wife and children. The affairs of the college were upon his mind and heart to the same extent as his private affairs, and he strove diligently day and night, in any and all ways, to advance the position of the college, to conserve its resources and to broaden the scope and extend the influence of its work. Wake Forest College was the one great passion of his life. He worked for it by day and dreamed of it by night, and his last words

were a prayer for its continued prosperity under God. It was his cloud by day and his pillar of fire by night.

Carlyle's estimate of men was authoritative. He could "size up" a man more effectually than any man I have ever known. At the end of a student's first session Carlyle could tell whether he had anything in him. If he did, Carlyle cultivated him to bring out the best there was in him, not only for his own sake but to add another star to the crown of Wake Forest. If there was nothing in the man he dropped him. He was too busy to waste his time.

Carlyle was one of the most expert local politicians of his generation. Had he entered the political arena (as he was often urged to do) he might have had any office in the gift of the people. There was no man in North Carolina who was better or more widely known or who had a more loyal following. Men either loved Carlyle whole-heartedly or else they did not like him at all. He had a keen political perception and could detect the coming ground swell of public opinion long before the ordinary man could see a ripple on the surface. He loved politics next to Wake Forest, and was at his very best when addressing a political convention in his native county. It was also his delight to be around when the Legislature was in session, and few could excel him in the gentle art of "lobbying" for measures which he conceived to be right and particularly for measures in which Wake Forest men or some Wake Forest *man* was interested. He took keen interest in legislation such as the Constitutional Amendment and the prohibition enactment. Few men could accomplish more than he in the Legislature of our State.

Carlyle was essentially a man of the common people. He had nothing in common with the aristocrat or the man of patrician tastes or leanings. He knew how to get close to the great heart of the common people and to make that

heart beat fast to impulses set in motion by him. He was at home before any audience, whether the cultured assembly of a university or a mid-week gathering by torchlight at a country schoolhouse. He knew the things to say to make each audience laugh or cry and make the people responsive to his will. He never made the mistake of "over-shooting" his audience. He knew that what was good for Raleigh would not do at all for Bear Swamp. He had a speech for each people, and both were effectual.

His love for the county of Robeson and her people was intense and peculiar. He had more of pride in the county of Robeson than in the State of North Carolina, and the surest appeal to his heart and hand was the appeal of Robeson or her people. His greatest delight up to the time of his death was to address a Robeson County audience. No matter what the occasion he always carried our people by storm. Nor did he keep his interest in his county locked within his breast. Wherever he went, to and fro over North Carolina, he proclaimed the county of his birth from the very housetops, extolling it as the brightest star in the firmament of the counties. He could even expatiate upon the beauty of its scenery! He labored in and out of season for everything that tended to its upbuilding. He made many speeches in the cause of temperance and education and it was largely due to his work and influence that Robeson became the pioneer county in prohibition in Eastern Carolina, and has more special school tax districts than any county in the State. Carlyle's love for his county may be seen in his action when the Legislature of 1911 met. Although he was even then in the clutches of the monster that destroyed him, he left a bed of pain to go to Raleigh and join us in the fight then being waged to prevent a spoliation of our territory to form a new county. He responded nobly to the appeal for help sent to him, and with his wide ac-

quaintance among the members, his powers of argument and persuasion, his well-known ability to "work behind the scenes," he aided materially in the final result. His love for his county and his interest in her people is further shown in the last conversation I ever had with him—only three weeks before his death—when he eagerly inquired as to the chances of Colonel E. F. MacRae, of Maxton, to be the Democratic nominee as the next Lieutenant-Governor of North Carolina, expressing the belief that he could be nominated if the proper effort was made to lay his candidacy before the people. Said he, "I will not be there, but you boys ought to see to it that Colonel MacRae gets the nomination. Robeson has had nothing for years and she is entitled to the position and he to the nomination."

He loved Robeson and our people loved him. He had no enemies among us. We recognized in him our staunchest friend and counselor, and when his death was announced thousands of Robesonians at home and abroad with bowed heads and bleeding hearts lamented the untimely death of Robeson's best friend and foremost son.

Professor Carlyle had a quotation which was constantly upon his lips before his class in Latin. It was from the famous ode of Horace, beginning—

> Exegi monumentum aere perennius
> Regalique situ pyramidum altius
> Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
> Possit diruere.

It may well be said of him that he too has built for himself, in the hearts of the people of North Carolina and in the lives of thousands of her youth, a monument more lasting than brass and more enduring than marble.

CHAPTER II.

CARLYLE THE STUDENT

Mr. Carlyle entered Wake Forest College at the beginning of the session 1883-4. Owing to the thoroughness of preparation—a thoroughness which was due to his own determined efforts to supplement the training of an academy by the conscientious character of his work as a teacher—he at once assumed and held throughout his college course a very high place in all his classes. No branch of learning was too difficult for this brilliant student to master, no study, however distasteful, was neglected by him. His favorite courses in the curriculum, however, were the Latin and Greek languages, as witness of which we record the fact that he was awarded both the Latin and the Greek medals for the highest grades won on these studies in a competitive examination. It required no ordinary mind to enter at the very lowest college-class and to obtain the degree of Master of Arts in four years.

No one of his teachers knew him better and appreciated his distinguished talents more highly than Dr. Chas. E. Taylor, who was his teacher both in Latin and Moral Philosophy. Dr. Taylor thus describes his student life:

The Student Life of J. B. Carlyle

DR. CHAS. E. TAYLOR.

The vocation of a teacher is not without its serious disadvantages. The monotonous grind of work, not always congenial; the dullness of some pupils and the indolence of others; the comparatively meagre compensation, withal, cause one to linger reluctant on the threshold ere he chooses the task of the pedagogue as his life work.

But there are compensations and these are neither few nor small. The contagion of daily association with the

young helps to keep the heart from growing old. The appreciation of a teacher's efforts to be helpful is a tonic to him. The quick response of even a minority of eager and receptive minds is a reward which outweighs financial considerations. And the friendships formed between sympathetic and capable teachers and many of their pupils are as true and enduring as are to be found in any relations of life.

While these reflections would be suggested to the writer by the mention of the names of scores or rather of hundreds of men whom he has sought to instruct, they come with peculiar force as he recalls the student life of J. B. Carlyle.

In January, 1884, having completed the campaign which secured the first hundred thousand dollars of our endowment, I resumed my work as Professor of Latin. Then, for the first time, I was brought into close relations with John Carlyle.

Although more than twenty-five years old he was a freshman and was having his first taste of the sweet and bitter in college life. Some of his experiences had been peculiarly annoying to him. In after years he more than once expressed to me his indignation at the rudeness with which he had been treated by a small group of younger but more advanced students. The time came when he could smile when he thought of the indignity and humiliation and could forgive those who caused it, but I believe that his memories of those experiences were painful as long as he lived. And during his whole subsequent career, both as student and teacher, he abhorred with his whole soul every kind and degree of hazing.

Little time was required to reveal to me that the dark-eyed, plainly dressed student from Robeson was no ordinary man. Indeed it would be difficult to write of the ex-

cellence of Mr. Carlyle's work in translation, exercises and thorough mastery of forms and syntax without appearing to exaggerate.

The class (then known as "Junior Latin") was beginning to read Virgil. In the accuracy, originality and elegance of his rendering he was easily the first of a group of good scholars. He had an exquisite ear for rhythm, and after some instruction could read off at sight the musical hexameters of the Æneid as, during the next session, he could most of the Horatian metres. His grade for that term I find to have been ninety-nine.

Having been assigned to the chair of Moral Philosophy after my election as President of the college, it was my good fortune to meet this brilliant student again in even more intimate relations. The classes were small and met daily in my office. Mr. Carlyle's work in Psychology, Logic, Whately's Rhetoric and Butler's Analogy was fully up to the high standard which he had established for himself. He had a wonderfully retentive memory and learned, I think, rapidly and easily. He was capable of drudgery, but did not require it in order to succeed.

By reference to the college rolls I find that out of thirty-eight grade marks only fifteen were below ninety-five, and only six below ninety. These six were in Mathematics, Chemistry and Botany.

Had the grading of degrees been in vogue in 1887 Mr. Carlyle's diploma would have borne the legend, "Summa Cum Laude," which, freely paraphrased, would mean, "Well done, thou good and faithful student."

Multitudes of friends did the young Carlyle make during his student days, and this friendship was based on the foundation of a sound moral character. He was deservedly popular and though on many questions his convictions were

strong and freely expressed, few if any were his enemies, and there were none who did not honor the sturdy strength of his moral fabric and the innate kindliness of his nature.

Of those who loved him there was no one who loved him more than Professor J. A. Campbell, of Buie's Creek, who has taken time from the multifarious duties of his useful life to write the following short account of his recollections of Carlyle the student:

For the first time I met Professor J. B. Carlyle at the Wake Forest depot on January 13, 1885. I had come to enter college and was acquainted with only one or two of the students. Professor Carlyle was then a student in his sophomore year. He carried me to his own room in the college and asked me to make that my home until he could give me assistance in securing a room. He took me to dinner at Dr. Timberlake's, where he secured board for me, and then in the evening secured a room for me on the fourth floor in the college building with Mr. T. J. Cobb, of Robeson County, as roommate.

His concern for my interest continued. I was not well prepared for entering college classes in the middle of the year, and Professor Carlyle, though carrying heavy work himself, offered to help me in reviewing those subjects on which I was behind, which he did without charge.

This interest in me came as a great blessing to me and made me know that he was my friend. This friendship grew through all the years. This treatment of me was his manner toward any fellow-student who was found needing his help. He was carrying more hours of work than most of us were able to carry, and was correcting Latin exercises for the class below him; was called upon to represent his society in many public exercises; was competing for honors in high marks for graduation, and yet he would lay aside his work to help a struggling boy below him.

This interest in his fellow-students made warm friends

for him and for the college, which he loved passionately. As already intimated he was endowed with more than ordinary ability. He was a great inspiration to me and to many other students.

He was faithful to his work, to every duty in school life and to every call of his society. He was loyal to the college, ambitious to put Wake Forest at the front in all things where excellence was at a premium. He stood for all that was best in college life, intellectually, morally and spiritually. His example, his faith and work, his consecrated life still make Wake Forest a better place for students.

He believed in his own possibilities, believed in his fellowmen, believed in God, and this faith inspired him to do impossible tasks, and God rewarded him by giving him friends in abundance for the causes dear to him. We had in college no man more popular, no man with more friends.

Among those who knew and honored Mr. Carlyle as a fellow-student, there were few who enjoyed a closer intimacy with him than Rev. Geo. T. Watkins, of Goldsboro, and Jacob Stewart, Esq., of Mocksville, who have written their recollections of associations with him in college life.

J. B. Carlyle—From the Standpoint of a Fellow-Student

GEORGE T. WATKINS.

There is always something charming about a leader. With a magnetic personality, strong and quick brain and a fearless confidence he seems born for his mission. Wherever you observe humanity congregated, whether childhood, youth, young manhood, or matured age, you note these leaders. My friend and fellow-student, John Bethune Carlyle, was born to such a destiny among men. Thus his life greeted me as a student and bade farewell to me as a teacher.

In this limited sketch I want to present him to you briefly from three viewpoints.

First, as Carlyle, the orator. I present him as the orator first because it was with that gift that he differentiated himself with me. The first student at Wake Forest College to stand out from the student body individually, and to grip me was J. B. Carlyle. I recall with considerable interest the occasion. It was the never-to-be-forgotten epoch in the life of the freshman—his initiation into the literary society. Carlyle was the orator of the evening to the new members of the Phi. Society. He was at his best, and taking everything by storm, he made a profound impression upon us never to be obliterated from our memories. From that evening he took the lead, and kept it, of the many personalities that stood out before me during my College life. His power as an orator then was very marked and was but the earnest of the finished orator of his maturer life. He was easily one of the best speakers of the entire student body, and had, perhaps, no superior, if an equal. He was Junior Debater and Orator from his society. On those two occasions he won fresh laurels for himself and established his gifts both in the forum and on the platform. The reputation he made while a student as a platform speaker was of equal magnitude with the State-wide reputation he made for himself while mastering the battles of life. Neither faculty nor students were uneasy about the reputation of "old gold and black" when Carlyle was its representative. The invincible debater and polished orator, he was even in his student days. No fellow student of Carlyle's was surprised at the enviable reputation he made in the entire State as a speaker.

Second, Carlyle, the student. The gifts of the orator and the student are not often found well marked and developed in the same personality. There are a few such characters

among men and J. B. Carlyle was one of them. Notwithstanding his limited advantages and opportunities as a lad and youth, he was a student while at College in the highest acceptation of that term as it applies to college life. He was soon designated as such by the boys and held that distinction to the end, graduating as salutatorian of his class. I remember spending many hours with him mastering together our lessons, especially in mathematics and Latin. His mind was quick, logical, persevering. In reasoning and analyzing he was excellent. Painstaking was a great characteristic of his, and he never yielded to the most stubborn problem or proposition, but persisted till he mastered. He laid so deeply and well the foundations of scholarship that his Alma Mater recognized it by electing him to the Professorship of one of its most important chairs in a short while after his graduation. Few young men so profoundly impressed both faculty and students as a student as did the subject of our sketch. Those who knew him as Carlyle, the student, at college were prepared for their sons to know him as Carlyle, the Professor.

Third, Carlyle, the character. Character is what a man is, the real self expressing itself to the world. As one looks back from maturer life upon his college days, he is better capacitated to appreciate real worth as it shone out in the student life. Here and there students stood forth whose beautiful lives went to make for the College its moral standing in the world, young men who were able to master themselves and to show that the sowing of wild oats is not necessary in the building of a life. J. B. Carlyle was such a character. His life was an open book before his fellow students and entered into the making of the College spirit as much as any man of his day. At the bottom of this was his beautiful moral and Christian life. He was always found on the side of right. In the midst of the many temptations

peculiar to college life he kept himself true to his ideals, always the moral, Christian gentleman. Yet, his life was unassuming, simple, without cant or pomposity. Such a life can not be measured in its influence on a student body. I am better prepared today than ever to see the beautiful oneness of a life that only changes in intensity and degrees from boyhood on through college life out into matured life and on to the dissolution, as we find it in the life of our friend. Carlyle was very genial and cordial in his make up. Easy to get acquainted with, always the same, a word for every one and a smile of salutation. You felt easy in his presence and always expected a few moments of relaxation when you met him by listening to his excellent conversations of wit, humor or repartee. This disposition found for him friends everywhere and made him one of its most popular boys of the College. He was the spirit of generosity and kindness. He was quick to overlook the faults of others and to make excuses for any shortcomings. He was always an optimist and never a pessimist as he observed young life. A beautiful and ideal life he lived even in his college days. It may be said of him that he saw the visions and dreamed the dreams of the greater life in boyhood days, for his entire student life pointed to the final consummation of the magnificent man he was.

Thus I knew him. Few his equal and none his superior during his student life on the "Hill."

Carlyle the Student and Debater

JACOB STEWART.

There was a noticeable increase in the number of students at Wake Forest College in the early eighties. The eloquent appeals in behalf of higher education by Dr. T. H. Pritchard

during his administration—'79-82—had been heard in every part of North Carolina. Only eighteen students from the large, populous and wealthy county of Robeson, with its splendid citizenship, had matriculated at this institution since the institution was opened in 1834. Messrs. W. B. Pope and E. Ward, both of whom became prominent Baptist ministers, were the only students from that county in 1882-3. When they returned, however, in September, 1883, they were accompanied by a youth who was struggling with poverty in a determined effort to procure an education. I was standing under that magnificent oak which stood near the southeast corner of the "old building" talking with Rev. W. B. Pope, a genial companion, who was then a member of the Senior class. He called to a young man passing by and introduced him to me as J. B. Carlyle, "the poet from Robeson." He was a plain, simple, gentle, genial youth. My new acquaintance impressed me at once as a young man of peculiar attractiveness of manner and gifts of mind. His information was remarkable for its accuracy and the ready command which he had over the stores he had acquired. He had taught school, and as he himself so beautifully says in his excellent poem, "The Pedagogue's Experience":

> I was a plodding teacher then,
> And struggled hard each day
> To train the erring feet of youth
> To walk in wisdom's way.

He felt in his early youth that longing for knowledge which sometimes seizes the youthful mind when laboring under the heaviest disadvantages. Not satisfied to omit the more disciplinary studies, he entered upon the courses leading to the degree of Master of Arts. He thought, as he afterwards wrote in his "Plea for the Ancient Languages," that "the man who masters all the forms and idioms of the Greek language, who learns to read intelligently and write it correctly,

must needs have all the faculties of his mind quickened and developed. He has formed habits of accuracy and painstaking. He has become a close thinker and a logical reasoner. He has been fitted the better to perform the great duties of life. Much that we have said for Greek might be said for Latin." True scholarship and solid attainments rather than the showy and superficial accomplishments were his aim.

The students were not required to join either the Euzelian or the Philomathesian, or as they were commonly called, the Eu. or the Phi. Society. Each student was at liberty to join the society of his choice. In the Phi. Society Carlyle found an excellent field for the cultivation of his powers of oratory and extempore speaking. The branches of Congress and the State General Assesmbly are not managed with such decorum, strictness of discipline, and respect for the rules of order as the Phi. Society.

The subject of this sketch did not neglect his society duties; he availed himself of every opportunity for improvement. He cultivated this field with success. In 1885 he was a candidate for Second Debater. Robeson County having had four debaters and two orators within six years, militated against his interest. His perfect self-command and easy flow of words, strong and accurate memory, made him a formidable adversary of the ablest debater in the College. He was elected to the position to which he aspired. The subject under discussion at the Anniversary of 1886 was, "Ought Governments to Furnish Free Education by Taxation to All Classes of Their Citizens?" This was a live question at that time—if, indeed, it is not now—in this State. Carlyle's reputation was much enhanced by his fine argument and display of oratory. The writer had the honor of participating in this debate. Carlyle saw quickly and clearly, discriminated wisely, argued with directness and force. In tact, readiness, aptness of illustration and occasional flashes

of eloquence, he had few, if any, superiors. He often interspersed his arguments with humorous sallies and flashes of wit. He would often meet the solemn arguments of his adversary with sparkling repartee or funny illustrations. In debate he often poured out his torrents of grand thoughts clothed in the gorgeous robes of resplendent rhetoric.

He was both a philosopher and a poet. The acuteness of his logic one could but admire. Upon the wings of imagination he would dart into illimitable fields of beauty and grandeur. The Phi. Society levied a fine for every offense of audible laughter. Carlyle added largely to its treasury—while himself not transgressing—on one occasion especially, when he read for a composition his poem, "The Pedagogue's Experience," a beautiful love story.

I completed my college course in June, 1886, and was not in college with the subject of this sketch in his Senior year. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him June, 1887. He was orator of the Phi. Society at the Anniversary 1887, having been unanimously elected orator Spring Term, 1886. On the evening of October 22, 1886, he delivered his first Senior speech. It was left for J. B. Carlyle to deliver at that institution the first Senior speech written in poetry. "Our Republic" was his theme.

After his excellent address in behalf of local taxation for schools at Cana, Davie County, in the early part of September, 1907, his subject, "Boys, Books and Bottles," the school very appropriately sang one of the speaker's own patriotic poems set to the tune "Dixie." The large assembly did not enjoy the performance any more than the distinguished author did.

John Bethune Carlyle was a patriot. He loved North Carolina with the love of a devoted son. His large and kindly heart caused his delightfully genial and cordial manner. In social life he was lively and pleasant. "Hazing,"

an exercise sometimes engaged in by some of the boys in those days, was foreign to his nature. He at once stamped his disapproval upon it. I think it hardly probable that there could be found in any institution a student who made an impression more lasting than did J. B. Carlyle. He was a hard student. He labored for and secured a high reputation as a student by immense intellectual labor, and he was never willing to fall below his own standard in any of his work. I have heard him say more than once that he regarded the words "Mother, Home and Heaven," the sweetest and most lovely words in the English language. Sitting in my office in September, 1907, when he was returning home from Cana, Davie County, I had a long talk with him—spoke of the great work in which he was engaged, and his hopes for the future.

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world,
> This was a *man*.

I am thankful that Wake Forest College and the Church has had a Carlyle, and that I enjoyed his acquaintance and friendship.

During his student days Mr. Carlyle was so busily engaged in the severe task of completing in four years the Master of Arts course with distinguished honors that there remained little time to devote to purely literary work. Hence it is, that there were comparatively few contributions from his pen to the College literary magazine. But such as were secured from him bear evidences of careful effort and of the wideness of view of the mature man that he was; for it must be remembered that by the conclusion of his college course he had almost attained unto the age of thirty and had acquired no small degree of the wisdom gained by actual experience and observation.

One of the earliest articles from his pen, an essay on *The Power of Truth,* was contributed to the issue of THE STUDENT of October, 1886. It exhibits the same bold fight against evil and the same high optimism that characterized almost all his later utterances. We quote a paragraph:

> We hear much about the dangers to religion, the dangers to society, the dangers to all that is true and virtuous. We hear of nihilism, socialism, communism, skepticism, until we sometimes fear that the safety of law and man and virtue is endangered and that they may ultimately be destroyed. But there is no danger; the power of truth will prevail.

Long before his entrance into College life Mr. Carlyle was widely and favorably known throughout his native county as a writer of verse of no mean ability. It was therefore not as an entirely unknown and unheralded freshman that he started upon his collegiate career. His fellow-student, Mr. Jacob Stewart, has written of him as being introduced on the first day at Wake Forest as "the poet from Robeson," and all who knew him intimately through life were well aware of his happy facility in rhyme and rhythm. Many of his addresses contain evidences of this gift for verse and feeling for melody. He had a remarkable gift for improvisation and used it most happily and effectively in his speeches delivered in the work of his Literary Society.

A number of the contributions to THE STUDENT during his college career appeared in verse form. A good illustration of these is a poem of several pages in length appearing in the issue of November, 1886, entitled "Our Republic." After reviewing in felicitous diction the history and development of the United States the piece ends as follows:

> O grand old Republic, long, *long* be thy day
> And wider and still more triumphant thy sway;
> Till earth's farthest nations thy praise shall repeat
> And bring willing garlands to lay at thy feet!
> Columbia! Columbia! Thou hope of the world,
> Shine on and still on with thy banners unfurled;
> Go upward and onward till heaven and earth
> Shall herald with joy and gladness the birth
> Of an era when freedom all nations shall crown
> And hurl the last vestige of tyranny down.

In the issue of THE STUDENT dated January, 1887, appeared a humorous poem entitled "The Pedagogue's Experience." The verse-structure is so perfect, and the play of wit and humor is so characteristic of Professor Carlyle's best manner that we can not refrain from publishing parts of it in full.

The writer describes his meeting with a fair one by the babbling brook, the accepted invitation to accompany her to her father's house, his royal entertainment by the rich farmer, and the irresistible attractions of the maiden. The result is that he falls madly in love and an engagement soon ensues. The chief difficulty, however, lay in asking the maiden's father for her hand. He thus describes the long agony:

I studied forms and read large books,
  And wrote off pages long,
To find at last when I was done
  My speeches all were wrong.

It may seem light to some young man
  A lady's hand to ask,
But I'll affirm in all my life
  I ne'er had such a task.

At last one cool September eve
  I donned my very best,
And rode down to my fair one's home
  My well-laid plans to test.

The good old 'squire I soon espied
  Perched on a pile of hay,
Complaining that his hands and boys
  Were idle every day.

I walked quite near to where he stood,
  With manly beating heart,
And struggled hard my speech to say,
  But knew not how to start.

At last I gathered all my wits
  My trembling to arrest;
Twice cleared my throat, took off my hat,
  And thus the 'Squire addressed.

"'Squire Brown, perhaps—that is, you know,
O, pshaw! I mean to say
That I have loved your daughter Lou
Since that bright day in May."

A gathering storm—but 'twas too late;
I rubbed my eyes and said:
"And now, 'Squire Brown, I humbly pray
That I may Lula wed."

The 'Squire sprang from his seat of hay
And seized his walking cane,
"Be gone! you villain; away at once!
Ne'er speak to me again.

"The very thought! a pedagogue
Aspire to claim the hand
Of one—the fairest, loveliest, best—
The wealthiest in the land."

I bowed my head and walked away
With mingled rage and shame,
Determined, by the help of Jove,
The 'Squire's strong will to tame.

The baffled lover then determines upon an elopement, and by surreptitious correspondence with the maiden, he secured her consent, but the fates are still hostile, and on the appointed night the squire is detained at home by indisposition. Believing in the father's absence the ardent lover drives up near the house and as his affianced delays her appearance he announces his presence by singing these words in a deep and sombre tone:

Come on, dearest, come at once;
Cheer, cheer this fondly beating heart;
See me sitting like a dunce—
Come, 'tis time for us to start.

* * * * * * *

This roused the old dog from his slumbers;
He seized me by the coat.

I gave a most outrageous yell,
Into my carriage sprang,
To see the good squire's lantern flash
And hear his musket bang.

For several miles I rode in haste
  Without a moment's stay,
And soon, ah, soon, the dashing cars
  Were bearing me away.

The writer soon afterwards learns of the girl's marriage to another, and thus philosophically closes his story:

But then, I said, 'tis for the best,
  Why weep for pleasure gone?
I'll still take heart, forget the past,
  And bravely struggle on.

I'll sail along the stream of Time,
  Forgetting all behind;
Hoping, trusting, longing, seeking
  Another girl to find.

It was Mr. Carlyle's intention ultimately to prepare himself for the vocation of a lawyer. That he would have made a superb pleader at the bar no can can doubt who is aware of his eloquence and his enthusiastic temperament. It is interesting in this connection to have his views of this profession at the time that he contemplated entering upon it. They are well reflected in a short article written for THE STUDENT in April, 1887, from which we quote in part:

In the language of the great Hooker it may be said, "Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, the greatest as not exempted from her power; angels and men and creatures all admiring her with uniform consent as the mother of their peace and joy." If this be true, and as no one doubts it, how can that man who studies and practices law in all its operations and phases be otherwise than ennobled? How can that man whose whole being is permeated with the spirit of the law be otherwise than a blessing to society? The true lawyer does not confine himself to the narrow limit of the written code. To him man's imperfect system of laws, even when elaborated with all the skill and wisdom that finite minds can exercise—to him even then man's grandest laws are but the reflex influences, dim and uncertain, of that grander, more comprehensive system which rules the universe. For him the Creator

Himself is the great Law-giver. And in studying, explaining, and enforcing the written code so far as it agrees with this higher system of laws, the lawyer finds his true sphere of work.

There have been Philomathesians and Philomathesians, but there never lived a Philomathesian who loved his society with more devoted and undying affection than J. B. Carlyle. Himself an ardent advocate of Literary Society training and an implacable foe of all that interfered in any way with the fullest success of these organizations, he devoted his best and choicest gifts of talent and influence in the service of Philomathesia. Many were the honors he attained in his society, and no son more worthily bore her name. Nor did this service cease with his student days, for during the period of over a score of years that he was connected with the Faculty of the College, he was a valued counselor, an enthusiastic supporter, a friend in need, and a frequent attendant upon the sessions of the society. He gave generously of time, means, and influence in its behalf. He was influential in securing donations to its funds and equipment and was regarded as its safest financial adviser.

No fellow member of his society knew him longer or better than Mr. J. J. Lane, of Clio, S. C., who furnishes the following interesting account:

Carlyle as a Philomathesian

J. J. LANE.

One morning in the early autumn of '85, a Seaboard train was rattling along at somewhat slower pace than they travel now, somewhere between Sanford and Raleigh. It was filled with a sleepy crowd of students, boys and girls, returning to the various schools in Raleigh and northward. Everybody was tired out, for be it known, O reader, that if you wished to reach Wake Forest in time for supper in those days you had to start "before day, or the night before"; at least, so it was with those of us who lived east or west of

Hamlet. Suddenly there appeared in one of the cars a very corpulent gentleman, wearing a Prince Albert coat, with a paper bag pinned neatly in the middle of his back. The victim, apparently unconscious of being the cause of so much merriment, marched pompously through the whole train and back again to the smoker, whence he came. There it came out that he knew all the time the bag was there. Our fat friend was a prominent member of the Euzelian Society and the man who pinned on the bag was Carlyle, a Philomathesian. This little incident, trivial in itself, gives us some idea of the kind of a society man Carlyle was. The man who could thus joke with the "enemy" was surely popular with them. He never "lost" his own "newish," but his methods were fair and his demeanor to everybody was so courteous that he never offended. For two years now this had been his record; since he was received into the Philomathesian Society on September 28, 1883. He immediately plunged into the contest for the Freshman Improvement medal, which was presented to him at the next commencement (June, '84). In those days there was little coming to a Sophomore in the way of society honors or college prizes. However, Carlyle's society honored him with Anniversary Marshal in '85. In the fall of '85 he was elected to the position of Anniversary Debater for '86. The significance of this honor, as was also that of orator, '87, can only be appreciated by those familiar with the rules governing the contests for the language medals in that day and also with the customs of both the societies in reference to these same language medals. The medals were awarded not to the one making the best mark on class and examination, but a special examination was given on the language as a whole. Frequently each society picked out its best man in the class and "made" him run for the medal, excusing him from all society duties for that year. So Carlyle was honored by his society

with Anniversary Debater in '86 and the same year had the honor to win for his society the Latin medal. Under similar conditions he distinguished himself during the spring of '87. He won many compliments upon his anniversary oration, "The Lost Cause," while at the same time he was running for the Silcox Greek medal; which he received at commencement '87, along with the Phi. essay medal.

The man who writes well and often for THE STUDENT always reflects great honor on the society to which he belongs. In this respect no one of his day excelled Carlyle; and perhaps the only thing that prevented his election to the post of Senior Editor in '87 was the fact that he was running for the Greek medal—even then THE STUDENT file for that year shows more "copy" from his pen than any other. We pass over his weightier selections, written often in poetry, to cull a few "squibs" (to use his own expression), which embalm in type some of the funny things which his keen sense of humor enabled him to fully appreciate. One day some members of the Astronomy class, seated on the rustic in front of Dr. Simmons' recitation room, got into a discussion as to the possibility of some foundation in fact for the popular superstitions about the moon, some holding that the moon might influence other things besides the tides. One man was "put up" to ask Dr. Simmons about it. The result is best described in the following lines from "Bethune" (J. B. Carlyle):

Student in astronomy:

> Say, Doctor, what think you of folks
> Who argue late and soon,
> That all the seasons of the year
> Are governed by the moon?

Professor:

> Well, sir, I think that Nature's laws
> Admit of no such tricks,
> And that praters of the moon
> Are simply "*luna*-tics."

Or the following in THE STUDENT of January, '87, describing an incident which happened to a party of "maskers," "Dr. T." and "Professor M." in front of the old post-office:

They found Dr. T. in deep reverie
  And gave him a rousing salute,
And they just chased him and caught and embraced him,
  And almost kissed him to boot.

The Doctor, annoyed, was not overjoyed
  At all their expressions of love,
And so in advance, he seized the first chance
  His physical system to move.

Professor M., too, they carried quite through
  A most unmerciful tease,
That made his complexion go through an inflection,
  As though he were ill at ease.

Happy that group or body of men that has at least one member who is equal to every occasion. In this respect Carlyle was in his day, without a peer at Wake Forest, and consequently his fellow Philomathesians were very proud of him. If a boy were needed to speak on the spur of the moment, all eyes turned to Carlyle. He and Walter Stradley led the speech making for their respective societies in the famous "nominating convention of '87," when one of the students was "run" for mayor of the town, a huge joke, which some of the citizens of the Hill took in serious earnestness. The faculty understood it better.

In the fall of '86 the Seniors "tassled out" in silk beavers. The Juniors raised a purse and bought a beaver in Raleigh for Tom, the colored janitor. About three p. m. a crowd of boys led Tom up in front of the dormitory where Carlyle stood on a stump with the aforesaid beaver in his hand. The speech of presentation began. It was "rich," eliciting many cheers from the audience. The President of the College, happening near and seeing the crowd, came up and pushed his

way through the yelling circle of boys until he was standing by "Dr." Tom. Carlyle cut short his speech and jumped down. Tom received the hat, put it on his head and began a speech of thanks, which, however, was drowned in a perfect storm of applause since the President and "Doctor" Tom (no longer "Newish" Tom) were standing side by side, the only ones in the crowd with beavers on. Carlyle and the Junior class had got off "a good one" on the Seniors and unintentionally a better one on the honored President of the College. All for one dollar and ninety cents!

"The graduating class of 1887. It is the largest, may it also be the most successful and useful that has ever entered our ranks," was a toast at the Alumni banquet of that year. To which Carlyle responded in part as follows: "Yes, gentlemen, we are the largest, the oldest, and the ugliest class that has ever entered your ranks"—and when the laughter at our expense had ceased, he slowly added, "and, gentlemen, that is saying a great deal." Many other instances might be adduced, but these suffice to show the genial, pleasant manner in which he represented his society, officially and unofficially.

After his graduation his interest in his society did not wane. This is shown by his securing an endowment for it of a thousand dollars from Major Crenshaw. Nor in society work in general, as is shown by the following lines from THE STUDENT of October, '89: "New students should determine to be faithful in their society duties. As a rule the student who neglects these duties neglects his text-books. As an educational factor the society is of primary importance. It furnishes a field in which may be exercised knowledge acquired from the classics and science. *Magnify your society work.*" (Italics his.) He "magnified" his society work, and perhaps the most magnificent work he ever did for his society and the College was to throw the whole weight of his influence against fraternities. When the writer joined

the Phi. Society, in the fall of '84, Carlyle was the leader of the "Non-Frats" and contributed no little at that time to the support of the Faculty in their efforts to make Wake Forest prëeminently a place "where every tub stands on its own bottom."

The writer can not close this tribute to his friend without bearing his personal testimony to the singular purity of his boyhood life. So many gifted with wit and poetry, as was he, have made wit and rhyme answer to relieve coarseness of speech. Not so with him. In his society, on afternoon rambles, lying at ease in the broom sedge on the sunny side of a pine thicket, discussing problems, telling jokes—ladies might have listened with propriety. May this and his other excellence of character remain as distinctive features,—not only of the members of his own literary society, but of all Wake Forest men.

Professor Carlyle was chosen by his society as Anniversary Orator, February 11, 1887. The title of his oration was "The Lost Cause," a subject which lay very close to his heart and his sympathies and gave him full opportunity for his stirring oratory. It is not possible here to present the oration in full. We shall content ourselves with a brief synopsis and a few quotations from it. It begins as follows:

> When the direful storm has spent its fury and is past, it is sometimes pleasant and not altogether profitless to follow it in its dreadful course, to speculate on its causes, to mark its progress, and measure its results. In like manner let us tonight briefly review the causes, course, and consequences of that fearful war which as a mad cyclone swept over our fair land, scattering death and devastation, sometimes termed "The Lost Cause." With something of awe do we approach it, this lost cause! Ah, what a host of tender memories and blasted hopes are linked to it—memories that time can never, never efface.

The orator then proceeds to treat the subject thus: he treats of the causes of the war, the most prominent of

which he discusses as the doctrine of State rights, the conflict of social interest, and the agitation of the slavery question. He next delivers a beautiful eulogy on the conduct of the Southern people during the Civil War, and, lastly, details the consequences of the war, which are threefold, viz: (1) Strengthening of the Union, (2) Abolition of slavery, (3) the elevated character of our Union in the estimation of the world. The oration concludes as follows:

But should we while thus cherishing their memory keep alive the hate and prejudices of the war? No, never. Let these be forgotten—*buried*, never, never to be resurrected. We still have the same freedom that our forefathers helped to gain. We still have the same Union that Washington, Jefferson and Madison—Southern men all—helped to frame; we still have that same old banner under which our forefathers so often rallied, and why should we not be loyal to the Union?

At the battle of Leuctra, when all was at stake, the brave Epaminondas, turning to his comrades, shouted, "*Only one step onward.*" That one step saved the fortunes of his country. Tonight, would that I might climb to some giddy mountain summit and with a voice so loud that all the people of this land might hear, shout, "Not *one* but *many* steps" onward and upward, forgetting the past with its sorrow, its failures, its disappointments, its animosities, and only thinking of the future and eager to realize its grand possibilities.

Still onward and upward let the motto go forth,
From the groves of the South to the marts of the North,
From the plains of the East to the hills of the West,
From the ocean's wild roar to the mountain's blue crest;
And as it moves on with its wide-spreading sweep,
Let the people awake from their lethargic sleep;
Forgetting the strife and the sorrows behind.
Let them look far ahead and see there outlined
The glory that yet in the future must be
For this land of the brave, this home of the free.

CHAPTER III.

THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR

Professor Carlyle returned to Wake Forest College as Teacher of Latin and Greek in 1887 and was appointed Professor of Latin in 1890. During two years—from 1888 to 1890—he was chosen as Faculty Editor of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT and contributed a number of short editorials—the products of the ripened thought of a young scholar. These contributions were written on all kinds of subjects, such as appealed especially to the thought of the teacher and careful observer. It will be of interest to the reader to note some of these editorials, as they were written by a scholarly and cultured man in the very plenitude of his powers. In some cases a brief account of the gist of the article is given, in others there are extended quotations.

"A Plea for the Ancient Languages" [October, 1888], a plea especially for the value of Greek in the College curriculum.

"Reading" [November, 1888], a call for more general reading of the best books as an indispensable supplement to scholarship.

"A Common Fault" [December, 1888], a passionate denunciation of the "hyper-laudatory spirit" which is so common in modern newspapers.

> Every little second-class politician is transformed into a "silver-tongued orator," before whose dazzling eloquence the words of the hoary Nestor become as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." Every little lecturer is clothed with powers of speech that would have shamed Cicero in his most exuberant moments. We are glad to state that North Carolina journalism can claim papers that scorn to indulge in the silly gush and extravagant praise so inimical to the true spirit of journalism and so thoroughly opposed to the principles of truth and justice and * * * do not stoop to deceive the public by showering lavish praise on men and movements that deserve it not.

"Accuracy" [January, 1889], emphasizing the necessity of painstaking work not only in scholarship, but to win the highest success in all the professions.

In *"Literary Work in North Carolina"* [February, 1889], he points out the desirability of the widespread knowledge of North Carolina history written by North Carolinians among the people of our State:

> Not a few of our bright-eyed youths know more of the history of England than they know of the history of North Carolina; they know full well the history of the heroic Alfred, * * * but they are strangers to the no less thrilling incidents in the brief yet important career of the Regulators and have but vague notions of the first Declaration of American Independence made by their liberty-loving ancestors 'mid the hills of Mecklenburg. A country without a history is a country whose inhabitants cherish not the highest, purest, noblest type of patriotism. * * * It is no wonder that North Carolinians are deficient in State pride and are continually leaving their native State for other fields. They do not know our State history. It has never been fully written. The materials are abundant. In our State * * * happened events that wielded a telling influence on the character and fortune of the entire country, * * * were found some of the bloodiest battles of the Revolution, * * * have lived some of the finest patriots, ablest statesmen, bravest generals that our country has produced. * * * A great literary work can be done and must be done in our State and North Carolinians ought to do it.

Apropos of a bill under legislative consideration at the time for the establishment of a training school, Professor Carlyle writes a short editorial in March, 1889, in which he thus outlines his idea of the work:

> It should have a board of managers and competent, experienced instructors. Like other colleges or schools, it should have regulations. It should be a school for study, and not for recreation or enjoyment. The plan of study pursued should be broad and thorough, embracing such subjects as will best prepare the teacher to develop the mental and moral faculties of the child. Its doors should be thrown wide open to the noble teachers of the State without a charge of one cent for tuition. If such a school were established and properly conducted, the teachers of the State * * * would enter with fresh zeal into the arduous labors of the school room, * * * and North Carolina's school system would come to the front. *Ita sit.*

In a short editorial of May, 1889, on "Chinese Immigration," he calls attention to what was then just coming to the

world's attention—the birth of a New China—and, having pleaded the cause of the Celestial, he concludes: "Let us have restrictions in immigration, but let these not be confined to Chinese immigration."

There is no doubt that he was keenly aware of the present evils and their magnitude; at the same time there is everything to show the optimism of his spirit. He thus concludes an editorial of July, 1889, apropos of the centenary of the Republic, "Standing by the grave of the first and the cradle of the second century in the life of our Republic, reading the future in the light of the past, we find no cause for the gloomy views of the pessimist, 'America holds the future' and the God of Heaven and earth holds America."

No one knew more gracefully how to welcome the new student or more wisely how to advise him than Carlyle. It is not surprising therefore to find an editorial in the first number of the session 1889-90, entitled "A Word to New Students." The three suggestions that he offers are as applicable now as then:

> New students should begin their work at once. * * * Delay will only increase the seeming unpleasantness of the student—restrictions and a failure to begin with the class renders it almost impossible to attain the highest success. New students should be faithful to their Society duties. *Magnify your Society work.* Lastly, new students should be careful in choosing their associations, careful in guarding their morals. * * * Their success in college and in life depends upon the formation of right characters, and it is important that at the beginning they form the companionship of those whose influence is ennobling.

The success of a teacher's work is in no way more justly or accurately estimated than by the inspiration communicated by him to others to dedicate their lives to the teaching of those subjects that have proved a joy and inspiration to himself. Among the many teachers of Latin who have derived enthusiasm from this brilliant teacher, there is no one better qualified to write of Carlyle, the Teacher, than Professor Hubert McNeill Poteat, who is to carry on the torch that has just fallen from the lifeless hand of the master.

John B. Carlyle, the Teacher

HUBERT McNEILL POTEAT.

I shall never forget my first day as a student in Wake Forest College. It was in early January, 1900, and a class in Beginners' Latin had been organized, to be taught by Professor Carlyle. I armed myself with Collar and Daniell and a formidable note book, and at 12:10 made my embarrassed way to his recitation room,—the one which now accommodates Professor Lake's classes. Professor Carlyle had assigned two pages as the first lesson and I had studied it long and hard. I was nervous and excited. But as soon as I had entered the classroom and had been greeted by a radiant smile, all my nervousness vanished, and when Professor Carlyle had made some preliminary remarks and had asked me the first question, "How many letters are there in the Latin alphabet?" I was quite calm and was able to repeat Section One verbatim. This personal experience is related in order to lend force to what I deem one of Professor Carlyle's prominent characteristics as a teacher, namely, his delightful manner in the classroom. He proceeded upon the conviction that nothing was to be gained by brusque, crabbed treatment of a student, but that, on the contrary, much could be accomplished by a pleasant smile, a kindly greeting, a reassuring word. Many be the teachers, the world over, who choose to inspire awe and fear in their students. John B. Carlyle sought to win confidence and love. His success no one can gainsay. His classroom was filled with a spirit of cheerfulness, and his recitations were conducted without strain, tension or oppressive formality.

During the spring term of 1901, when we were reading Cicero's Orations, Professor Carlyle arranged a debate to be conducted in the class, upon the query: "*Resolved,* that

Cicero was a greater man than Cæsar." The class was divided into two sides, each fellow wrote his argument, and from day to day the last fifteen minutes of the recitation were given to the reading of these weighty papers. I remember very well that one day several of us asked Professor Carlyle if he were going to award a decision. Throwing back his coat, slipping his thumbs under his vest and looking far away, as those of us who knew him saw him do so often, he said, "No, gentlemen, that's too important a question for me to decide." He possessed boundless tact. He never allowed a student to go out of his classroom with a grievance or a misunderstanding, if he were aware of its existence.

A familiar sight at the beginning and at the close of his recitations was a circle of boys around him, asking help on some difficult passage or explanation of a grammatical obscurity. Professor Carlyle never refused such requests. More than that, he made us know that it was his delight to assist us in any way he could. His heart was great and his sympathetic interest in his students knew no bounds. The fellow who went through a year's work under Professor Carlyle without feeling that a great, new friendship had come into his life was all but impossible to find. For he not only appeared to be friendly toward his pupils, he proved his friendship by a constant practical interest in their welfare and in their progress along right avenues of life. And his efforts in their behalf were not put forth that a superficial popularity might accrue to him. He felt with Terence:

Homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto.

Professor Carlyle was an inspiring teacher. He had the rare faculty of making a Latin text live and throb with meaning. He strove always to make his recitations interesting and so to keep them from that disastrous rut in which so many teachers bury their possibilities of usefulness. It

would be difficult to overestimate the tremendous influence of his magnetic personality upon the lives of the hundreds of men who were granted the privilege of studying under him during his years of service at Wake Forest. Not only did he inspire a vital interest in his subject, but, winning the friendship and esteem of his students, he was enabled so to draw close to them as to kindle in them a longing for the attainment of those lofty ideals by which his own noble life was guided.

And so he trod from day to day the pathway of quiet, unassuming service. The disconsolate always found a sympathetic tear in his eye; the joyful never failed to be warmed by his smile. Did his students love him and honor him? And now do they cherish his memory? Ask those questions in any group of Wake Forest men, and the answer will come in no uncertain tones: Of course we loved and honored him; of course we cherish his memory. For when we were embarrassed and fearful, he encouraged us; when we were weary of our work, his words gave us rest; when we were sad, he comforted us; when we were beset with doubt and were in danger of losing our grip on our ideals, he gave us a new view of the eternal verities and set our feet upon a rock. There are some lines of Horace which I never read without thinking of Professor Carlyle: "He is master of himself and shall live the happy life who can say from day to day, whether Jove fill the sky with lowering clouds or the radiant sunlight, 'I have lived.'" And in the thirtieth ode of the third book, which Professor Carlyle loved so well, we find an epitaph meet for him:

NON OMNIS MORIAR, MULTAQUE PARS MEI VITABIT
LIBITINAM: USQUE EGO POSTERA CRESCAM
LAUDE RECENS.

At the time of the foundation of the Rhodes scholarships to the University of Oxford, the State of North Carolina, in recognition of Professor Carlyle's long and successful work as teacher of Latin, appointed him as one of the Rhodes examiners. The only Wake Forest man to secure the coveted honor of Rhodes scholar is Professor Harry Trantham, who won his Master of Arts degree from Oxford and is now the scholarly professor of Latin in Baylor University. Professor Trantham writes as follows of his friend and teacher:

John B. Carlyle: A Tribute

PROFESSOR HARRY TRANTHAM.

On the twentieth day of September, 1896, a diffident, self-conscious youth made his way for the first time into the chapel at Wake Forest College. Almost simultaneously deafening cheers burst from the hundred throats, to the increasing confusion of the self-conscious youth, whose experience in the course of a five minutes' walk across the campus, varied and exciting though it had been, had still not quite prepared him for so enthusiastic a reception. A moment later cries of "Carlyle! Carlyle!" explained the situation; for the students were taking this means of extending their congratulations to their beloved preceptor on the occasion of perhaps the most interesting event of his life—the birth of his oldest son!

This incident, whimsical in itself, yet serves to suggest the intimate esteem in which Carlyle was held by his students. It is probably true that throughout his connection with the institution he was personally acquainted with every student and knew something of the antecedents of each. His familiarity with college history and his mastery of college statistics were proverbial—indeed, almost uncanny. His capacity for detail was extraordinary; his memory was pro-

digious; his interests and sympathies knew no bounds. These facts were impressed upon me the first time I attended his Sunday School class. On that occasion he referred, in the course of his remarks, to the presidential outlook, the tariff, "free silver," the Cuban situation, and various other subjects of national or international interest. Gradually and with the ease and cleverness of the finished speaker he proceeded from point to point, finally arriving at his "text," which I recall quite vividly, even after the lapse of fifteen years. It was "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord"—strangely significant of the character and career of him who so ably expounded those words!

The same breadth of grasp characterized his work in the classroom. Great though his knowledge of Latin undoubtedly was, his presentation was yet unmarred by reference to the immaterial and abstruse. On the contrary, his lectures were marked by shrewd literary insight, common sense, often by poetic appreciation of no mean order; and—what is most important of all—they were invariably *interesting*. It was this ability of his to *make things interesting* that made him not merely a popular teacher but a great teacher—not merely a pleasing speaker but a real power in the educational movement in North Carolina.

Carlyle's enthusiasm for the cause he represented made him indifferent to personal preferment. The College was his very life, and his efforts for its advancement both at home and in the field were untiring. This enthusiasm, combined with personal magnetism of a rare order, drew men to him whenever he approached them in the interest of the movement so dear to his heart. It is a source of permanent satisfaction to us who loved him that he lived to see the practical realization of his lifelong dream of wider usefulness for his Alma Mater. Viewed in this way his life was complete. Certain it is that, in the words of his beloved Horace

which he was so fond of quoting, he has "builded a monument more lasting than bronze"; for his work will be perpetuated and glorified in the lives of the thousands who in the years to come will bear the torch to which he applied the flame.

One of the unique and most attractive features about the religious life and atmosphere at Wake Forest for the last twenty-one years was a large and enthusiastic Sunday School class of students known as the "Carlyle Class." There was probably not a single student of Wake Forest College during this score of years who has not made at least one visit to this class. The teacher was a teacher, *sui generis,* without any recognized system or specified course, who nevertheless drew and held the largest class in the Sunday School. Eternity only will reveal the good done by the wise and inspiring words of warning and encouragement by this faithful teacher who made it a rule never to be absent from his class.

The story of Professor Carlyle's work in the Sunday School is well told by two former members of his class: A. Wayland Cooke, Esq., of the Greensboro bar, and Mr. Hartwell V. Scarborough, of Afton, N. C.

John B. Carlyle and His Sunday School Class

A. WAYLAND COOKE.

John B. Carlyle was a distinct personality. A trite and commonplace thing done by him, with the weight of his personality, became altogether captivating and infectious. Sometimes he reached his highest eloquence whilst dealing with an oft-handed subject upon occasions where with others it would have seemed almost ill-advised and out of place.

He could tell of events in the life of Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil in a manner that brought them to life again in your very presence; and by a master stroke they become living, breathing personalities, and you listened with bated breath

whilst he talked. I have heard him read the orations of Cicero in a way that stirred my soul. As interpreter of Virgil and Horace, he was without an equal. The humor he could get out of the writings of Plautus was something wonderful. He was thoroughly enthusiastic and never failed to fix and hold your attention.

He carried his enthusiasm, his personality and power into his Sunday School class, to which he was greatly attached. His method was entirely his own. His great purpose was to make his class interesting and instructive. There were a great many men in College who would probably not have attended a Sunday School class for the purpose of pursuing a continuous line of study through the Bible, and a large number who would probably not have attended Sunday School at all, but for the fact that there was a class in the School taught in the manner in which Professor Carlyle taught his class.

The first thing he did was to take up the topics of the day. When I was in College I was often so crowded with work that I did not have time to keep up with what was going on in the world. I believe Professor Carlyle knew every move of national importance made by any country. His nature was one of diplomacy, and the diplomatic relations of the countries of the world seemed to be of great interest to him. Every Sunday morning we were eager to see what had happened since the previous Sunday. He would often draw lessons from these topics which were of great value. Frequently he made predictions about what would happen in connection with them. Sometimes he fell far short, yet often we would hear him foretell the outcome, only to see it so unfolded within the course of events. He usually devoted five minutes to a survey of the horizon. Sometimes it would be political,—but never partisan;—however, always interesting.

He was the most hopeful man I ever knew. He was full of enthusiasm—brimming full to the top and running over,—but he was its master and made it serve his purpose. This was perfectly natural with him and he carried it wherever he went. His classroom was full of it. He was a splendid judge of human nature. He loved people, believed in people, trusted people and scorned the idea that money or smart clothes could make a man. I never knew him to have an unpleasant personal issue with anybody about anything. He was thoroughly diplomatic, and when things did not run smoothly he always smiled, cleared his throat and made some suggestion which would avoid an issue. He seldom, if ever, lost his temper or self-possession.

It has been nearly twelve years since I was a member of his class. For four years I attended it constantly. We never knew what to expect when we got there, whether he would take up some part of the lesson topic, or would spend his time upon the golden text, or talk on some passage of Scripture not contained in the lesson. If he knew what course he would take, it was more than we knew. However, he always showed thorough preparation. Few men could recognize merit quicker than he and he never failed to bestow upon it full measure of praise and recognition. He was a very helpful man. His Sunday School class was made to feel this. Often he would meet you upon the campus and follow up some thought he had omitted in his Sunday morning lecture, or make inquiry about your work in College. At this time the class probably numbered seventy-five. Later, I am told, it reached a hundred or more. A student missed something of the Wake Forest spirit and life if he did not attend Carlyle's Sunday School class. The spirit of the College pervaded it from bottom to top. Wake Forest was to him a passion. Wherever Wake Forest men succeeded, he would speak of them with pride, and probably mention some

trivial anecdote about their life at Wake Forest which would sometimes cause a ripple of mirth.

He usually entered upon the discussion of the lesson by asking a few questions. He sought first to engage your attention. He would then take up the lesson in a way which was most pleasing and attractive. Sometimes, however, he would leave the main lesson topic and lecture entirely upon some collateral thought contained in it. The topic became alive at once; it was full of inspiration. You could not fail to listen. Every side light was thrown on it. Sometimes his eyes would sparkle with enthusiasm. It was the lesson plus Carlyle.

I recollect upon one Sunday morning his speaking of President McKinley's devotion to his wife, illustrating some point in the lesson, and the beautiful way in which he told of Mr. McKinley's devotion to his invalid wife and the consideration with which he treated her, and the time from his crowded life which he gave her, has lingered with me through all these years. I recall also that once, with perfect appropriateness, and in a manner that was delightfully pleasant and inspiring, he spoke of the duties of the student to the folk at home. It was done with such eloquence and earnestness that even the trite subject became at once embodied with new spirit and charm, and I believe caused many a letter to be written home to mother and father, and an appreciation of them from the members of this class, that never would have come about otherwise. It was his constant aim to inspire the right sort of spirit and purpose into the men he taught; to give them the right ideas of life, correct guiding principles, and to forestall and prevent, if possible, the nourishing of a false ideal, or the lapse into a purposeless life.

No written records were kept of his class. This is true of a great many men who have changed the trend of the

world's thought. He wrote, as they have written, upon the hearts of men. He realized that this power was the most dynamic force in the world of today. He realized that ideas which sprung therefrom could beat gunboats everytime. There are hundreds of men whose purpose to do something in the world and be somebody, to count for something in the church, in the community, and in the State, was fixed and set by his Sunday morning lectures.

It is doubtful if the average man can even give the text of a sermon which caused his conversion, and yet it may have changed the trend of his whole life. Language was incidental. A thought in its simplicity is lodged and you see it, feel it, and it becomes a part of you, and its inspiration is a part of your very life. The main purpose he seemed to have in view was to develop the very best that was in you.

He did not require a close study of the lesson. He assumed that his hearers knew the important facts of the Bible. He asked just enough questions to make you desire to be prepared before you went to the class. Those who desired to make a close study of the Bible, pursuing some particular topic, as a rule, did not attend his class. His great purpose was to make every lesson practicable. It was a lesson brought down to the present. It was applied Christianity.

He usually delivered a welcome address to his class at the beginning of the session and a valedictory at the end of the College year. He had a very happy way of doing this and it was always something worth listening to. Somehow the things he dealt with were imbued with new life under his touch. His mind was quick, active and alert. It always seemed that he was at his best in his farewell to those boys who were to leave the College forever.

I am informed that the last Sunday he was at the College before he left for the mountains (from which he returned only to die in a few weeks) he sat in the room of one of the

professors and talked about the class which he was to meet in a few minutes for the last time; it was on his heart and uppermost in his thought, and when he was forced to give up regular teaching and work in the College, even then, in his exhausted condition, he held on to his Sunday School class to the last. Some years ago, when he was supposed to be dying of typhoid fever, the thought of his Sunday School class, he said, seemed to give him more comfort than anything else.

A short while before his death, he gathered his class around him at a banquet over which he presided with his own rare grace and that delightful manner so peculiar to him; and though fatigued in body, and though his breath came with difficulty, he made a beautiful farewell, and closed with the quoting of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

The class started with Professor Carlyle's work as a teacher over twenty-one years ago. During this period many men have attended his class and gone out into the world with a clearer conception of duty, greater ambition and a more hopeful view of life and with cleaner cut moral discernment. His influence was wholesome and inspiring and it will live on, ever increasing with the passing years.

Professor J. B. Carlyle as a Sunday School Teacher

H. V. SCARBOROUGH.

Professor J. B. Carlyle was not, in the generally accepted sense of that word, a *"model"* Sunday School teacher. That is he was not the man likely to be put up before a Sunday School Teachers' Institute to show the assembled teachers how it should be done, by teaching a model lesson. The object of this short sketch is not to write a model sketch of a model Sunday School teacher, but to give, as truly as may

be, an account of the real "Johnnie Bethune," as he was familiarly known to me and others who knew him as our Sunday School teacher. The writer was in his Sunday School class during four College years. The characteristics of the man in this position, as they stand out in my memory, were: his faithfulness in always being present if possible; his personal acquaintance with, and interest in each individual in his class; and his desire to get the men in his class to begin and maintain a correct standing in all branches of the College life, both as to the material, intellectual and spiritual side of that life.

On many occasions he traveled many miles by buggy and railway, sometimes traveling all Saturday night, in order to reach Wake Forest to be before his class in the little chapel on Sunday morning. His gift for fixing names and faces forever in his mind would be almost unbelievable to those not having personally observed it. He could meet a hundred new men within less than a week and would invariably call each man by name on next seeing him and also name the county from which he came. This, naturally, with his personal interest in getting the new men well classed and otherwise in good shape, made him popular with them, and he had a large per cent of new men in his Sunday School class.

As to any fixed method of teaching his class, as to a regular routine system, he had none. He followed the lecture method of teaching a Sunday School lesson and rarely, if ever, asked questions, but talked about what was on his mind at the time, whether it was directly connected with the lesson in the quarterly or not. In fact at times he would lecture to the class about some phase of College life, which at the time he knew was on the minds of his hearers and perhaps give the whole hour to the subject. However, he did not do this without having carefully thought over and prepared in his mind the main points of what he was going to say. He

was intensely interested in the present moment as it affected the student as to his College career. To conduct one's self in such a way as to gratify the father and mother and kinsfolk at home and to reflect honor on one's self and College by good conduct and good work, was to him practical Christianity.

He delighted in alliteration and almost invariably treated his subject under *three* heads, which were designated by a catchy and jingling alliteration which was sure to get the attention of his hearers. He reminded us again and again that the simple fact that we were at Wake Forest would cause us to be called upon to take an active part in Sunday School and church work as well as in other things of public interest. In his own phrase he would say, "Gentlemen, you will be often called upon for an extempore speech; always have it well prepared beforehand." In such humorous tricks he delighted, and his class usually dispersed with a laugh.

Professor Carlyle, time and again, would pledge his class for a good contribution to some worthy cause or needy object outside the regular collections, and after presenting the case in his usual enthusiastic way, the men nearly always responded by contributing the amount asked, with often a larger amount.

Some may have thought that the teacher could have accomplished more by conforming more closely to the regular lessons, treating them in a more orthodox way. But such was not his way; and his own way, in the hands of this enthusiastic man, certainly helped many a new man to find safe ballast for that most critical time in a man's life, his first year in college. This "method" or perhaps lack of fixed method was probably due to the fact that the teacher knew a large per cent of his class to be new men, and he tried his best to interest these and get them into the Sunday School *habit* and the paths of college life and companionship,

leaving their later and more critical Bible study in the hands of the other teachers in the Sunday School into whose classes the men usually went later. For, at that time, it was a custom among most of the men to attend the class of one teacher for a term or a year and then attend the class of another. So that a man who attended Sunday School regularly would probably be in the classes of four, or six, or even more, different teachers at different periods of his College course.

Do all strong men have a weak point? If so, Professor Carlyle must have had one, and if he ever insisted that his best friend should tell him his weak point that friend would probably have had to own that the chief fault of his character was the aversion toward telling a man his faults squarely to his face. However, let any who would cast a stone first examine his own record to see if he could meet the requirements of being himself without the fault.

We bury the faults of a friend and dwell on his virtues, and certainly in many things Professor Carlyle was one of the strongest men of the College, of the State; in intellect, in scholarship, in industry, in energy, in determination and enthusiasm. He had a passion for Wake Forest College and her advancement which he never seemed to forget for an hour, in Sunday School class or anywhere else. No College or Sunday School ever had a more devoted and untiring servant.

To the mind of the writer his strongest point as a Sunday School teacher and as a man was his implicit, unwavering, unquestioning faith in the whole Bible as the divinely inspired word of God, simple enough for all to understand who came seeking to know the will of God, but beyond the comprehension of any who come in the strength of their own intellect.

Professor Carlyle was always in demand for addresses on religious subjects. He was especially a favorite speaker on the theme of the work of the Sunday School. The following address was made before a Sunday School Assembly a few years ago and is reproduced from the manuscript notes:

The Mission of the Sunday School

In every age there is a peculiar spirit operating through a particular method. Thus the era of Luther was one of restlessness, and its method the Reformation; the era of Shakespeare was one of intellectual awakening, and its method the spread of knowledge through the medium of literature; the era of the French Revolution breathed the blackness of despair, and its method was the guillotine and sword; the era of Washington throbbed with the pulse-beats of human freedom, its method the building of democracy. Our era is athrill with the spirit of commercialism, and its method is the making of money through organization. In such an era the Sunday School has a peculiar mission.

First of all in the home. This is God's oldest and most honored institution. It is one of Christianity's chiefest glories that under its fostering and beneficent influence, the home has grown to be the most hallowed spot on God's green globe. It was not always so. The ancient Greeks and Romans had no word to express the charm which lingers in the meaning of the modern Christian home. The mother of virtue, the nursery of the church, the upholder of the law, it stands the crowning achievement of Christian civilization. Today as we enter the strenuous life of a new century the home is in danger. The spirit of materialism is undermining its sanctity and weakening its authority.

The Fifth Commandment is no longer obeyed. In the ceaseless struggle for mastery and money; in the maddening quest for pleasure and profit, father, mother, home—all are forgotten. Here the Sunday School has a mission. To emphasize the importance of the Fifth Commandment; to restore filial obedience to its proper place; to reinforce the authority of parents; to deepen the love of the home,—this is a mission, worthy of the highest effort of the Sunday School worker.

The Sunday School sustains a relation to the home which can be filled by no other agency or institution. An unfailing reservoir of heavenly power—from it the tired mother should receive a constant stream of inspiration and instruction to enable her to perform her manifold delicate and difficult duties. If the training under the parental roof be false or defective, if the father and the mother, from lack of ability or sympathy be unable or unwilling to

lead the child into the larger life and richer experiences of the home; if they neglect to implant in the heart of the child the fundamental principles of the home life,—then it is the duty and the mission of the Sunday School to supplement the weakness and supply the want. Truly Napoleon said, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," and as truly may it be said that home has no more potent helper than the Sunday School teacher.

Again, the Sunday School has a mission for the State. Good citizenship is the product of growth and development. It is not made by money or machinery. Law does not and can not make men good citizens. It can only protect the good, restrain the bad, and punish the guilty. Learning does not and can not make men good. It adds to their power, their pleasure, and their efficiency, but it can not impart moral earnestness which must accompany intelligence in the performance of the duties of citizenship. No, letters and law, twin sisters in advancing the mighty movement of civilization—are yet helpless and impotent as agencies for promoting the purposes and perpetuating the power of the State; else Greece and Rome would be living today, supreme in the sisterhood of nations, for in Greece learning reached its richest expression and in Rome law found its fullest embodiment.

Neither can money make men better citizens—rather the opposite, for the love of money which grows with its possession is a root of all kinds of evil.

How then shall the ends of the State be met and its power made permanent? I answer, through the development of character in the individual citizen. Goodness is a matter of growth. In the making of a good, law-abiding, liberty-loving, State-serving, patriotic citizen, you must begin with the child. I believe in education and its uplifting and broadening power. I believe in the majesty of the law. I believe in the value of material prosperity. But back of these you must look for the strength and glory of the State. You must find it in a respect for law and order, a reverence for authority, a proper regard for the rights of others, a love for righteousness for its own sake; these spring from motives and they come from early training in the principles of eternal truth as contained in God's book.

Here is a distinct mission for the Sunday School. The Sunday School teacher, working silently, quietly, patiently, Sunday after Sunday, whether in the crowded city or in the far-away rural region, teaching the children the simple but sublime truths of God's Book as they deal with man's relations with his fellow, is doing a work of constructive statesmanship greater and grander than that of any legislative body in the world. Laws are written first on the hearts of the people, and the Sunday School deals with

hearts in their most plastic period. 'Tis the function of the statesman to formulate into concrete, tangible statutes the laws already engrossed by teacher and mother on the tablets of the soul. 'Tis the function of the Sunday School teacher—heaven-born and God-like function—to write on mind and soul immortal principles which shall mould character and make States.

Sometimes, my friends, we fear for the Ship of State. Sometimes we seem drifting on the untried sea of imperialism, whither God alone knows; sometimes enormous combinations of capital see to be undermining our most cherished institutions; sometimes socialism and anarchy seem to be aiming their envenomed shafts at the very vitals of the body politic; sometimes the passions of the people fanned into the furious flame by the seditious speech of the demagogue seem to threaten the overthrow of law and order; but, friends, so long as the love of truth and hope and God is planted in the minds of the young by the Sunday Schools of the land, so long will the old flag

> With its red for love and its white for law
> And its blue for the hope that our fathers saw

of a larger and richer liberty, continue to float o'er this land of the free and this home of the brave.

In the third place, the Sunday School has a mission for society. This is a far larger term than the State. My duty to the State is performed when I pay taxes and seek to promote law and order, as a citizen. but my duty to human society embraces far more than these. There is suffering all about me. The State can not force me to relieve it, but as a member of society, under the obligation of the brotherhood of men, I am stirred to action. A most complex thing is human society, an organization with sensitive nerves stretching to its remotest part. A wrong done to its humblest member sends a thrill to every other member. And, my brethren, *there are wrongs*. It were an optimism, senseless and silly, that could see no wrong in our present social system. There are wrongs in the relations between labor and capital, between the rich and the poor, between the classes and the masses, between virtue and vice. In St. Louis the municipal government is in the hands of a conscienceless political gang. In New York gambling flaunts its golden gains before the public gaze. In Philadelphia voters are bought and sold as common sheep. In South Carolina the Lieutenant-Governor shoots to death a prominent citizen within a few yards of the State capitol. In North Carolina men high in social and professional circles go around in open violation of the law and kill each other on the crowded street. What is the matter? We

have laws and learning and social prestige and money. The trouble lies in this. We have forgotten the Golden Rule. The Ten Commandments are obsolete. "Back to the Golden Rule" must be our motto. Write it above the councils of the political party and honest men only will be chosen for office. Write it high in our legislative halls, and wisdom, justice, and righteousness will be embodied in the statutes. Write it above the door of business, and honesty will control its policies. Write it as a cardinal principle in our profession, and an era of righteousness shall begin. Write it on the hearts of the people and you will revolutionize human society.

Need I say that in this the Sunday School has a high and holy mission? For purifying our social structure and remedying the evils that threaten its very existence, the faithful Sunday School teacher is a mightier force than armies and navies. I stood on Fifth Avenue, New York, in the holy calm of the Sabbath. Before me rose in magnificent proportions the massive brownstone front of a millionaire's mansion. Close beside it stood an Italian organ grinder, fresh from the filth of the Old World, his only intelligible English being vile blasphemy. Beside it close again stood a poor old beggar woman, pitifully pleading for a penny with which to appease the cravings of hunger. There saw I all the evils that threaten the overthrow of American society—unbridled, unrestrained, conscienceless wealth that controls commerce and stifles competition, in the mansion; a spirit of anarchy and atheism fresh from the slums of Europe that would overthrow order and destroy Christianity, in the foreign organ grinder; and a hopeless, helpless poverty held in abject bondage, in the beggar. Where is the remedy? I said then; I say now: It lies not in the strenuous life of our President; not in the strength of our army or navy; not in the magnificent resources which we have as a world power; not in these, but in the omnipotent power of the principles taught in the Sunday Schools of our land.

In the fourth place, the Sunday School has a distinct mission in the church. It has been called the nursery of the church. It is that and more. It has been called "the church at work." It is that and more. It is a dynamo whence the church may receive unlimited stores of power and influence. It is a medium through which the church may send out to the world lost in darkness the glorious light of God's gospel. It is the recruiting station wherein are trained soldiers for the army of the cross. It is God's laboratory in which the workers acquire skill for their coming tasks. Without the Sunday School no church can live and meet its mission.

An account of Professor Carlyle's work in Wake Forest College would be incomplete without a picture of him as a fellow-worker in the faculty. It was in the intimate daily association in neighboring classrooms and in the faculty deliberations that the most characteristic features of the man were most fully made known. Dr. E. W. Sikes was thus closely associated with him and in the following article draws a faithful picture of his associate in the faculty:

Carlyle as a Colleague

E. W. SIKES.

A College faculty is a very good place to know a man. All kinds of questions arise. A faculty has to deal with men, books, and movements. It is a place where every man is free to express himself, and the debates are often prolonged and interesting. For many years it was my good fortune to be thrown with J. B. Carlyle and to observe the various sides of his life.

Probably his most striking trait was his faculty for suggestion. How often have professors, in discussing some matter, ended by saying, "Let us see what Carlyle thinks of the matter." He had solutions to offer for problems of every kind. He did not confine himself to his own department, but tried to keep in intimate touch with every phase of College life and College problems. If a friend were in some difficulty, he was quick to suggest some line of escape. Hardly a person who knew him intimately but has received some suggestion from him. He was not an exclusive man who drew his mantle around him and let the world pass by. More than to any other man in town people told him their business problems. They felt that he could offer some suggestion. The hard-pressed student appealed to him to help him out. He was the medium of more than one business

transaction. More than one person can recall how Carlyle aided them at some critical juncture.

He was a man of friendship. He had friends in every part of the State and he was also the friend of men. He had a very popular manner in meeting people. There were times when he knew by name every student in College. He remained a stranger for only a short time in any crowd. On the cars he would soon meet some one. He was a good talker and could entertain a crowd. As a student he was the center of life with the crowd. Gifted with the power of rhyming, he could entertain them by the hour. He was fond of attending public gatherings of all kinds. He was equally at home at the Baptist State Convention, the Teachers' Assembly, a political gathering, or a barbecue. Around the fireside or at the festive board, he was always in high spirits. Being of a nervous temperament, the presence of a coterie of friends stimulated him, and his wit and humor bubbled up as from a fountain.

He was a great student of men. Though spending his life in a college he was no pedant or book-worm. If a vacancy of any kind occurred, he was ready with a man to fill the position. Was there a task to be done, he was always prepared to name the man who could best do it.

His favorite poem which he has been heard to quote often reveals the man's attitude toward life and other men:

> Let me live in the house by the side of the road,
> Where the race of men go by—
> The men who are good and the men who are bad,
> As good and as bad as I.
> I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
> Or hurl the cynic's ban;—
> Let me live in the house by the side of the road
> And be a friend to man.

But it would be a misleading conception of the man to think that he did not have any dislikes. There were men whom

he could scarcely endure. He was unsparing in his terms of condemnation. At times he was very sensitive and criticised the conduct of men with much harshness. Yet those who knew him best never thought that these feelings were deep and abiding. To kindness he unfolded readily. He loved the approval of his fellow-men, but he could do his work without it. For the man who was doing a great work in a hard place he had the greatest admiration.

Among College activities the literary societies appealed to him most strongly. He was a member of the Phi. Society, and it never had a more loyal member. As a student it had conferred all her honors upon him; as a member of the Faculty he was jealous of all legislation affecting them. On any question concerning the societies his colleagues deferred to him because he ever remained in intimate touch with them. He advocated public speaking and urged the young men to attain this power as one of the equipments for life. He was an uncompromising foe to secret fraternities in Wake Forest College. He thought that they sapped the life of the societies. The question of their admission arose, but it found no sympathy from him. Carlyle was anxious for the College to retain its simple democracy; he was opposed not only to fraternities but to any organization that produced social strata in the student body. No student ever felt that Carlyle thought less of him because of his poverty or his lack of intellectual strength. These classes appealed to him strongly. He never lost sight of the slow horse. To him he was anxious to speak the word of encouragement.

For many years he was the treasurer and active agent of the Students' Aid Fund. This brought him into contact with students who were in need of some financial aid. He saw the value of this work, that it was not a charity, but an aid to the needy student. It was his proud boast that never a dollar of this fund had been lost. He secured some very

valuable donations to it—one from General Julian S. Carr. This kind of student aid appealed to him; it was a temporary loan to be returned when the young man had completed his education. His zeal in this work never relaxed when he was compelled to give up this work for the larger work of endowment. For years he was a member of the self-help committee which assisted young men in working their way through College and the securing work when they left College. His acquaintance in the State was so extensive that he could render valuable aid in this direction.

Carlyle was no athlete. As a student he took no part in athletics, but at that time there was scarcely any athletics, and the first efforts for a gymnasium were just beginning. However, he was an active supporter and for years never missed a game on the local grounds when he was on the "Hill." He did not think that athletics should interfere with the work of the College and he was quick to make vigorous protest when he saw that it was. He was a strong believer in physical education and was instrumental in the erection of the gymnasium. Here again he placed his shoulder to the wheel and pushed the College forward. Carlyle felt that the importation of players was injurious not only to the purpose of athletics, but to the discipline and work of the College.

Carlyle early realized that one of the chief functions of the College was the training of teachers. He began the agitation for the establishment of the Chair of Education. He conferred with the men who were in the field teaching, enlisted their coöperation, and prevailed upon the administration to appoint the late Professor Crittenden to the position. His intimate acquaintance with the educational conditions of the State enabled him to perceive the State's need of improved methods in teaching. He also knew that a large percentage of the graduates of the College entered the teach-

ing profession. He was quick to see that the College was rendering a service both to the State and to the student by the creation of this department.

He was a practical planner—not a dreamer. He was active in the creation of the Department of Medicine and the erection of a home for it. All remember how he struggled for the building. That building is a monument to his faith and his works. Then his attention turned to the Hospital. This was his work of love. He felt the need of it for the students and he dreamed the dream that same day it would become the pride of the Baptists of North Carolina; that here their sick would come, and pain would find relief. The tablets on the walls and the names of the wards all speak of him. It was befitting that this Hospital should open her arms to him in his last days, and that in this quiet retreat his tired spirit should find its release. His last gaze was upon the labor of of his own hands and he could calmly say: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Carlyle was specially useful in interesting men of prominence in State and business affairs in behalf of the College. His house extended its hospitality to most of the influential men in the State, among them several Governors, the State Treasurer, and the Superintendent of Education. He was always interested in the success of the Seaboard Air Line and secured many advantages therefrom to the College by his intimate acquaintance with its managers. The present distinguished Passenger Agent of the road, Mr. C. B. Ryan, was made acquainted with the College and the community solely through Carlyle's hospitality.

As a citizen Carlyle was interested in the welfare of the State. He was in touch with the public school system. Few men made more educational addresses than he. On the sub-

ject of local taxation he was at the service of the educational department of the State. There are but few counties in the State where his voice was not heard. At one time when a vacancy was contemplated in the position of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, he is said to have been booked by the Governor for the appointment. Had he been appointed he would have aroused North Carolina as Aycock did. As a speaker the people heard him gladly. Each spring all the time he could spare was given to addresses at the closing exercises of schools. For the number of these annual addresses he held the record in the State.

Politics had a fascination for him. He knew all the public men and could claim most of them as his personal friends. He delighted to work for the election of a friend. He attended political conventions and at one time presided over the Congressional Convention of his district. He was a regular visitor to the General Assembly and was fond of spending the Saturdays in the halls. Had he entered politics he would have been successful. He was a good mixer and could make friends; he could entertain a crowd either by a speech or conversation; and he studied men. He knew human nature. He was ever inquiring and looking into the motives that impel men. A gentleman who has had some experience in Wall street remarked one day that "Carlyle ought to be on Wall street because he knows human nature so well."

He was a valuable citizen in his community. He was interested in the welfare of his village. Every new enterprise that meant the upbuilding of the community found in him a friend. He helped organize the Bank of Wake and was the first and only vice-president till his death. He became interested in the Royall Cotton Mill and various other enterprises. His interest in his church was unflagging. He was a deacon who was always present at the monthly meetings. He was chairman of the pulpit committee and took

pride in securing a supply in the absence of the pastor. While a teacher of a class of students himself, he was deeply interested in the Citizens' Baraca and often invited men to attend or advised the committee of the stranger that was within our gates. For the ministry he had the highest regard, but he placed the standard for their character. It pained and irritated him to see a young ministerial student flippant or in any way discredit his high calling. The "old College," as he affectionately called her, was the idol of his heart. For her he prayed, for her he wept, for her he gave his best, and he wished the village of Wake Forest to be a fit home for such an institution.

Such was the man as we knew him for twenty-five years. Such are the impressions that he made on us. We shall not soon look upon his like again. Human? Yes, very human. With his faults? Yes, just as you and I. But, withal, a man whose work is abiding, whose good deeds do march after him, who has left the world somewhat better off for having lived in it.

It would be useless to attempt to tell in a limited space of Professor Carlyle's services and work for Wake Forest College. The college was the great passion of his life. To its cause he devoted all his powers—his gift of eloquence, his winning personality, his financial abilities, his influence among the people, his unsurpassed talents as a securer of funds for endowment and equipment, and best of all his triumphant faith in God as the director of all its movements and in the Baptists of North Carolina as its unfailing supporters.

It is appropriate that the one who is to give an account of Carlyle's work for the college should be President W. L. Poteat.

J. B. Carlyle's Work for Wake Forest College

PRESIDENT W. L. POTEAT.

In all the seventy-eight years of the history of Wake Forest College few men have given it more important or permanent service than Professor Carlyle, none has given it a more devoted service. He was fitted by both nature and nurture for such a service. In the first place, he loved the College. The romantic affection of his student days was enriched and deepened by the vital relation which he came later to see the College sustained to the civic life of the State and to the Kingdom of God. Those who knew him best feel that the College was the dominant interest of his life. And the prayer which one of his nurses overheard on the last day of his conscious life—"O God, let Thy guiding hand rest upon its leaders; and may Thy blessing be upon it; and may prosperity attend it. This I ask for Jesus' sake"—shows that at the very door of death his great concern was still for the College of his love.

His native gift of geniality and good humor, which seemed to develop as he advanced in years, was another factor in his equipment for the large service which he was permitted to render the College. Wherever he went it made him friends, and his friends were the friends of Wake Forest.

Though capable of marked depressions at times, he was also capable of a high and sustained enthusiasm. Whatever enlisted him at all enlisted him wholly. This enthusiasm was contagious and irresistible. It quickened the interest of the most phlegmatic. It opened fountains of beneficence which had never flowed this way before.

And there was Professor Carlyle's remarkably wide acquaintance in North Carolina. He himself has said that he could not have succeeded in the largest task which he under-

took for the College, if he had not previously for fifteen years sought in all honorable ways to extend his acquaintance in all parts of North Carolina. But this conscious effort to fit himself for such a task would not have carried him very far, if he had not possessed in extraordinary development the ability to remember names and faces, the ability to fit the name to the face. It is to be doubted whether any other man in the State could greet so many men from Beaufort to Burnsville, calling them all by name, as Professor Carlyle was able to do.

Hardly less important was his gift of adaptation. He was a good "mixer." He studied his man, for the appeal was not the same to every man, as he said, and instinctively he suited the action and the word to the man. If he was occasionally criticised on this score, he was able to quote the highest of authority by way of precedent: he was but becoming all things to all men, that he might win some.

Two forms of service outside the College community proper will always stand to the credit of Professor Carlyle,—he widened the circle of the friends of the College, and he enlarged its material equipment. As to the first, it is sufficient to say that his gift of popular public speaking was in requisition from one side of the State to the other. He was wanted for all sorts of occasions, educational, patriotic, agricultural, fraternal, religious. And wherever he was known and honored, the College which he represented was known and honored. He introduced it to hundreds of new friends, and its good repute was enhanced among its old friends. His financial work, which is next to be spoken of, had a similar influence. He himself estimated as of scarcely less value than the $150,000 endowment "the deepening of the love and loyalty of many old friends and the creation of new ones. Sixteen hundred people have a new interest in Wake Forest College."

In the fall of 1906 two important new buildings were ready for College purposes,—the Alumni Building and the College Hospital. The money which they cost is little indication of their size or importance, for they are marvels of building economy. Professor Carlyle secured the money for the Alumni Building mainly from the Alumni of the College, and along with Dr. Gorrell superintended its erection. A large proportion of the money used in the construction of the hospital he also raised. But even before these two notable efforts Professor Carlyle had demonstrated his ability in this sort of work. A considerable part of the funds expended in the erection of the Gymnasium in 1900-1901 was raised by Professor Carlyle.

The chief service of Professor Carlyle was the securing of the subscriptions for the $150,000 addition to the endowment of the College. On the 8th of December, 1906, he accepted the appointment of the Board of Trustees, and at once took up the agency. He made a careful survey of the field and then adopted the plan of campaign, from which he never swerved. "I believed," so he wrote in the College Bulletin of January, 1908, "that there were fifteen hundred people who could be induced to help, if I could reach them in person. To see these fifteen hundred people face to face was my task. * * * I set the daily figure at $300 and $50,000 by the last day of Commencement. On that day I had $51,630. The smallest subscription was one dollar, earned by a devoted woman with her needle, and the largest was seven thousand dollars, given by the Bridger Bros., of Bladenboro."

The net result of this extended campaign, which closed after the death of Professor Carlyle, was the addition of $117,798.56 to the endowment of the College. There are yet unpaid notes which more than cover the balance of the total fund originally proposed. In their December session

at Winston-Salem the Board of Trustees voted that upon the completion of this fund it should be designated the "John Bethune Carlyle Endowment Fund" as a perpetual memorial of his large and devoted service.

It is fitting in this connection to call attention to the work done by J. B. Carlyle in the erection of the Alumni Building, referred to by President Poteat, for every penny spent in the construction and equipment was raised by him and it was his unwavering faith in the sons of the college that made that edifice a possibility. Some interesting paragraphs concerning this undertaking, written by the Faculty Editor for the Benefactors' Number of THE STUDENT, are here quoted. They, however, very inadequately represent the struggles undergone in behalf of the college by her most devoted son.

The movement toward putting up the Alumni Building was launched at a meeting of the College alumni at the Commencement of 1903, and Professor Carlyle was asked once more to serve his Alma Mater by securing the funds for its erection. A committee of five, I believe, was appointed by the Faculty to coöperate with Professor Carlyle, of which committee I was a member. I was asked to serve as treasurer, and as Professor Carlyle and I were the only officers of the committee, it came to pass in the process of time that the committee was practically narrowed down to two—the collector and the treasurer—"the Foreign and the Home Missionary"—as one of the good ladies of the town facetiously characterized us.

For about a year there was little for either of us to do. Neither the plans nor the location of the building had been selected, and it was absolutely impossible to secure any funds until there was visible evidence of the building that the alumni were to erect, although we had hoped to secure a thousand dollars or more before the work should definitely

be begun, for how could any sane men venture upon an undertaking estimated to cost $22,000 without a considerable sum in hand?

I have lying before me now a slip of crumpled paper—a leaf torn from the official paper of J. B. Carlyle, containing the names and amounts of those who made the first contributions: Prof. J. O. Atkinson, F. W. Day, J. E. Garrison, Mrs. D. S. Vann, John Pullen, Jesse McCarter, and E. B. Fowler. The total amount of the above contributions was $45.00, and with this meager sum or just a little more on hand, the months rolled by. At last this condition of things became unbearable to the energetic spirit of Professor Carlyle, and with his true Scotch determination he announced in no uncertain tones that the building must be begun at once or the project would fail *in toto!* What! begin with no funds? Yes, begin and the funds will come in, for Wake Forest men have never deserted the cause of their college.

So with strong faith in the brethren we had the plans prepared. Thirty-six thousand brick were ordered, a carload of lime also, the mason was engaged, and with this pressure at home acting as a spring-board, Professor Carlyle went out "among the brethren" and by the time the necessary excavations were made and the masons were at work on May 14, 1904, enough money had been raised to pay for material and work as far as the ground floor of the building.

The corner stone, contributed by the Senior class, was laid at the Commencement of '04, Dr. Taylor, then President, in the presence of a large number of persons who had just left the graduation exercises, declaring it "well and truly laid."

During most of the summer of 1906 very little work was done at the building itself, but Professor Carlyle was now busy securing subscriptions; bids for material had to be submitted, brick and lumber were ordered, and all things were made ready for a new start. Neither of us knew anything

about building at that time, and it was urged that we ought by all means to secure a superintendent; but after various attempts it was found that the cost of such a man would consume so great an amount of funds that we did not feel justified in this expense. Therefore, sitting upon the foundation walls one sultry summer day with all the ground around covered over with raw material, Professor Carlyle and I laid the three planks of our platform: (1) We will do our own building, and though we may make a few mistakes we shall never make the same mistake twice. (2) We will make every dollar count. (3) We will not go into debt, but will pay as we go.

In September, 1904, work was again started and continued until the snow and ice of a very hard winter drove us from the field of building operations. By this time the structure had reached the second story. All winter we were kept busy securing material for uninterrupted work in the spring. To give one item: the stone work for the handsome front and for the window and door sills was ordered at a cost of $2,000, and when it was ready for delivery there was barely $300 in the treasury. We pledged the Wise Granite Company that thirty days after the delivery of the stone at our station the money would be paid, and this material came to hand at once. Professor Carlyle started afresh on his campaign and, after a magnificent effort collecting, all the money was on hand in thirty days save $150, which was advanced, and of course soon afterwards paid back to us.

In March, 1905, brick work was begun again, consisting of repairs to the walls, owing to the exposure to the weather, and of the completion of the brick work to the second story. Lack of funds and difficulty in getting material compelled us to call a halt to the work for a few months, but on July 1 of that year a large force of hands was at work and the last brick was laid on September 5, 1905. The tablets were put

into place on the second week in May, and the entire building was completed and paid for to the last dollar by May 22, 1906, almost exactly two years after the first shovelful of dirt was thrown for the excavation.

It would be impossible to tell of the many experiences passed through during these two years, of the many discouragements, and also of the joy of achievement. I shall narrate only one instance. Tired out and discouraged after an unusually wearisome and apparently unsuccessful trip, Professor Carlyle met with me one morning as I was walking among the masses of brick and lumber, for the workmen had left, funds were low, and it looked as if after all failure was confronting us. Two or three small checks were all that the trip had yielded and we were afraid to look into each other's face, well knowing what was the thought in our minds. No darker hour had fallen upon us than that, and we left the ground in silence. Just after dinner my faithful friend and co-worker met me again on that spot, but there was a new spring in his step and a new light in his face, for he handed me a check for $1,000, contributed by that devoted alumnus, Hugh Scott, of Reidsville. All honor to the generous giver. He heartened us for the successful completion of our labors, and inspired us with a confidence in the sons of Wake Forest, which never deserted us.

A few facts may be of interest in conclusion. The total cost of the building was $16,066.78. The number of contributions to this fund was over 600. There was the utmost variety in the amount of donations. At the bottom of page 17 of my memorandum book is recorded the handsome sum of a thousand dollars, and two lines above occurs the name of a colored man of this community followed by the sum of one dollar. Few were the gifts that did not mean a genuine sacrifice for the giver and a supreme test of loyalty to the mother college.

The following tribute to the memory of Professor Carlyle was written by Mr. Gilbert T. Stephenson, of Winston-Salem, one of the strongest and most brilliant lawyers in North Carolina. Mr. Stephenson enjoys the unique distinction of being the only "summa cum laude" graduate of Wake Forest. He subsequently took his Master's degree from Harvard and is also a distinguished graduate of the Harvard Law School. Wake Forest possesses no more loyal and enthusiastic son than he:

An Appreciation of John Bethune Carlyle

GILBERT T. STEPHENSON.

My acquaintance with Professor Carlyle began in the fall of 1899, when I entered his Intermediate Latin class; and the last time I saw him was in the winter of 1910 at Wake Forest when he told me that he was sick and that his work for the Endowment Fund was over. He taught me Latin three sessions. Half of the last session I was his only pupil in Seminary Latin. During nearly all of my student life at Wake Forest he was my Sunday School teacher. After I left College, I talked with him time and again both at Wake Forest and about the State.

When I come to think about the impressions of himself that Professor Carlyle made upon me, the trait of character that stands in the foreground was his intense and buoyant loyalty. What naturally followed from this was his marked ability to arouse in others enthusiasm for the cause he espoused. Therein lay his strength as a teacher, as a public speaker, and as a business man. It was a privilege to sit at his feet in Latin classes because, apart from the knowledge and appreciation of the language that he imparted, he gave his students potions of his buoyancy and enthusiasm to take with them out of the classroom to apply to the problems of

life. His Sunday School class, as I recall, was the most largely attended class at Wake Forest because, along with the prescribed Bible lesson, he never failed to have a live, uplifting message of right living. As a public speaker, he drew people of all classes and inspired them with his own healthy optimism.

Professor Carlyle loved Wake Forest with a love that surpasses the comprehension of the average person. He had a passion for the College. I do not remember ever to have engaged him in conversation any length of time without his discussing some way of helping Wake Forest. In Seminary Latin, when we were alone in the classroom, more than once he closed Seneca's Moral Essays before the hour was over and spent the rest of the period talking about things pertaining to the welfare of the College. I doubt if many men are capable of loving a college or an institution of any sort with a personal love like that with which Professor Carlyle loved Wake Forest. He was continually bringing rich gifts to his Alma Mater in the shape of money for buildings and for the endowment and, as his best gift possibly, the good will of the people. For it is true that Professor Carlyle was the connecting link between the College and the people of the State.

When I think of the great things that Professor Carlyle did, as told about in this issue of THE STUDENT, and then of his death in middle life, I am reminded of an incident in the life of the late Dean James Barr Ames, of the Harvard Law School. Dean Ames met his colleagues of the Faculty one day at a luncheon and told them that his health had broken down and that he had to go away for a rest. When they were about to express sorrow at his illness and hope of his speedy recovery, he continued, "Don't grieve for me if I never come back. I am contented because I have already had more years of service than are permitted to many men."

In that spirit he went out from them never to come back any more alive. In like manner, though Professor Carlyle did not round out a long life counted in years, still during his fifty-odd years he rendered a greater service to his College, to his State, and to his fellow-man in general than is permitted to many men.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CITIZEN

Professor Carlyle was throughout all his useful life a loyal and patriotic citizen of the Old North State. His passion for his Alma Mater, his pride and glory in his native county of Robeson, yielded in no degree to his love and loyalty to his State. His sympathies were State-wide, and no citizen was more ardent in fight against evils or more eager to devote his mind and means to the furtherance of all that made for the good of his own people.

No one knew him better as a patriotic citizen of North Carolina than Hon. Josephus Daniels, the distinguished editor of the Raleigh *News and Observer,* who from love for his old friend has described Professor Carlyle's work for his State in the following article:

John B. Carlyle, the Citizen of North Carolina

JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

Roman citizenship was prized for the honor it gave and the protection it afforded. Privilege was the pursuit of mankind in that era when rulers were guided only by the caprice of the hour, save the few safeguards thrown around those who could make the proud claim: "I am a Roman citizen." But they did not covet this mark of citizenship as an open door to render service to their fellows. That conception of public duty was then unborn. There are many men in this era who do not value the right to vote, a right that was purchased with blood. So many educated men are indifferent to the privilege and duty of citizenship that it has seriously been proposed to amend the Constitution making voting, like taxpaying, compulsory. Strange to say, politics has been shunned by those best fitted for public life, and as a

result, bad government has afflicted City, State and Nation. For if the worthy abdicate, the unworthy are ever ready to assume the burdens of government for their own enrichment and power.

It has been unfortunately true that college professors as a class have had too little direct influence in shaping public affairs, and they have excused their failure to render this service on the untenable ground that politics and scholastic life were not compatible. That is an excuse—not a reason. Wake Forest, by training the talented youths who matriculate has left its impress for good upon every community in the State and has fitted men for the highest places in church, state, the professions, and in business. In all its honorable career, however, it has not given a diploma to a son whose life better illustrates the virtues of good citizenship so fully as John Bethune Carlyle. He was fortunate in being born in a county that was just finding itself when he was coming into manhood—fortunate, too, in that before he came to College, he had given months to business in order to get money to educate himself, and in having taught a rural school. He knew from his environment the obstacles in the way of the people in trade and the difficulties of establishing good schools.

He went to College at a time when the State was awakening to its duty to educate all the people and felt the early pulsation of the greater work his church was doing for education. The same influence that touched Charles D. McIver in the schoolroom and Charles B. Aycock in the law office touched John B. Carlyle as he looked out upon life to choose his profession. Like those two Charleses, to whom public education owes more than any other men who have lived in North Carolina, he kept his eye on the little schoolhouse in the country. He was a part of that life as were McIver and Aycock. He never forgot as he read Homer and Cicero and

became familiar with the great men of all ages that all that he could learn and all the development that could come to him was not to be used for his own promotion or joy, but to be used for the endowment of the lives of those who could never feel the stimulus of college education. He gave his nights to Livy and Tacitus that he might catch the glow that learning gives to its devotees, and carry the zeal it would impart to those who dwelt in humble houses. He never left, in affection or in interest, the people among whom he was reared, and when he was offered the Chair of Latin at Wake Forest he hesitated as to his duty, whether he should return to the active life among his own people or, as some would have it, shut himself up in the company of a college. He decided to become a college professor because he had the vision of the lasting service a college professor could render in giving the best of himself to aspiring young men who were seeking to fit themselves for lives of usefulness; but he saw more than that; he saw that it gave him vantage ground to reach the people, for they ever have a mind to hear a scholar who has a message for them and knows how to deliver it so as to reach them. Oh, that every college professor in America had a message for the toiling masses and had the gift to carry it to them through an inspiring and attractive presentation and a warm-hearted personality that found entrance for him in all homes!

The biggest problem of citizenship of our generation has been and is now, not what sort of schools to give the people or how much money each school would cost. It has been to reach the people—the mothers and fathers—and set them on fire with zeal for the education of their own children and all the children of their community. Money is important and Mr. Carlyle did not underestimate it (for he was the best money raiser in any college faculty in the State), but he knew

that money poured into the public school from without must be a temporary help and that the only firm foundation upon which public education could rest was upon schools in every district supported by the people of that district. Therefore into the biggest work of the decade—the fight for local tax—he threw himself with enthusiasm and abundant labors. He traveled thousands of miles, he spoke day and night, he responded to all calls to "come over to Macedonia and help us," and no man of his day gave himself more fully to this work than did Mr. Carlyle. He spoke eloquently, with tact and judgment he won the doubters and opponents, and seldom did any people fail to vote the local tax after they heard Mr. Carlyle. He was gifted as a rhetorician, as a story teller and as a persuader. He never gave offense even to those whom he did not convince. He was much of a diplomat, and when less tactful men had failed to win the people to the cause, a persuasive speech, punctured with telling anecdotes from Mr. Carlyle, generally won the battle.

It is marvelous how he could exercise his citizenship in so many places and he multiplied his good citizenship a thousand fold by putting the duty of education before even the most indifferent audiences and by his enthusiasm and sound logic, compelling them to join him in doing a man's work as a citizen as well as an individual. It is here that North Carolina has been weakest. Its men have ever been strong as men looking after their own, seasoned with the grace of hospitality; but coöperating to build good schools and good roads for all the community has been contrary to the early individualistic tenets of North Carolinians. Individualism made robust men, but did not lift up the average man and give him a fair chance. Tho highest citizenship of an age is to retain the strength of the spirit of individualism and add thereunto that community spirit that blesses all—the children of the poor alike with those more fortunate. Measured by this standard, how exalted was the conception of citizenship

entertained by Mr. Carlyle! He literally poured out his life in preaching the gospel of education—all sorts of education—by the church, by the State, by the community.

He went into the centers and woke up indifferent and self-centered folk who had forgotten that they owed any duty in education outside their own families. He went into the smaller places and painted a bright future based upon the schoolhouses and the church. He journeyed to the remotest rural districts and preached that the day of liberty had come—the day of equality—and that the Door of Opportunity was open to every youth who would prepare himself by education to enter into those temples. And the people heard him gladly, followed his zealous appeals for better schools, voted to tax themselves for such schools, give money to their church colleges, and woke up to find that under Mr. Carlyle's teaching they had been lifted to see glories they never dreamed of until his eloquence roused them to the exercise of their highest duty of citizenship.

Mr. Carlyle never spoke for himself. Often solicited to enter upon a political career, for which he was well qualified, he chose rather to remain a teacher. He was the embodiment of the finest type of the private citizen, giving himself fully to the uplift of the people of his native State. No politician running for office traveled so many miles, lost so much sleep, or shook hands with more folks in order to win a position for himself, as did Mr. Carlyle in order to induce the people to quit themselves like men in the highest duties of citizenship.

A good citizen is not the man who advocates a good cause because it is popular and advocacy may bring him fame, popularity or office. The good citizen is the man who is ready to spend himself in a good cause, a cause from which he can reap no reward or personal benefit. That is the everlasting test of the highest citizenship. By that test John B.

Carlyle deserves to be ranked among the first citizens North Carolina has produced. He was the Evangel of education in a day when missionary work called for sacrifice and a heavy duty upon life itself. He did not count the cost, but gave himself gladly to the service of his fellows in the place where they needed him most. As the day hastens when every school district will vote upon itself a local tax, the State will remember that the three men whose practice of the highest citizenship did most to secure that essential of a fair chance to every boy and girl, the name of Carlyle will be remembered as one of the three most eloquent teachers who gave it lasting impetus. Those three men are McIver, Carlyle, and Joyner. Their leadership shows to all teachers, college professors and others, where good citizenship should cause them to stand.

About what great man of the elder or the newer day could the appended oath of Athenian citizenship be better applied than the subject of this sketch?

A Citizenship Oath

We will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty, or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks. We will fight for the ideal and sacred things of the city. We will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to excite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul and set them at naught. We will strive unceasingly to quicken the public sense of civic duty, and thus in all these ways, we will transmit this city, not only not less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.

One of the closest friends of Professor Carlyle's during an era of great industrial development in North Carolina was Ex-Governor R. B. Glenn, who has furnished the following tribute to his memory:

The great poet made Mark Anthony at the funeral of Cæsar utter these words: "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."

This saying, alas too often true, can not be applied to the life and death of Professor John B. Carlyle, but of him can be written the good that he did lives after him to bless him.

I did not have the pleasure of knowing Professor Carlyle in his younger days, but only after he had arrived at years of wisdom and discretion, and when he had indeed attained to the stature of true manhood. Then I did know him, and knew him well, as a man who loved his State, and patriotically did all he could to advance its best interests and elevate its people; one who was devoted to the great Church of which he was a devout member, doing all in his power to broaden and strengthen its religious work in its teachings of morality and in striving for the salvation of souls; and above all, I knew him as one who loved humanity, and tried to develop the best in man, thus fulfilling the divine command of loving his neighbor as himself.

I knew Professor Carlyle best while I was Governor of the State, at which time he was engaged in raising an endowment fund for Wake Forest College, at which institution he held the Chair of Latin and Greek. He rarely ever passed through Raleigh without calling to see me, and always brought cheerful greetings, left pleasant words of encouragement behind him, and caused me to feel happier and better because of his coming. He took a deep interest in all State and religious affairs, and I never heard him make a speech (and I heard many as we traveled together over the State), but that he tried to fill the hearts of his hearers with loftier ideals and nobler aspirations, leaving always an impression for good, and filling our minds with a higher sense of our duty to God and man.

He was the best qualified person for the difficult task of collecting an endowment fund that I have ever met. I well remember when he came to see me. Feeling that it was impossible for me to spare anything from the small salary

that I received, I hardened my heart and was prepared to say "No"; but before he was through, so well and forcefully did he present his great cause, and yet with such tact and courtesy, that when he had finished I asked how much was expected of me, and wrote my check for the amount suggested. I only relate this to show the thoroughness and Christian zeal with which he performed every work committed to his care,—often through the combined qualities of courage and gentleness, winning to his way of thinking those who differed with him, and earning the right to have it said of him at the end of his useful life, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

To show the high estimate I placed upon Professor Carlyle, I will give a little incident that never came into history, but which is absolutely true:

After the death of North Carolina's great educator, Dr. Charles Duncan McIver, it was thought that our present beloved Superintendent of Public Instruction would be selected as his successor and become President of the State Normal and Industrial College,—thus making a vacancy in the office of State Superintendent, which I would have had to fill. After carefully considering all available persons, I decided, in the event of a vacancy, to tender this place to Professor Carlyle, and some time after Superintendent Joyner refused to allow his name to be used in connection with this position, and the present able president was elected at the Normal, I told Professor Carlyle what I had intended to do. Regarding the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction as one of the highest, if not the highest in the State, the fact that I would have named Professor Carlyle shows my estimate of his ability, his faithfulness to duty, and his great moral worth.

A good and true man has been taken from us, but the work he did as a teacher of young men, in the building up of a

great and useful College, and through his public addresses delivered all over the State,—standing as they did for higher education, broader culture, and Christian character, will endure for hundreds of years after he has gone. He exemplifies the fact that a man can live a pure and upright life, and still meet with happiness and success in those things that he undertakes, and the example of such a man should stimulate our youth to nobler endeavors and higher attainments.

God needed him for greater work above, and took him unto Himself, but his life, his work, his Christian spirit are left behind to cheer us in our struggles.

As his friend, as a citizen of North Carolina, as a co-worker in God's vineyard, I mourn the death of Professor Carlyle, but feel it is "well with him," and hope that those who come after him may learn from his life to choose as he did, "the better part."

This chapter closes with an address made by Professor Carlyle some six years ago, which is among the few that he wrote out in full, and is here reproduced from his manuscript:

The Making of a Citizen

Broadly speaking, every man is the product of three factors—*heredity*, *environment*, and *education*.

The first of these furnishes force, innate and inherent—in larger or less measure; the second affords an atmosphere for the exercise of this force; while the third imparts efficiency to the natural force thus exercised in the field of achievement.

All these factors play a conspicuous part in the making of a North Carolina citizen.

What do we get from *heredity?* First, traditions that are holy. No man born in Sparta could fail to be stirred by the story of Leonidas and his immortal three hundred; no Roman of old could stand unmoved beside the spot where Horatius was said to have guarded the bridge against the oncoming host of the foe. So no man familiar with the history of our beloved State can fail to be moved in spirit and moulded in character.

Settled by men and women, many of whom sought its friendly borders to escape religious persecution elsewhere, it furnished con-

genial atmosphere for the development of the spirit of freedom. No wonder it was that they were the first to hurl defiance at the British despot; no wonder that when from out our mountain fastnesses men met Cornwallis at King's Mountain, flushed with victory won further south, they drove him back. No wonder that when the sons of the old Commonwealth have marched at the call of duty to the field of carnage, they have shown courage of the highest order. Their heroism during the terrible war of the sixties is a heritage priceless and perpetual. From beginning to end, on the field of action or in the forum of debate, the sons of the Old North State stood in the forefront, ready to do and dare and die. Today they sleep, many of them, in unmarked graves on the bleak hillsides of old Virginia.

On fame's eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round the bivouac of the dead.

The record of our heroes in war and peace, I repeat, enters into the factor of heredity in the making of North Carolina citizenship.

As another inherited element I mention *our respect and reverence for the Bible and the Sabbath.* I remarked, a moment ago, that our forefathers came here seeking a place where they could worship God in their own way. *They were profoundly religious.* The sacredness of the Sabbath and the inspiration of the Bible were never questioned. To them Christianity was a real, living, vital force. From such sires we have inherited a form of religion pure as the snowflake in its essence and powerful with the force of eternal truth. And let me remark here that the value of a people's religious ideals can not be overestimated. The government of France is weak, ready at any moment to be plunged into revolution and ruin, not because the masses are ignorant, not because they do not love a republic, but because the religious ideals are *low, selfish, false.* It is a self-evident truth that men who have lost respect for the law of God have no respect for the laws of man. Atheism and anarchy are almost synonymous terms. Our people are not rich in money, but by inheritance they possess the richer and more lasting wealth of religious sentiment, of devotion to high ideals, of uprightness in conduct, without which life itself is an empty show.

A third element of strength in our inherited assets is our inherent conservatism. Our people are slow in adopting innovations. Something more than mere novelty is needed to secure their approval. They showed this cautious conservatism in the adoption of our National Constitution; and again in their reluctance in severing relations with the Union. Slow to start even in a right course of action, when once started, only omnipotence can stop them.

So much for heredity. What shall we say for our *environment?* No healthy organism can grow in an unfavorable or unfriendly environment. Is the environment in North Carolina friendly to the development of the highest civic excellence? Undoubtedly, yes.

First of all we have a healthy climate. Extremes whether of heat or cold are almost unknown. North of us the shivering blasts make winter intolerable; south of us the scorching sun renders summer almost unendurable. But here in this goodly Commonwealth, where the Golden Mean of Horace is the rule, where men reverence their Maker and respect their brothers' rights, comfort, contentment, and competency may be the happy possession of the humblest and the highest citizen alike.

In the second place we have a ready and responsive soil. Not as fertile as the plains of the far West, its increase is more regular and its profits ofttimes larger. Extending more than five hundred miles from east to west, covering every variety of soil and climate, it produces in larger or less measure almost every article needed for the comfort or luxury of man. The wandering Italian on the streets of New York peddles peanuts grown in Hertford and sits down to a dinner to an appetizing dish of sweet potatoes grown in Robeson, while the millionaire in his mansion with its brownstone front tempts his sluggish palate with asparagus from the fertile fields of Columbus. The most independent people in the world live here. Stop every train from entering our borders; forbid every ship from approaching our shores, and we could still live in comparative comfort and affluence because our own salubrious climate and varied soil produce about all we need.

A third valuable asset in our environment is to be found in our excellent social and civic order. We have good laws and wisely administered. Our taxes are not high. Our government is not burdensome. Every man is free to enjoy the fruits of his toil and thrift. Our social order is eminently free from extremes. Merit more than money is the passport of popularity and power. Personal dignity and genuine worth; gentleness of manner and integrity of heart—these are the qualities which insure a hearty welcome into the society of North Carolina's people.

Heredity and environment have done well their part. Nowhere have these factors made a larger or richer contribution to the life of a people. Its history, radiant with heroic deeds; religious ideals, lofty in conception and loyal to the best types of Christianity; a spirit, calm and conservative, and at the same time courageous in the cause of right. These we have inherited from worthy sires.

A delightful climate blessing a fertile and varied soil in a land enjoying wholesome laws where morality is the rule—this is our environment.

What shall we say of *education?* Far be it from me to decry our educational achievements. Palsied be the tongue that would seek to disparage the noble work of the immortal Wiley. Long before the war our State had one of the best educational systems in all the Union. Educated people we have always had. Nathaniel Macon was able to hold his own among the leaders in the Senate, Vance stood as the peer of the greatest statesmen of his age. In all ranks of life, public and private, the sons of this goodly Commonwealth have marched in the forefront, showing that our teachers have wrought well. But what of the future? What shall be Carolina's place in the sisterhood of States in the twentieth century? She must go forward. Not to advance is to go backward.

Surveying our past, rich in glorious achievement, our present potent with opportunity, we see our future radiant with the glow of promise, provided we do our duty. Strong in matters of heredity, strong in matters of environment, we must grow stronger in education.

We must learn to utilize or own wealth. Our education must first give us industrial efficiency, that is the earning capacity of our masses must be increased. The average of intelligence must be raised. What boots it that millions of money lie imbedded in undeveloped mineral ore under our stately mountains; that our forests are rich in the most valued timbers; that our soil is fitted for the cultivation of the most salable crops; that in our rivers and streams there is waterpower enough to turn the machinery of the world, if our people lack the skill to utilize these wondrous resources? For a generation we have been playing at our industrial problems, but, hear me, the time for play is past. The tasks before us demand intelligence as well as earnestness.

Our country has adopted the policy of expansion, whether wisely or not I am not here to say; but one thing is sure, this policy has come to stay. In the Far East today, Japan and Russia are battling for the control of China. The result, whether favorable to one or the other, will assuredly affect the industrial status of the world. The Panama Canal is a certainty, which means that the Southern States will loom into larger prominence in the industrial and commercial life of our land. The sway of King Cotton is to be widened. The land of Dixie is to become the home of a powerful, prosperous, and progressive people. The spirit of enterprise is already moving in the hearts of the masses and wondrous things are about to happen.

But what of North Carolina? In the nature of things she ought to lead. But will she do it? The answer to that question will depend on the way in which we educate the rising generation. The

masses must be educated, for ignorance is helpless in the grasp of the mighty problems of the hour.

But there is something greater than industrial achievement and commercial supremacy. It is the training of a people, moral, virtuous, self-controlled, and true, in the principles of a true democracy. Greater than the cotton that whitens in a thousand fields, greater than the product of ten thousand spindles, greater than all the gold that lies hidden beneath our majestic mountains, greater than our growing cities, greater than all our laws and institutions, is the humblest man who looks upward into God's eternal blue with a clear conscience, loving his Maker and serving his fellow, with the wisdom to see his duty and the courage to do it.

Here is the aim of education—the enrichment of the life, the broadening of the horizon, the deepening of the sources of happiness of the people. The realization of such an aim will mean a growing respect for law, a deeper sense of sympathy, a more general appreciation of the true and beautiful in life, a profounder interest in learning, and a readier acceptance of the duties of citizenship.

It will mean that the laborer will get a better return for his toil, that the rich man will be more secure in the possession of his property, that the Golden Rule will become in the slow process of the years more and more the law of life.

The making of a citizen—that is my theme. *Heredity, environment, education*—all are at work—the first two nobly, grandly doing their part, the third improving as the years go by. Our educational problems can not be solved in a day, but the people—men and women—their faces to the future—will never stop till ignorance with its blight fades in the glorious light of universal knowledge.

Borne on the rule of right and out of our homes and schools and church

Shall come men of every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of gentle breeding,
Men of faith unswerving,
Who find their joy in serving
Their fellows and their God.

Give us men, give us men, strong and stalwart ones,

Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,

Men who make their country wreathe them
As her noble sons, worthy of their sires.
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false all others.

Give us men, I say again, give us men,

Men who, when the tempest gathers,
Grasp the standard of their fathers,
  In the thickest of the fight.
Men who strike for home and altar,
Who never, as the coward, falter,
  But standing for the right.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE GENERAL EDUCATION WORK

No one who knew Professor Carlyle was unaware of the fact that he was intensely interested in all that concerned the intellectual and educational welfare of his native State. For years before his college career he was an inspiring teacher of youth in Robeson county. After his graduation from college he put forth his first educational efforts in behalf of his own county, and so actively and effectively did he labor that he was elected Superintendent of Education for Robeson County in 1891, a position which he resigned to devote the rest of his life in the cause of Wake Forest College.

Notwithstanding his constant and arduous duties as Professor of Latin and his labors in behalf of endowment and buildings for the college, he was unsparing of time and effort to promote the cause of general education in North Carolina. He was always a favorite speaker in educational rallies, and became one of the most useful and influential aids in furthering the cause of local taxation for the benefit of the common schools.

No one can speak more authoritatively and sympathetically about him in that particular than one with whom he faithfully worked and whose administration he throughout loyally supported, the present Superintendent of Education in North Carolina, Dr. J. Y. Joyner.

The Work of J. B. Carlyle for General Education

J. Y. JOYNER.

In a democracy, every citizen owes a part of his time and talent to public service of some sort, but many are not fitted by temperament or moved by desire to render such service acceptably. With John B. Carlyle the desire to serve others was instinctive and irresistible. I have known few men that

gave so freely as he of their time and talent to the service of others in church, community and State, without reward except the joy of service and the appreciation of those served.

He was always deeply interested in public education and actively identified with every important movement for the benefit of the public schools in North Carolina. Perhaps his own meager educational opportunities in early life, and the consequent retardation of his college education, revealed to him the urgent need for increased educational facilities for the thousands of boys and girls of limited means whose chief hope for educational preparation was to be found in the public schools, quickened his sympathy, and fired his soul with a holy zeal to help others to have a better chance than he.

He was an honored and enthusiastic worker in the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly from its organization to the day of his death, serving for one term with great acceptability as president of that organization. At the conference of educators, representing the varied educational interests of North Carolina, held in the office of Governor Charles B. Aycock, February 13, 1902, which was the real inauguration of the most active and successful campaign for improved educational conditions in North Carolina, Carlyle was present and potent in counsel and influence. His name will be found among the signers of the "Address Against Illiteracy," issued by that conference to the people of the State. In the educational campaign that followed and has been continued, for local taxation, better houses and equipment, longer terms and better teachers, he took an active part to the hour of his death.

He was in great demand as a speaker at educational gatherings of every sort, and I doubt if any man in the State has delivered more educational addresses, in all sections of the State, than he. In the campaign for local taxation, he was always an especially effective speaker. The State Superin-

tendent knew that he could always call on Carlyle in an emergency, assured of a favorable response. Many a time has he responded to such emergency calls when a local tax election was in doubt and the situation needed wise and tactful handling, often willingly and cheerfully giving up his Saturdays and sacrificing his much needed rest for this labor of love and service to the cause to which he was devoted. Frequently he devoted much of his sorely needed summer vacation to educational campaign work.

He was a good mixer, and was most effective in private as well as public argument for his cause. He knew human nature and was a good judge of men. When he went into a community on an educational mission, he had a rare faculty of finding out the conditions and needs quickly, and of selecting with fine judgment the right men, convincing them, filling them with enthusiasm, and setting them to work before he left. He took men as he found them, dealt with them as they were, never sought to make them over or lost patience with them and abused them for not agreeing with him quickly. He sought to find the best in them, with an abiding faith that there was good and even best in everybody, and he appealed to that with persuasive eloquence rather than caustic invective. Tactful, sympathetic, earnest, eloquent and convincing, he was easily one of the most effective educational speakers in the State. In local tax campaigns he generally carried the people with him, and won.

He always took an active and sympathetic interest in the work of the County Superintendents, attending their meetings whenever possible. They all knew him and liked him, and realized that he was in full sympathy with their work.

His educational messages were full of an optimism, enthusiasm and inspiration that were irresistibly contagious. In the history of education in North Carolina, the name of John B. Carlyle will be accorded a conspicuous place. In

the hearts of the friends of education and the workers for the cause his unselfish service will be held forever in grateful and loving remembrance.

In the year 1889 Professor Carlyle, then just entering upon his duties as a teacher of Latin in Wake Forest, wrote an article on education in the State which in the frank acknowledgment of deficiencies, in the enlightened views as to educational improvements and hopeful outlook for the future, is equal to any of his subsequent treatments of the problem of State education. We produce the article in full:

Education in North Carolina

(Written by J. B. Carlyle in 1889.)

The charge of illiteracy has often been hurled at North Carolina. In some of her sister States, the editors of second-class local newspapers, as well as sundry politicians of the bombastic kind, sometimes please the pride and patriotism of their friends and followers by contrasting the educational status of their own State with the illiteracy of North Carolina. And it must be confessed that this charge, damaging as it is to the reputation of the State, is not altogether without foundation. The number of voters who can not read their ballots is astounding. The number of bright-eyed boys and girls who are unable to write their names is large enough to shame the manhood of the State.

It is not the purpose of the writer, however, to speak of things that are and have been, but of what ought to be and will be, the status of education in North Carolina in the future. Few States suffered more severely than ours in the late war. Thousands of her bravest sons fill honored soldiers' graves. Millions of dollars, the accumulation of long years of toil, were swept away by the blighting hand of war. So that the present illiteracy of our State is due not to defective system, not to indifference of the people, but to poverty caused by the war.

But things are changing now. Our people are not wealthy yet. They are poor. But there are unmistakable evidences of thrift among them. Pluck and perseverance, energy and enterprise, are slowly but surely working out for the Old North State a brighter and better state of things. And as an evidence, or rather as a result of this improvement, we may notice the increased interest in education.

We see this first in our free-school system. It has a stronger hold upon the people now than ever before. It is better organized and better conducted. The free schools have more efficient teachers and are more largely attended. The teachers, in their annual gatherings and in the institutes recently inaugurated, are becoming better acquainted with modern methods of teaching, and are adopting such of these are are suited to the needs and conditions of our people. The text-books of the olden time are fast giving way to others which are more in accord with the progressive spirit of the age. The common schools of North Carolina are moving forward, and we may reasonably hope that the time is not distant when these alone will be able to banish the dense cloud of ignorance that hangs over our State, and prepare its youth for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

Again, we find more high schools and academies and better ones, too, in the State now than ever before. Every town and village, almost every neighborhood, has its school. Crops may be short, business may be dull, financial depression may occur, but the fathers and mothers of our State, fired with the desire to educate their sons and daughters, and animated with the spirit of progress that characterizes our time, are making sacrifices to support their schools.

But we need not stop with academies. A wisely and properly conducted system of free schools begets such an interest in education as to secure the establishment and support of academies. Increased interest in academic education means increased patronage for the college. Hence we may expect the colleges of our State to receive stronger support and do a grander work in the future than they have ever done. As the volume of a mighty river is controlled by the number and character of the streams that empty their waters into its channel, so the power and influence of the college are dependent upon the schools that contribute to its support.

All—free school, academy, college and university—are mutually dependent and helpful. All are laboring for a common end—a glorious end—the mental and moral development of the youth of the State.

It is fitting that here should be inserted an address of Professor Carlyle delivered some five years ago as the last of a series to a large assemblage of educators. The preceding lectures can not be found. Fortunately the last survived in manuscript form and though incomplete—lacking the striking and beautiful peroration characteristic of all

Carlyle's addresses—yet it affords a valuable insight into the motives that guided his own career as a teacher.

The Teacher's Rewards

In the last lecture of the series I am to discuss the faithful teacher's rewards. A friend of mine, learning the subject of this lecture, recently remarked that I would have to lift the veil and peer into the next world, for surely it were an abuse of terms to speak of the teacher's rewards in this world. I am prepared to prove, however, that the faithful, efficient teacher has rewards rich and real in this life.

I might claim that duty well done is its own reward; that the consciousness of earnest, fruitful endeavor in a noble cause is ample compensation for any outlay of time and thought and toil. But our rewards are more tangible than these. They are not measured in money. When the Samnite ambassadors went to the old Roman, Curius, and offered him an enormous quantity of gold if he would betray his country, he rejected them with scorn, rising to the dignity of a Roman as he answered, "I would rather rule men who have gold than to have gold myself." So with the teacher. He can sometimes derive greater pleasure from moulding and mastering the forces and factors which make money than from the possession of money himself.

But the teacher has rewards all his own.

The first of these is the *companionship, respect* and *esteem* of the best people. The lawyer breathes the foul atmosphere of the courtroom, listens to the obscene jests of degraded men and comes in constant contact with crime and criminals in his daily duties. The doctor, sickened at the sight of suffering, is ofttimes forced to associate with the low and mean. The business man, in his everyday pursuits, is compelled to meet men skilled in cunning of the worst. But the teacher, breathing the pure and wholesome atmosphere of the school room pervaded by the charm and innocence of childhood, hears and sees nothing but the best that is in the best people, in their best moods. A foul word rarely falls on the ear of a faithful teacher. Into the best homes where culture and refinement dwell the teacher is always welcomed. See yon faithful teacher; she has just received her $22.50 per month for four month's earnest work, and, with ninety hard-earned dollars, bids her friends adieu. See the proud mother hold up the rosy babe for a parting kiss; the children from all directions bringing tiny presents, naught in value but much to them and much to her; the farmer stops his furrow to say farewell and bespeak a sure return; even the servants approach to receive a kindly work at parting. Is that

woman's reward in the little leather purse? No, no, but in the gratitude of these true and simple friendly folk. Having this she is richer, happier than the gay devotee of fashion who counts her dollars in millions. I repeat that the teacher, in gathering the harvest of grateful hearts, receives a reward more precious than gold and more abiding that the hoarded millions of a Rockefeller.

A second reward is *the communion with the master spirits of the past in books.* Men and women of other professions find books a luxury enjoyed only at broken intervals, but books are the teacher's constant companions. Their maxims guide him; their noble sentiments feed his spirit; their exalted ideals mould his character; their inspiration stirs him to heroic achievement. The teacher can move with mighty Hector around the beleaguered walls of Troy or stand with Leonidas at Thermopylæ's fateful pass, or sit entranced under the skill of Demosthenes' eloquence, or be filled with the spirit of the immortal Shakespeare. All the sages of the ages stand ready to spread their thought-laden trophies at his feet. In a real sense the teacher is the heir of all the ages behind him, all the measureless stores of Nature about him, all the infinite possibilities of the future before him. Socrates and Aristotle and Pestalozzi and Bacon—all stand ready to make their contribution to his treasure store of knowledge. The very fact that they have survived the destructive criticism of the centuries is proof positive that the great books of literature possess peculiar merit and that the privilege enjoyed by the teacher of mastering their contents is no mean reward.

This privilege of reading good books is not enjoyed in equal degree by all of us. There are teachers so busy with the common cares and concerns of life, so taxed in mind and body to meet the exacting duties of the classroom, so overwhelmed with the problems of school management, that they have little time to read. But even these, by the exercise of rigid economy in the use of their time and a wise selection of the best books only, can realize immeasurable benefit from the companionship and communion of great minds in great books. I commend to you, therefore, in passing, as part of a teacher's reward, this rare and rich opportunity.

Once more and better, I mention *the perpetuation of one's power and personality in an ever increasing ratio in the lives of one's pupils.* Whatever may be said of the doctrine of immortality as an abstract dogma, the desire for immortality is universal. We all want to be remembered. In every sane and normal breast there dwells a longing to be felt and seen, to live in other lives, to be immortal. The object of this desire is realized in the true teacher's life more nearly than in any other life. The teacher's powers are

multiplied and magnified a thousand fold. The kindly look, the gentle smile, the gracious word, like the wave started on ocean's bosom, move on and on, bringing gladness and hope and courage into countless lives unborn. The humblest woman who teaches well stamps her picture in characters indelible on the heart of every child that comes under the spell of her influence.

This perpetuation of influence is natural, for the teacher sows *ideas*, and it has been truthfully said, "Who sows an idca reaps a thought; who sows a thought, reaps an act; who sows an act, reaps a habit; who sows a habit, reaps a character; who sows a character, reaps destiny." So the teacher is a maker of destiny. The monument loftier than the pyramid's summit and more lasting than bronze reared by the great lyric poet, Horace, was a monument no less to the stern old teacher, Orbilius, whose wise maxims and accurate teaching made the poet possible. Xenophon's wonderful march to the sea and Plato's republican Utopia were alike the embodied principles of Socrates, the Athenian teacher. And so with all great men and great deeds. Every achievement of far-reaching results and world-wide renown, every great invention and discovery, the victories of war and the triumphs of peace, the wonders of art and the wisdom of science—spread forth the power, the personality, the influences of some faithful, fearless, far-sighted teacher—unseen, unknown perhaps, but a vital factor in Jehovah's hands for all that.

Back yonder in the fifteenth century there went up and down in Europe, through court and palace, a man with chart and map, his soul on fire with an idea, Christopher Columbus his name. What did it mean? It meant that somewhere, some time in his boyhood days in his native Genoa some faithful teacher—man or woman—had planted in his youthful mind a proper conception of the earth's shape. Go into a cotton factory. Hear the whir of machinery and inspect the wonderful product, fit to grace the person of a prince. Where did it start? In the brain of the school teacher, Eli Whitney who invented the cotton gin. And I might mention in detail the wonderful achievements in human history and without exception each one could be traced to the influence of the teacher. This is a reward in truth.

Faithful teacher, toil on. Rich rewards await you on earth. The boys and girls who sit at your feet and learn the lessons of truth and service at your hands today will be the men and women of tomorrow, and in their lives and labors they will reflect and reproduce the best ideals of your soul. Others speak to a few in the fleeting present; you speak to all the millions who will throng the measureless future. Others count their rewards in paltry dollars or

empty praise; you measure yours in the grateful appreciation of immortal spirits and in the coin of God's kingdom. For He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," is the Final Judge, and they who are faithful with the little flock, leading them in the paths of truth and righteousness, saving them from the sins of error and ignorance, will receive a rich reward.

A fourth reward is the *consciousness of duty done in most fruitful fields.* I have already remarked that of all the words in our language, duty is the most important—the sublimest. It is no wonder that the sweetest rewards in any calling come from the performance of duty. At the midnight hour I was dashing along on a crowded train at the rate of fifty miles. Suddenly there was a jerk, a shock, a shriek, as the engine with its power reversed and the air brakes applied went crashing into the rear of a heavily loaded freight train. We all rushed to the front and there saw the engineer sitting, calmly, quietly, courageously in his cab, his hand still on the throttle, though his engine stood on end against the rear of the train in front. His nerve and courage in applying the brakes had saved us. In a moment the great crowd were thanking and praising him, but with a smile in the dim light of his lantern lighting his manly features, he said, "Gentlemen, I appreciate your generous words, but it is joy enough for me to feel that *I did my duty.*" This to him was the highest joy and greatest reward.

So the true teacher, petted and praised by admiring friends, under the spell of the excitement and exhilaration of some preëminently successful achievement, can feel like that engineer that the supremest reward is after all the consciousness of high duty faithfully done. The work which counts for most in the world's mighty movements is not proclaimed with praise and parade, with pomp and pageantry, but it is performed in quiet. Battles are not won by men clad in splendor and bedecked with gay plumes, but by the men in the ranks. Ships are not guided through treacherous shoals and dangerous rocks to havens of safety by the men who stand on the deck, but by the quiet, self-contained man who sits in the pilot room and peers with watchful eye into waves beyond. And the world is coming to recognize this more and more. More and more the doers of noble deeds and not the dictators of haughty command are becoming the real heroes. This is true because the public conscience is beginning to register righteous verdicts and render upright decisions and duty done anywhere at any time is becoming the touch-stone of success; and here, my friends, is a species of reward which angels might covet.

Dewey sank the Spanish fleet at Manila and won fame in a mo-

ment. Richmond Pearson Hobson tries at great peril to block the Santiago harbor and becomes a popular hero. Robert G. Ingersoll thrills a great throng with a blasphemous speech and won the name of America's most brilliant orator. Charles M. Schwab organizes a giant trust and is proclaimed to the world as getting a million-dollar salary. The humble teacher touches the fires of genius in an immortal spirit and is rewarded with the consciousness of duty done. All ahead of the teacher. But listen. Dewey gave the token of popular approval to his newly wedded wife and was overwhelmed with rancor, Hobson allowed himself to be kissed by silly women and was crushed with ridicule, Ingersoll died in contempt, Schwab is being prosecuted for embezzlement. But the teacher's reward grows brighter with the passing years.

A fifth reward is the *consciousness of building for eternity.* Like the sweet song of the brook, the teacher may say with ever-increasing emphasis—

> Men may come and men may go,
> But my work goes on forever.

I proclaim as two unfailing universal attributes of the teacher's work—*potency* and *permanency.* The first insures respect, and the second guarantees for it a share in the eternities. It is a law of nature that no energy is lost, but it is also a law or a characteristic of nature, that much energy is diverted and dissipated, because it is misdirected. The effect of a cannon ball is conditioned not on the force with which it is sent, but also on the direction with which it is aimed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHRISTIAN

Professor Carlyle did not "wear his heart upon his sleeve" in the matter of religion. He was not of those who could talk easily of their religious experiences. With all his buoyancy and splendid enthusiasm he was never swept off his feet by religious emotionalism. He would not, if he could, have posed as an exhorter, and he as strongly as any man despised cant and hypocrisy. But there was about him something better and stronger than mere show of religion. He proved his faith by his works. His whole useful life in the service of the Lord was an "epistle known and read of all men."

We are fortunate in securing an account of his religious life as told by two of his dearest friends—friends who knew him in the very secrets of his soul and loved him for the simple and unpretentious and yet strong and genuine piety that characterized him.

Professor Carlyle's Religious Life

DR. W. B. ROYALL.

In Professor Carlyle, the religious instinct was strong, his consciousness of God very real, his experience of grace definite and clear.

"From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." What the Apostle Paul thus tenderly wrote to his son in the faith suggests a pleasing explanation of Professor Carlyle's reverence for the Bible. Little patience did he have for critics of the sacred text, unless he was sure that they were men who knew and felt that they were on holy ground. Implicit was his faith in the essential integrity of the English Bible which he had learned when a child to love. Toward the faith as he believed it to have

been once for all delivered to the saints he maintained an unwavering loyalty. His zeal in behalf of the old doctrines of grace was akin to that of the Covenanters in their fight for what they believed to be the truth of God which had made great their beloved Scotland, the fatherland of Professor Carlyle's ancestors.

"The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." With his whole heart Professor Carlyle seemed to believe this. When he was most busily at work, in his very best service for the College, he would beg his friends to pray for him, sometimes specifying the particular person whose heart he was hoping God would open to the appeal he was about to make to him. When there was sickness in his family, or some sore trial burdened his heart, he would bethink him of the mercy-seat, and of the promises of God to those that pray. One instance lingers in my memory. His first-born, an almost idolized son, was at the point of death. The father's heart, torn with grief, turned to the promise of our Lord to the two or three gathered together in His name. At once his two nearest neighbors were entreated to wrestle together in prayer for the life of the son, and for the grace needful to meet the issue whatever it might be. Afterwards he would speak of his boy as having been given back to him through prayer. In one of his last letters to me he referred to this, while expressing confidence in the purpose of God regarding the outcome of his own illness. This faith in prayer waxed stronger as the end drew near. At the last that great prayer of Christ seemed to have become his: "Nevertheless not my will but Thine be done."

"Faith without works is dead." This conviction was woven into all the fibres of his being. His religion was of the militant type, though the source of it was in that faith that is reckoned to the believer for righteousness.

Doubtless there are yet with him sweet echoes of the Master's "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Religious Life of J. B. Carlyle

LIVINGSTON JOHNSON.

When a man dies the question frequently asked is, "What was he worth?"

It is not strange that such a question should be asked when money plays so large a part, and in an age which is so dominated by the commercial spirit. That question, asked at such a time, concerns itself with those that are left behind, and not with the one gone into the Great Beyond. In this world, Dives was the man of great wealth and Lazarus the pauper; but in the other world the wheel of fortune had turned, and Lazarus is the millionaire, while the rich man becomes the beggar. "Such is every one that layeth up treasures on earth, and is not rich toward God." When we face eternity, spiritual values alone are worth considering. The question, "What was he worth?" is a very timely one, when applied to treasures in Heaven.

The religious life of J. B. Carlyle was such as to satisfy his friends in regard to his inheritance beyond. His religion was not of the demonstrative type, but his faith in God was firm and steadfast. In his religious belief he was sound to the core. The "New theology" found no place in his creed. To him, the Bible was the word of God, and he accepted its teachings without question. He greatly enjoyed the simple gospel of our Lord, and the "old, old story" was ever new and fresh.

While not narrow in his views, he was loyal to his denomination,—to its teachings and its institutions. As a Baptist he was intelligent as to our doctrine and well posted in regard to Baptist usage. He was a regular attendant upon our general denominational meetings and was always heard with

pleasure upon the floor of the Convention. Twice he was elected president of the Convention, and, doubtless, would have held the office for a number of years, had he not declined a third term. He was not a master of parliamentary practice, but his quick wit often carried him through situations which, to many other men, would have been embarrassing entanglements. He was not happy in the president's chair, and was glad to hand the gavel over to his successor.

Carlyle had a great grip upon our denomination. In one capacity or another he canvassed the State several times, in the interest of Wake Forest College. Democratic in spirit, he believed in the people and delighted to be out among them. The people just as cordially believed in him, and rejoiced to have him come into their midst. By his close touch with the people and his intimate knowledge of affairs on "The Hill," he was a sort of connecting link between the College and the denomination. The writer has often heard him explain to people out in the State some question about the College which they did not understand, and such explanation was entirely satisfactory to those who heard it. Thus misunderstanding and adverse criticism were removed.

There was not an institution belonging to our denomination, or a department of our work in which he was not interested and to which he did not give his sympathy and support; but Wake Forest College was the one institution that he loved above all others.

A few days before his death he said to a friend who visited him: "Give my love to the brethren (meaning the Trustees) and tell them to hold Wake Forest true to the great mission for which it was founded": and with deep emotion he added, "God bless the old College."

J. B. Carlyle will be sadly missed, for in our denomination he was the "Great Commoner."

It was the childlikeness—the implicit faith and hopefulness—of Carlyle's religion that constituted its special features. The following address on "The Ministry of Childhood" will be read with interest by many who heard his eloquent words with delight. In the felicitous diction, in his denunciation of present-day evils, in his superb introduction and eloquent peroration it is typical of Carlyle's happiest moods:

The Ministry of Childhood

"A little child shall lead them."

Everywhere and always childhood has excited a deep and abiding interest in the human heart. Not always friendly, sometimes distinctly hostile, this interest has been, but it has always been real and strong. In the child the poet has found inspiration for his loftiest flights of imagination, the artist models for his noblest paintings, the preacher materials for his greatest sermons, the soldier incentives for his sublimest daring, and the philanthropist a field for his most unselfish work. And the prophet, in a moment of sublime exaltation, at the climax of a matchless period, painting the glories to come, sounded the keynote of the moral order when he said, "A little child shall lead them."

Catching in some faint way the spirit of that lofty sentiment uttered thousands of years ago, I come today, my friends, declaring unto you that the supremest need of our time is that men shall learn the *meaning* of childhood, heed its heaven-born *message*, and yield themselves willing subjects of its blessed *ministry*.

It is needless for me to repeat in the outset that this is the greatest and grandest of all the ages, that ours is the greatest and the grandest of all countries. Has not the commencement orator proclaimed it? Do we not see Uncle Sam bestride the globe with one foot planted on the Philippines and the other on Cuba, waving a red flag on which is written in livid characters the Monroe Doctrine, hurling fierce defiance at the assembled universe as a great world power? Do we not see our strenuous President forced to make annual pilgrimages to the "wild and woolly West" and there battling for days with bears to appease the fierce martial spirit raging within him? Do we not see it emblazoned everywhere that we are fast becoming a nation of magnates and millionaires, destined to master the thought and commerce of the world?

Now far be it from me to utter one word to discredit the spirit of our time or the marvelous achievements of our country. As we face the twentieth century, we may safely say these things of its life:

It will be strenuous. Drones and dreamers will find no place 'mid its storm and stress and struggle. Push, progress and perseverance will be written in large letters above the door of every avenue leading to success. Ever nobler rewards, ever richer prospects will woo men to high service and heroic achievement.

It will be hopeful. Its highest note will be reached on the plane of optimism. Enthusiasm, strong and deep, will stir men to action, nerve them in struggle, soothe them in suffering, and sustain them in defeat. The old Roman poet, patriot, philosopher, dreaming of the good olden time, despairing of the Republic, saw the Golden Age in the dim, receding past, beyond the sunset's glow; but for us twentieth century Americans, our eyes aglow in eager anticipation, our ears attuned to catch the high call of duty, our hearts athrill with the impulse of a new life—for us the golden age is behind the sunrise of the future and the best is yet to be.

It will be expansive. Development along proper lines will be the law of life. Nobler ideals will control men's conduct and crown their character. Philanthropy will expend its energies in more fruitful fields; Christianity will unfold its life more and more in deeds of love and mercy. Duty, clad in richer hue, panoplied with mightier armor, will go forth to ever new victory and ever fresh laurels.

But, my friends, with these strenuous, hopeful and expansive tendencies of our time and land, there come others not so propitious. Our future is dark with peril as well as radiant with promise. And my theme today is the ministry of childhood in this time of peril and promise. This ministry must manifest itself in a firm protest and in an earnest plea—a protest against gross materialism and a plea for simple faith.

Every nation that has risen to prominence and power has been dominated by a spirit all its own. Ancient Carthage made commercial supremacy its goal and its ships sweeping all seas filled its treasure houses with the wealth of the world. Greece worshiped at the shrine of beauty and became a nation of scholars and artists. Rome paid homage to power and became a nation of warriors, ruling the world. America seems to be getting ready to place its choicest treasures on the altar of Mammon, and is therefore in danger of becoming a nation famed only for material splendor. I would not belittle material achievement. I would not underestimate the value of money. When money stands as the fruit of toil, thrift, energy, intellect, it is valuable as an incentive to worthy effort and a means for the satisfaction of tastes that are noble and wants that are real.

But when money is sought not as a means but an end; when, in the mad scrambie for its possession, men iose sight of the rights of others and the ciaims of eternal justice, then money-getting becomes a crime in the sight of heaven and a curse to the human race. Behoid its fruit in the fieid of poiitics. In the State of Missouri and its iargest city, St. Louis, bribery is a fine art and franchise iaws and iegisiative enactments are bought and soid as common merchandise. Go into the higher, more refined reaim of society. Young men of the most abandoned character, guiity of the viiest conduct, have a welcome into some of the best homes if they havc money. A miiiionaire, tiring of his demented wife, goes to a distant State, puts her in an asylum, has a iaw passed granting him a divorce, then goes to another State and marries another and a younger woman, a distinguished divine performing the ceremony, and few papers dare utter a word of censure.

Look at Business. The whoie country in the throes of a coal famine for months; ragged women and barefoot chiidren freezing on the streets of the great city of New York; business paraiyzed; the wheeis of trade stopped—aii to sweii the earnings of the heartiess coal barons in the anthracite regions who refused to accord the miserabie miner, toiiing in the foui atmosphere hundreds of feet in the earth, a just return for his work. Nor is iabor guiitiess. Only iast week two prominent iabor leaders were caught seliing their influence with their comrades to the employers of labor.

Look at the National Government. Sureiy we shaii find no trace of the money god here. Not so. The whole country is shocked and scandaiized by the revelations of crime and corruption in the postai system, the most popuiar department of the government. Americans abroad have pointed with pride to our postai system, so well organized, so nicely adjusted in aii its parts, as a triumph of democracy and a crowning giory of our repubiic. But aias, as day after day the papers teii us of some new discovery in the compiex ramifications of the piot to rob the government, we are almost inciined to despair of the Repubiic.

But be it not forgotten, the mercenary spirit is not confined to pubiic iife and iarge transactions. The difference in the guiit of the farmer who puts his cotton in the rain overnight before taking it to market, who piaces the iargest potatoes on top of the wagon and the fresh eggs on top in the basket, and the guiit of Machen, the Rural Delivery Superintendent who soid contracts for thousands, is a difference in degree oniy. The fauit is fundamentai. It iies at the very heart of our civiiization. As in the days of Horace, so now men are valued not for the motives that inspire their conduct, not for the ideais that mouid their character, but for tbe money they

possess. No candid man facing the past can deny it. The dollar has been deified and on its altars are offered the finest, the sweetest treasures of the human heart. Enormous combinations of capital, organized to the highest degree of efficiency, operated with the highest order of talent, magnify the might of Mammon and minimize the majesty of manhood. The dollar mark too often becomes a passport to popularity and power. The dollar mark—a key—it unlocks all doors;—a wand of magic—it sweeps away all obstacles. So great is the dollar mark that we are sometimes constrained to say with Constantine: *In hoc signo vincimus.* We see Mammon a king enthroned, sceptered, crowned, while man, made in his Maker's image, breathing his Creator's spirit, bearing in part his Creator's attributes, grovels a hopeless, helpless slave at his feet.

My friends, is the picture overdrawn? God forbid! Standing on the bank of a swollen river, viewing only the surface with its debris and mud and filth, we forget that far beneath the surface the current of the real river still flows pure, fresh and strong. So standing beside the stream of our social and industrial life, our eyes blinded by the glare of gross material splendor, our ears deafened by the din of strife and confusion, our hearts sickened at the sight of mingled selfishness and suffering, breathing the foul atmosphere of corruption and crime, we are in danger of forgetting that deep down beneath the surface of things the current of our real life still runs strong and fresh and pure. When we get back to the viewpoint of childhood, which, according to Ruskin, embodies humility, faithfulness, cheerfulness and charity, we shall see things in their proper perspective and realize that Jehovah still sits on His throne and that righteousness shall yet prevail.

"And a little child shall lead them." In the long ago wise men from every clime, under a mysterious impulse, guided by a wonderful star, moved on and on until they stood over where the young child lay. Today after nineteen weary centuries men are again turning toward the cradle where the young child lies, drawn by the irresistible magnet of childhood, and God grant that here taught by the divine influence through the ministry of childhood we may learn the true secret of life, the true source of happiness, the solution of our problems, and the salvation of society.

I said at the outset that it was the mission of childhood to utter a protest against the growing spirit of materialism and to make a plea for faith. It is the peculiar characteristic of the child to *trust*, to *confide*, to *believe*, and this trustful, confiding spirit is one of the supreme needs of our time. I do not use the term *faith* in a theological sense, but in the broader sense which includes man's rela-

tions with his fellow and his Maker. When men have lost the faith faculty, they have lost the power of progress, for in its higher meaning *believing* is *being*. A man must *believe* something and believe it strongly, if he is to *be* anything. Unless a man's soul is stayed in abiding faith in the eternal verities of God, he can not do or dare a great or a good thing.

Need I tell you, my friends, that there is a marked decline from the firm faith of our fathers? Dr. Henry Vandyke has said that the tendency to doubt is one of the most dangerous and deadly and one of the most common tendencies of our time. It is well nigh universal. All classes and conditions and grades of culture, all degrees of intelligence, are alike infected by its subtle influence. Its effect is everywhere the same. It paralyzes effort, chokes up the fountains of sympathy, checks the glow of enthusiasm, closes the ears to the cry of pain, renders the heart insensible to the appeal of suffering, and culminates in a state of indifference fatal to all high service and noble achievement. Only last week, a distinguished orator addressing a North Carolina audience coined the word, "indifferentism," to express the baneful effects of this spirit. Doubt, as a deadly modern monster, has invaded the most sacred realms. Poetry, child of the muses, has been poisoned by its noxious power. Fiction has fallen a prey to its baneful spell. The press panders to its beguiling charm. Even the pulpit whence God speaks His message to man has sometimes not been immune from its seductive influence. What are the results? Look around you. The sanctity of God's holy day is openly disregarded. The Sabbath is in some places no longer a day of rest and recreation, but of revelry and rowdyism. That peculiarly pleasing phrase, "The sacredness of the secular," has borne melancholy fruit not in uplifting the secular but in degrading the sacred. Saturday has not become as sacred as Sunday, but Sunday has become as secular as Saturday.

Again, there is no longer proper honor accorded to parents. The Fifth Commandment—to quote the phrase of our only ex-President—seems to have fallen into innocuous desuetude, or rather we have reversed it. We no longer say, "Honor thy father and thy mother," but "Honor the boy and the girl; give the young folks a chance; let them do as they please." Fatal condition, my friends, for that commandment is as true today, as terrible today, as when it came from the thunders of Sinai.

Once more, we are losing our reverence for the Bible and sacred things. The minister is no longer a man with a call, from God, set apart to his holy work, but a member of a profession, pushing his business. The Bible is in some quarters no longer the revealed word, declaring His will, but a composite body of literature to be

ranked with Shakespeare and Browning. The reading of the Scriptures is becoming obsolete and the family altar a vanishing tradition.

Fatal condition—for, I repeat, when men have ceased to believe in the truths of God, they have ceased to be agents in achieving the purposes of God. *All heroes are heroes of faith.* The foundations of our government were laid long years before the day of Washington and Jefferson. They were laid when the Pilgrim Fathers planted the principles of Puritanism on the bleak hillsides of New England; when Roger Williams sought to build an asylum at Providence for those who believed in the freedom of the will; when the French Huguenots, driven from their homes beyond the seas, sought refuge in our Sunny Southland. They were laid in the *faith* of men who believed with all their heart and soul in the eternal truths of Jehovah.

It is even so. Under the impulse and enthusiasm of a sublime faith, men may lay hold on the omnipotence of Jehovah; under the withering spell of doubt and indifference, they become cringing cowards at every first appearance of danger or difficulty.

Where is the remedy? To get back to the confiding spirit and glowing enthusiasm of the child—to listen to the plea of the little child. A little child shall lead us into larger faith, nobler enthusiasms, a richer life. Listening to the voices of childhood we shall make the home life like heaven; society will become pure; justice and law and order will have universal sway; the Church of the Living God, exalted, magnified, glorified, will rise to realize its mission and reach its goal, and once again the strains of the heavenly choir shall sound "Peace on earth, good will to men," and men and angels and all things on earth and things in heaven shall join the glad acclaim: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors and the King of Glory shall come in."

CHAPTER VII.

THE MASON

A prominent Mason observed to the writer that in his belief Carlyle's greatest passion, next to Wake Forest College, was Masonry. Whether this be true or not, the fact still remains that in the State of North Carolina there lived no one who was a more devoted Mason and a greater admirer and more eloquent defender of the Masonic Order than J. B. Carlyle. We are fortunate in having the story of his connection with Masonry adequately told by one who for many years was closely associated with him in this great order:

J. B. Carlyle, the Mason

E. W. TIMBERLAKE, JR.

The records of King Solomon's Lodge, No. 313, A. F. and A. M., at Lumber Bridge, Robeson County, North Carolina, show that John B. Carlyle was made a Master Mason in that lodge on January 27, 1891. Professor Carlyle was then thirty-two years of age. He became a member of Forestville Lodge, No. 282 (Wake Forest Lodge, No. 282, since 1893), on October 8, 1891, where his membership remained until 1898. In that year the Wake Forest Lodge became extinct, and he transferred his membership to Wm. G. Hill Lodge, No. 218, at Raleigh, North Carolina, where it remained until the Wake Forest Lodge was reorganized in 1905. On May 16, 1905, he again became a member of the Wake Forest Lodge, and so continued until his death, July 10, 1911.

Masonry was a part of Professor Carlyle's life. It meant something to him. He believed in its principles and practiced its teachings. The tenets of a Mason's profession—Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth—were to him sound prin-

ciples of right living. It was not difficult for him to extend a helping hand to his fellow-men; he was always ready to relieve the distressed, to soothe the unhappy, and to sympathize with their misfortunes; and Truth was to him the very foundation of every virtue. To him these principles were elemental, and he applied them consistently in his daily life.

Many of the good deeds that Professor Carlyle did must of necessity remain unrecorded except in the gratitude and appreciation of the beneficiaries. Doubtless many of them are otherwise unknown, for he was always modest in what he did. His unfailing belief in the exercise of brotherly love can not be more aptly expressed than in the lines of Samuel Walter Foss, which he was wont so often to quote:

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
  In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart
  In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their path
  Where the highway never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
  And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
  Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
  As good and as bad as I;
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
  Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
  And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
  By the side of the highway of life—
The men who pass with the ardor of hope,
  The men who are faint with strife;
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
  Both, part of an infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
  And be a friend to man.

The care of the child was an object of special interest to Professor Carlyle, and both the Orphanage of his denomination at Thomasville and the Masonic Orphanage at Oxford received his loyal support as long as he lived. An object of scarcely less interest to him was the welfare of the widow. The orphan and the widow seemed to elicit his sympathy and appeal especially to his desire to render aid and comfort. He was their ever ready friend, adviser and helper.

The needy college student also claimed a place of special interest in his life. Himself, largely a self-made man, he knew well the rugged road to success, and could advise as one having authority. The worthy student in need never appealed to him in vain. He was secretary of the Students' Aid Fund of Wake Forest College from 1898 to 1907, and so interested was he in that worthy object, that by his efficient management and special efforts in its behalf, the fund was, during his administration, increased several thousand dollars. Many of those, who as students at Wake Forest, have come and gone, would bear eloquent testimony to his timely aid in seasons of stress and his sound advice in periods of difficulty and embarrassment.

Not only did Professor Carlyle apply the principles of Masonry in practical ways, but he loved the Order. He delighted in the meetings of his own lodge, and was a familiar figure in the annual sessions of the Grand Lodge. As a member of the Wake Forest Lodge he was invaluable, always abounding in good cheer and ready with wise counsel. Whenever he was in town he never failed to be present at its bimonthly meetings, and even into his last sickness his interest continued unabated.

Professor Carlyle was twice honored by the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, once in being appointed Orator for the St. John's Day exercises at Oxford in 1905, and again in being appointed Grand Orator for its annual session in

Raleigh in 1910. On both these occasions his genius as a public speaker was strikingly manifested. His address at Oxford on the subject, "Masonry: Past, Present and Prospective," as a panegyric on Masonry was unqualifiedly pronounced a gem, the following being some extracts from it:

* * * Not in the antiquity of its origin, not in the illustrious lives of its sons in the ages past, does Masonry find its chiefest glory, but in the lofty character of its aims. These are two-fold—as they relate to the Mason and to others. In the individual, Masonry aims to promote self-control and self-cultivation. He has espoused the principles of our noble Order to little purpose or profit who has failed to learn the essential lessons of self-control. * * * To subdue the passions, to control the appetite, to make the will obey the behest of the judgment, to keep the imagination in proper bounds—in a word, to bring all the powers of one's personality, all the functions of one's being under the dominion of wise and righteous self-control—this is the first aim of Masonry. But it stops not here. Not the control alone, but the cultivation of the faculties to their highest efficiency—this is another aim of Masonry. Improvement—always better—better in spirit, in heart, in head, in mind and morals—this is the motto of our ancient Order. * * * Sometimes I have thought that in our zeal for the benefit and betterment of others, we are in danger of forgetting that he is able to do most for others, able to brighten the world most who has first learned to make the most of himself. The matchless majesty of a man with a vision clear enough to know the right and a will to do it—this is the noblest work of Masonry.

Again, Masonry aims to touch and transform the lives of others. First, through sympathy. Sympathy, my brethren, is one of the noblest, I had almost said the noblest, attributes of humanity. It separates man from the brute and differentiates the civilized man from the savage. Under its beneficent spell the bitterness of hate melts as snow under the gentle rays of the April sun. It breaks the heart as hard as stone and makes another's woe our own. This heaven-born quality Masonry seeks to impart and inspire. * * *

Once again, Masonry aims to give succor. Sympathy that does not seek to give succor is useless and fruitless. Hence we see the inherent sympathy of Masonry giving aid to the needy, the sick and the sorrowing. Are there orphans? Masonry provides them a home where so far as possible loving hands and loyal service may take the place of mother and father. Does age find itself bereft of comfort, facing the grim shadows of the hereafter under the stern threat of

want? Masonry offers aid. Does the widow, heartbroken by the loss of the strong arm of the husband, shudder as she looks into the eye of an unpitying world? Masonry seeks to wipe away her tears by supplying her wants. Is there no need for the ministry of Masonry? Look around you.

There is never a home so happy,
  There's never a spot so bright,
But sorrow, grief and trouble
  Have shed their withering blight.

This sorrow needs the balm of healing. This grief needs the comfort of sympathetic hearts. This trouble needs the active aid of earnest friends. This healing and comfort and aid Masonry aims to bestow; not with the sound of trumpets, not with the beat of drums, not with the tinsel and noise of vulgar display, but in the quiet and seclusion of the soul's supremest need, like the good Samaritan of old, the Mason goes about doing good.

But Professor Carlyle's masterpiece on occasions of Masonic interest, his best and last effort, is his address as Grand Orator on the subject, "Light and Love—the Fundamentals of Masonry." This address is so striking in some of its parts, and so characteristic of the speaker that it is regretted that lack of space will not permit its reproduction here in full. The following extracts will serve, however, to indicate its general tenor:

* * * "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters and God said, Let there be light, and there was light." From that sublime fiat of Jehovah, uttered in the dim dawn of creation's chaos, until this glorious hour, light has been an elemental principle and fundamental factor in the life and activities of the material, mental and moral realm. In the material universe the sun is the central fact, and to give light is the supreme function. Light is the foe of disease, death, vice and crime, the friend of health, virtue and morality. * * * No less essential is light in the realm of mind. The difference between savagery and civilization is simply a difference of degree in intellectual light. So also in matters moral. As the eyes of men are opened to discern the beauties of light, their hearts are quickened to do the right. Morality is but the measure

of man's progress from darkness to light. This benign and beneficent ministry of light, Masonry was quick to recognize and wise to utilize, and in this we see in large part the explanation of its wonderful progress and power. From the moment when the Entered Apprentice voices his soul's chiefest need for more light until he rises to the stature of a Master Mason, his every step through symbol and ceremony is a gradual unfolding of the meaning and message and mission of light. And not only our secret ritual, but also the organized agencies, the external manifestations and sum total of Masonic influences unite in emphasizing light as a fundamental principle of the Order.

* * * But light without love is a consuming fire. Light linked witth love is an irresistible force. Paternalism in government carried to its fullest development means despotism. Individualism carried to its fullest development produces anarchy. Between these two extremes stands fraternalism, neutralizing the faults of each and preserving the excellencies of both. The essence of fraternalism is love. What light is in the realm of matter and mind, that and infinitely more than that, is love in the realm of spirit. * * * In the patriot's bosom battling for native land and loved ones, love makes a glorious Gettysburg; in the woman heart suffering for her child, it glorifies motherhood; in the soul of a saint dying for his faith it sanctifies martyrdom. Everywhere and always it makes heroes and heroines. It makes Masonry immortal because it links it with the eternal verities of the universe and the unfailing purposes of Jehovah. Think of its fruits as shown in the achievements of Masonry in North Carolina. The orphanage idea comes first. * * * Tonight while I speak, thousands of little children, in North Carolina, in themselves helpless, homeless, hopeless, are kneeling in comfort beside their snowy little beds and lisping in broken accents—"Now I lay me down to sleep"—because the spirit of love has prompted generous men and women to establish and support orphanages. And the Masons led the way. * * * To John H. Mills' great and rugged soul, with a spirit like John the Baptist, yet tender as a woman, with the vision of a seer and the heart of a hero, Mason tried and true, acting under the sanction of this Grand Lodge in 1872, is due the unspeakable honor and glory of starting the orphanage movement, not only in North Carolina, but throughout the South. * * * Here and now I summon every Mason in this great Commonwealth to renewed allegiance and loyalty to our orphanage. May it ever be, as now, the golden link that binds our hearts in common sympathy and fraternal devotion.

I said at the outset that Masonry has lived because it is based on two immortal principles—Light and Love. That statement I repeat.

Mid storm and stress and strife and struggle, our fathers kept the faith. For them light, with unerring finger, pointed the path of duty, and love's gentle but imperious voice bade them walk within it. But what of today? Has Masonry a mission peculiar to our age and clime? Has it a mission in the new North Carolina? I answer, yes. In all the history of our race there never has been a time when light was more needed, when education was more essential than now. Here in North Carolina for ten years and more, from mount to sea, a tidal wave of educational enthusiasm has been sweeping. We have come to realize that *ken* (to know), and *can* (to be able) are one and the same word. And in all this mighty movement Masons have been in the forefront. * * * There is yet much to be done. The call of North Carolina must continue to be for more light. And the Masons, more than twenty-five thousand strong, each fit to be a member of Gideon's immortal band, true to their traditions and loyal to their principles, must enroll themselves in the grand army set to banish ignorance and enthrone the reign of justice and truth in the beneficent kingdom of light.

There is also need for more love. Materialism sets the pace in all our standards. * * * There is a supreme need for the spirit of brotherhood, benevolence, beneficence. These are parts, essential parts, of the Mason's creed, guiding principles in the Mason's conduct, and the crowning glory of the Mason's character. The merest glance at social and economic conditions reveals conflict, conflict between labor and capital, between the classes and the masses, between races and creeds. To meet and master these conflicts we must realize and recognize the majesty and dominance of the golden rule. Herein lies our duty. Brothers of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, we are facing a supreme opportunity and a sublime duty. Let us stand for light, for the light that makes men free; for the light that develops the divine in their natures, for the light that lifts them into the realm where they think the thoughts of God, for the light that frees them from the shackles of passion and the bondage of prejudice. Let us stand for love—for the love that makes men good and therefore great, that lifts them above sordidness and selfishness and meanness, that makes men die for their country, that exalts the spirit of brotherhood, for the love that never faileth.

Light and Love—these as beacons have led us through the storm-tossed centuries behind us. These as guides shall lead us to larger duties before us.

Our Order grand moves onward,
Her course has just begun,
But her sons shall never falter
Until their work is done;

For they follow on the gleam
Of a grand and glorious dream,
With freedom for its fabric,
With perfection for its theme,
With light sublime its guiding star
And love divine its sun.

Then up and on, my brothers!
Our Order bids us go;
Despair nor fear nor failure
None serving her shall know,
Till wrong with all its blight
Shall fade in the glorious light
Of universal brotherhood,
Born of the rule of right;
And light and love transcendent
To their stature true shall grow,
And Masonry triumphant
To her mission high shall go.

The closing lines of Professor Carlyle's address as Grand Orator show that he possessed a real poetic talent. He wrote several pieces of verse concerning Masonry for use on different occasions, the following lines being perhaps among the best:

So long as men grow weary
On pathways dark and dreary;
So long as widows languish
In loneliness and anguish;
So long as each tomorrow
But swells the orphan's sorrow;
Wherever men are falling
'Neath the woes of life appalling—
There Masonry has a mission.

So long as hearts are breaking
And human faith is shaking;
So long as notes of sadness
Choke every song of gladness;
Wherever sin's assailing
And righteousness is failing—
There Masonry has a mission.

To make the cause of duty
Stand forth in all its beauty;
To turn the orphan's wailing
To songs of joy unfailing;
To point the fallen brother
Away from sins that smother,
To stars of hope above him
And loyal hearts that love him;
To make men's visions brighter
And all their burdens lighter,
To keep them from repining
While hope still brighter shining—
Goes on to glad fruition—
  This is the Mason's mission.

On, on, thou radiant mission,
Enshrined in song and story,
All wreathed about with glory,
Till the Founder's wider vision
Shall meet a sweet fruition.

Professor Carlyle believed that Masonry has a mission, and no Mason, more than he, has sought more conscientiously to fulfill that mission. He lived his life well—a just and upright Mason, a just and upright man.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CLOSING SCENES

It was during the autumn of 1910 that Professor Carlyle's health began to fail. For years he had been troubled with some slight laryngial affection which, however, was of little or no inconvenience to him. Owing to the excessive strain and exposure incident to his labors from one end of the State to the other in the interest of the college this affection became deep-seated and intensified. His peculiarly sanguine temperament and the passionate enthusiasm that possessed him to devote every energy of his being to the completion of the raising of $150,000 for Wake Forest College led him to neglect his health and to be unaware of the critical nature of his illness. It was only by the urgent suggestion or rather command of his friend, Dr. Highsmith, of Fayetteville, that he was induced to relinquish his active traveling work in the campaign for endowment. Even then he never relaxed in his efforts to carry on the work by correspondence. Toward the close of the year the state of his health was such that he was compelled to give up temporarily his college classes in the hope that relief from this strain might be a means of his recovering from his rapidly increasing feebleness. At the same time his dogged perseverance would not allow him to retire from less exacting obligations. As a deacon and member of the church and of the order of Masons he was still active and regular in attendance; as a director of the Bank of Wake and a Town Commissioner he was prompt in the discharge of every duty to the end, and he was called upon for addresses in local circles such as the Thanksgiving address to the Junior Order.

For only one Sunday was he forced to omit his meeting with his Sunday School, and his naturally buoyant nature led him to interpret a temporary cessation of pain as an indication of permanent improvement; hence early in the year 1911 he resumed his teaching work, both in the college and the Sunday School.

But alas! this apparent gain in health was only the last deceptive reviving of the spark of life. The hand of in-

curable disease had been laid upon him, and his friends and loved ones were filled with dismay and sorrow as they saw the rapid havoc wrought upon his frame and features. As a last desperate attempt to restore his health he was ordered to a sanitarium at Black Mountain toward the last of March. A short time before this he, with strong and courageous energy, gave a farewell banquet to his Sunday School class, and with his dear boys around the festal board he presided with his customary ease and grace, making a farewell address closing with the lines:

> I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
> When I have crost the bar.

An interesting account of his last class in Latin, which he taught up to the very time of his departure, is here given by one of the members, Mr. L. G. Bullard, who also brings into the narrative other tender memories of his old teacher:

Professor Carlyle's Last Days in the Classroom

L. G. BULLARD.

When I first saw Professor J. B. Carlyle he was speaking in the First Baptist Church of Fayetteville. I was too small to remember anything he said or his subject even, but his striking personality and his forceful manner made a lasting impression upon my boyish mind. I did not get acquainted with him then nor did I see him any more till I entered College in the fall of 1908, five years later. When I went up to register his was the only face I recognized among that vast array of strangers. I was introduced to Professor Carlyle by another member of the faculty who was consulting him about my entrance. Not having work under Professor Carlyle that year I scarcely saw him again till four months later I was registering again. I saw him advancing towards me, but I was surprised when he spoke, calling me by name. He

had remembered me, though he had met me four months before and had scarcely seen me in that time. I mention this incident to show his remarkable talent for remembering faces. I have never seen his equal in this. In a surprisingly short time he knew every member of the Freshman class that year.

It was my good fortune to sit under his instruction during the session of 1909-10. His ability as a Latin teacher is seldom equaled. Patient, gentle, and firm, he led us through the mysterious sentences of Virgil, Cicero and Horace. In the course of his teaching he never failed to give a moral application to the great thoughts of these great Romans. His sense of humor was never failing; it was no unusual thing for him to laugh with the class at blunders by individual members of his class. He sometimes told us of his experiences with former students. He once had a numbskull in his class whose whole make-up was averse to the delightful study of Latin. After studying over the final examination for something like two hours, he handed in his paper and this was what he had written:

> Nihil, nihil, non fit;
> I don't know Latin and can't write a bit.

Professor Carlyle concluded, "I gave him 50 to help him along."

Among the boys, Professor Carlyle was always a favorite. He was a staunch friend to the boy who was trying to help himself. He never seemed happier than when he was helping a boy over his difficulties. I shall never forget the fatherly advice he gave me during the few times I consulted with him. He always rejoiced with us when we rejoiced. I remember one occasion when the debating team had won a victory and the news had just come in. It was about eleven

o'clock at night when a number of us marched to the sound of the drums, with much yelling, to his home, where he met us at the door and said, "Well, gentlemen, what's the score?" Some one told him the details of the victory. Then he began his speech thus: "Well, gentlemen, I give you this little verse of mine—

> With bat and ball we often fall,
> But with brass and gas we always pass.

I was also a member of the last class he ever taught. During the fall of 1910 he was on the road completing the endowment fund, but in January, 1911, he resumed his work in College, taking over Latin III, which was composed of just four of us, namely: H. M. Beam, D. S. Kennedy, M. A. Huggins and myself. He had been meeting with us only a short time when his health began to give way rapidly. But he had taken a great interest in each one of us and was reluctant to give up the class. Often he would have us meet him in his own home, where he made it so pleasant for us that Latin almost seemed to pass out of the realm of studies. After the lesson was over he would pass around fruit, which he said he bought especially for that Latin lesson. After talking with him for a little while he would always say something like this, "Now, boys, I would be glad to have every one of you remain and talk to me, but I know you have other duties, so I shall not detain you longer."

He met us for the last time one Friday evening in March. He told us of the doctor's advice for him to go to the mountains. He spoke of his regret in leaving us, and expressed a desire to be back with us after a while. We little realized that we were looking into the face of our beloved professor for the last time, for he was cheerful and did not so much as hint that he would not recover, yet I believe he was then conscious of the fact.

Some days after he left for Black Mountain the class remembered him with a letter, each one of us signing it. Soon after we received this reply from his own hand.

Messrs. W. Kennedy
H. McBroom
L. G. Bullock
T. M. Higgins

Cragmont
April 18,

I write to thank you all for the kind and thoughtful letter received yesterday. I frequently think longingly of you. I am improving slowly and hope to resume my work in the fall.

Sincerely,
J. B. Clark

In June two of us were near Black Mountain while he was sick at Cragmont. It was our desire to make him a visit, but the doctor would not allow visitors to enter his room, so we had to content ourselves with sending him a kind message, which was answered in that old familiar way. "Doctor, tell them that I thank them for their kind thoughts of me and long to have them come, but it is best not." This was the last we heard from him till the papers came out, July 10, bearing the sad headlines that sent a shock throughout the entire State. The Boys' Friend was no more.

O for a touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Dr. I. J. Archer, of the Cragmont Sanitarium, who learned to know and love Professor Carlyle during the months of weary sickness and struggle at Black Mountain, writes as follows of his impressions:

I have been asked to speak of the closing weeks of Professor Carlyle's life. I wish to express my own unfitness to adequately describe to others the fullness of character of this great man with whom it was my very great privilege to associate.

A very large part of what we are or what it is possible for us to become is the resultant of our contact with others and the nature of our association with them. It is a misfortune to be so circumstanced that we are deprived of the privilege of contact with noble characters and men of fibre. I count it one of my great privileges that I should have enjoyed close personal contact with Professor J. B. Carlyle, though but for a few brief weeks towards the close of his life. I regret it as unfortunate that I should not have known him earlier and have profited by the enriching influence of such acquaintance.

One could not come within the sphere of his more intimate fellowship without realizing very soon that he was especially favored in such intercourse. I regret that I might not have known him during the years of his more active life so crowded with well directed, successful and helpful energies. He must have been a character of unmeasured activity and resourcefulness. It was only mine to know in a rather intimate way the finished product— the matured character which had been in process of developing through all the years by means of all these diversified agencies.

The attempt to outline the qualities of a well rounded normally developed character is rather hazardous. It is impossible to name and consider at length all the factors and qualifications which enter into the make up of such a life, and to

mention some of them and leave others unspoken sometimes has the effect of impressing the reader that certain qualities of mind were not present or certainly not preëminently so, or they too would have been particularized and stressed. Allow me to say that I will not attempt to mention or to analyze all the qualities of mind, heart, and soul of this many-sided man, but will speak rather of some of them which seem to stand out prominently as seen by those who were privileged to be with him during the last weeks of his life.

His disposition was to look upon the bright side of everything, let it be ever so unpromising. He was disposed to search and find out the good in every question and every character which we were privileged to discuss. A pessimist has been fittingly described as one who will of two evils choose both of them, and if we may speak of the converse as being equally true, then we may assuredly say of Professor Carlyle that he was an optimist, for given the choice of two evils, he would find good in both. His optimism was of the helpful, inspiriting nature since it was the expression of his own attitude towards every question and was not merely an attempt on his own part to inspire in others a faith which he did not personally experience. It had the ring of sincerity and others knew and felt that he was not pointing out an unknown path, but was outlining one which he had personally traveled and knew that it would bring strength and composure.

This sincerity extended into all his activities and relations to others. He possessed the true spirit of helpfulness, and on every occasion which presented he would speak the hopeful, encouraging word and one could not but be impressed that he was not simply promoting some pleasant theory, good for others, but that he was giving out of his own mature experience that which had been helpful to him. There was a ruggedness about it all and a sense of strength and security which always carried assurance. He possessed an eminently

practical nature which required of him that he must put everything to the test of actual experience and accept or reject it by its proven results.

It too often happens that the development of the practical and the utilitarian side of our lives has a tendency to eliminate the creative faculty. It was not true of this well-poised man. To myself, so accustomed to accepting only that which had been tested by experience, his creative fancy and his idealism were a source of constant surprise and admiration, and it seemed to me, always, that he sustained a remarkable balance between the practical and the ideal.

He was thoughtful and considerate of the welfare of others, always placing their pleasure and satisfaction at what he might do for them ahead of his own personal comfort, and whenever possible administered to others by word and deed. He was unusually appreciative of all that was done for him, never failing to speak of it in the most kindly way. It was a real pleasure to be able to minister to his comfort in any way because he was so acutely sensitive to any little favor shown him.

He had dauntless courage—a finer and a rarer courage than that which finds its chief expression amidst the din of conflict and the noise of battle. His was a personal courage—one of initiative and born from within, and not produced by external conditions. As it became known to him that perhaps he might not recover his health it did not come to him as a calamity nor overwhelm him because of any unpreparedness. He said to me that he had not expected to die thus early in his work and that there were many things undone which he had hoped to complete, but said he had an abiding confidence in the providences of the Eternal God and accepted His decrees without question.

His sublime faith in God's mercy and goodness and His justice and wisdom was an inspiration to every one who came

in contact with him. This hope, this courage, this faith was not born of the moment—it was the outgrowth, the maturing of a consistent life through years of struggle and development.

A magnificent character has gone into the Great Beyond to complete its activities through God's eternal years.

Mr. R. C. Lawrence, whose admirable article on "Carlyle the Robesonian," begins this series of Reminiscences, is also called upon to close them by the following feeling account of his last interview with his old friend and teacher:

It was on a hot day last June that I received a wire from Professor Carlyle asking me to go to Black Mountain immediately. I was rather puzzled at the message, for I did not know his true condition. His physician had ordered him not to disclose his true condition to the public in order that he might secure the rest and quiet he so greatly needed and which he would not be permitted to secure had the people of North Carolina known his condition. At the same time I was rather glad to escape the hot stuffiness of the court room, and so I went immediately in response to his call. I arrived at Black Mountain on a perfect summer morning and as I drove along the quiet, shady mountain road leading out from Black Mountain, field, hill and stream rioted with life and color. The shrill note of the birds, the lowing of cattle, the call of the plough-boy fell upon the ear and filled the air. The tang of the mountain breeze was exhilarating as old wine. The words of Browning came to me again and again:

> How good is man's life the mere living! How fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy.

Soon the sanitarium was seen clinging to the mountainside and as I neared the building I saw my friend upon the upper porch. But how changed! When last I saw him he

was in the full flush of active, robust manhood; now wasted with disease, wan and worn. Tears sprang to his eyes and rained down his cheeks when he saw me and mine as freely flowed. His Scotch stoicism soon asserted itself, however, and it was again the old Carlyle, going over in detail matters of importance to the College, planning a future in which he knew he was to have no part. That afternoon I wrote many letters at his dictation to people all over the State—to men who had sons who should enter College the following fall; to men who had promised money to the Endowment; to members of his Sunday School class; to the president of the College as to the future work of his department. The man realized that the end was near and yet he struggled on with hope against a seeming certainty. His mind was bent upon the matter of a gift of $2,000 that had been promised to the College. The money had not been paid and he felt the supreme importance of collection at that time or feared it would be too late. He directed letters and a wire to be sent in regard to the matter. About three o'clock next morning, when he was seized with a paroxysm of coughing and I had gone to his room to see if I could be of service, he declined and directed me back to bed, but as I was leaving he called to inquire whether I had sent the wire in regard to the money—an inquiry he had made thrice before. The next morning came a message that the gift had been paid. He brightened visibly; the sparkle came again to his eye. The afternoon before he had been in the Slough of Despond, but now he was upon the Delectable Mountains. The payment of that money affected him as no physician or medicine could have done. It buoyed him with a renewed hope so long as I remained with him.

He spoke at length of his work for the Endowment and of his hope that he might yet be spared to complete the work of collecting the funds raised for it. He regarded this

as the one great work of his life and the only reward or hope of reward that he asked was that his name might be preserved upon the wall of the Alumni Building, which he had erected. It was this wish that caused a few of his Robeson friends to have a life-sized portrait done in oil that his features might forever rest upon the walls of the building he loved so well.

When we parted each knew that the one would never see the other again in the flesh. Yet the last words were of hope and of cheer; of a determination to make the most of circumstances; to fight to the last ditch; to know defeat and mock it. That night as I walked to and fro at the lonely station at Black Mountain, waiting the midnight train to bear me eastward, I meditated long upon life and its uncertainty and of what lies beyond. After a time the calm, cold stars and the moon above the mountain tops seemed to look down and say that life is today but tomorrow is eternity; that they do not die who put their trust in God. Three weeks later he died with a prayer for the College upon his lips.

In the latter days of June, 1911, our dear friend, realizing that only a few weeks of life still remained to him, desired to be taken home, wishing that his last days should be spent among his friends and in the shadow of the old college for which he had labored so long and faithfully. He was carried to the College Hospital, and it was his privilege once more to see many of those whom he loved. Rev. Livingston Johnson, just before setting out upon his annual summer and fall campaign of the associations, was also allowed a few moments' conversation, bringing, as he did, the loving sympathy of the Baptists of North Carolina over whose convention Professor Carlyle had so gracefully presided for two years. Brother Johnson, with characteristic modesty, does not, in his article, state that he was "the friend" to whom Carlyle spoke the words he has there recorded. The writer was informed by him that the last

words addressed to him by the dying man were: "God bless the old college. I have given my life for it."

It was the privilege of the writer (who may be allowed to speak in the first person) to have only one short conversation with him during those last days. He spoke to me of the joy afforded him by his labors for the college and in his twenty-one years' work with his beloved Sunday School class. His parting benediction was as sacred as if coming from a spirit that had already entered the celestial gates.

His love for Wake Forest College was evidenced among the last thoughts of his life. On the quiet evening of the beautiful Sunday of July 9 I was paying a visit to the Hospital inquiring concerning Professor Carlyle's condition. Mrs. Vernon, one of his devoted nurses, told me that our friend had been unconscious almost all day. She then presented me with a small slip of paper, stating that the day before she heard Professor Carlyle mentioning the name of the college. Drawing near to him she heard him speaking almost in a whisper of the part he had had in presenting the cause of Wake Forest College to the people of the State. After a pause he closed his eyes and breathed forth this prayer, which she wrote down at once on the slip of paper: "Oh God, let thy guiding hand rest upon its leaders; and may thy blessing be upon it; and may prosperity attend it. This I ask for Jesus' sake." The great passion of his life was the last prayer of his dying lips.

In the early morning of July 10, 1911, shortly after midnight, the soul of John B. Carlyle was ushered into the presence of his Lord to receive the reward of "a good and faithful servant."

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

LESLIE G. BULLARD, Editor

The Carlyle Memorial Number

It has been the custom of the editors of THE STUDENT for a number of years to get out at least one special edition during the year, usually in February. This year it was decided from the beginning that the February issue should be dedicated to the memory of the late Professor John Bethune Carlyle, who from the time of his entrance in 1883 up to the time of his death was a vital part of the college. Professor Carlyle was known throughout the entire State,

having spoken in nearly every county; and wherever he was known he was loved and admired, and his memory will always be held as a sacred heritage. His untiring efforts in behalf of the struggling youth, the Baptist cause and the college that lay so near his heart have stamped his life indelibly upon the hearts of the people of North Carolina. There are many students at Wake Forest today who rejoice because it is their good fortune to have known Professor Carlyle personally. There are many here who never knew him as a teacher, but there are very few who have not known him as a friend. He was, and has been called, the "Boys' Friend." So long as the college sends out men to bless the world, so long will Professor Carlyle live. The Alumni Building, the Gymnasium and the Hospital stand upon the campus as imposing monuments to his memory. It was through his unwavering faith in the college and through the coupling of this faith to persevering labor in securing subscriptions that these buildings were possible. In addition to these things this busy man was for several years the able Alumni Editor of THE STUDENT, in which capacity he served with that same careful regard for duty that was so characteristic of the man. His editorials were written with careful deliberation, for they bore the mark of careful thinking by a mature man. The work was done as if he were preparing it for a standard journal and not for a college magazine. Since these things are so, we feel that our readers will appreciate our efforts to give in this issue of THE STUDENT the principal things in the life and work of Professor John Bethune Carlyle.

Departments Omitted

Owing to the fact that this is entirely a memorial number, it has been decided to omit all the editorial departments except those pertaining to the life and work of Professor Carlyle. Realizing that many of our readers will desire to have this work in as compact form as possible we will not detract from the body of the work by adding any extraneous matter.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXI March, 1912 No. 6

A WINTER MORNING

PROF. JUDSON DUNBAR IVES.

Jewels gleam on every hand.
Trees with silv'ry luster shine.
Precious pearl and brilliant gem,
Flash from crystal diadem.
Tints from rainbows intertwine.
Earth is a celestial land.

THE JESTER

HANS HEINRICH.

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be:
And in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.
—*Omar Khayyam.*

The light from the open grate fell on the form of David Carlton, as reclining in his chair with his feet upon the table, his thoughts seemed concentrated in the glowing coals. His features were regular, handsome. His eyes, once big and deep as a woman's, conflict had sharpened to points. A few lines in his face added manliness rather than age to his countenance. Tonight the most noticeable feature about him was his smile; not the flitting shadow that denotes merely a

saving sense of humor, but a smile that seemed to have settled on his face and hardened. A smile that saw the humorous in everything, whether under the guise of disaster or lurking in the little things of life.

He had not always been thus. A few days ago he was the feverish business man, sparing neither nerve nor muscle in his attempt to run, in spite of the trust, the business that he had founded, organized, and grown up with, that had been his life. "If he fails it will kill him," his friends had said. But he had failed, doubly failed, and instead of the wreck his friends had expected he had fallen into that passive indifference, more inclined to laugh at than scold Fate. To him it was amusing now, his ridiculous struggle against crushing odds, and also the little white note that had meant another failure.

John, the baboon-like negro servant, noticed the smile when he came to answer David's ring. David looked up at the ludicrous grinning face of the negro.

"What are you laughing at, John?"

"'Cause you laughin', Marse Dave," and John's grin spread from ear to ear. It was the first time he had seen a smile on David's face for months.

David drew a small bill from his pocket.

"Here, John; get you a little extra for supper, and a glass of beer to wash it down; mind you, no whiskey. And get my coat, I think I'll take a little walk."

It was night. A heavy snow had fallen the day before. The sidewalks had been cleared of the snow and ice, but in the streets the street cars and the automobiles, their lights now blinding, now leaving in darkness, the drays and delivery wagons, clanged, honked, and rattled. Little newsboys scurried here and there, bent double by the cold, crying: "Paper, Mister?" The sidewalk was crowded. Men walked by twos, talking rapidly to each other, oblivious of the crowd.

or brushed by separately with heads drawn down into their coat collars.

David walked on through the hurrying crowd. The rattle of the streets grew duller and finally died away altogether. He had left the busy blocks now. The streets were almost deserted, but a muffled figure passed him every now and then—somebody, going—somewhere. He passed the last little suburban store, throwing its red dusty light out across the snow, whose glassy surface was broken by the tracks of shoes and wagon-wheels.

The last street light had been left in the distance long since and a white plain with a dark ribbon for a road stretched out before him. He raised his eyes toward the mountains. The sky was black, but a biting wind making one side of his face painfully numb and the other drawn with cold, told him that the long and rugged wall of blue was still there. The slush, that night had transformed into crystal, broke and crackled like glass under his feet. He walked on and on, not even thinking, but nearer content than he had been for a long time. He now realized that he was cold. His face felt as if it was blistered, his feet and fingers were numb, and icy coldness was creeping up his legs. In the distance there was a dark clump of trees and a light. His heart bounded; he pictured some humble farmer and his family seated around a big open fire. He could almost see the crackling logs and the farmer on one side with his big smoking shoes extended toward the fire, while on the other side his wife nursed the baby. He would go in and get warm and talk about the cold spell and leave, and they would wonder who he was. He was cold to the bone. He jerked his head up, laughed, and said half aloud, "A few more hours of this and Fate 'll play her last jest with me." But the thought of the bleak road back made him shudder, and just a few yards in front was light and a fire.

He turned into the path that led towards the light. An iron gate arose in front of him. This puzzled him. What was an iron gate doing in this part of the country? It opened easily and he followed on. Several more lights seemed to pop out and he recognized the outline of a house,—not a cabin, but a mansion. He remembered hearing that Cone, the rich old capitalist, the head of the Shoe Trust that had so mercilessly crushed him, was going to build a mansion on the outskirts of town, where he and his daughter intended to reside, but he had no idea that it was here. Nevertheless this must be the place. He smiled. It was *too* good a jest to be caught on these grounds after dark. After the recent strugle it would be easy to prove "malicious intent" on the part of the man whom the old capitalist had ruined. He turned to go. As he did so he saw a man standing behind a tree within five yards of him. The man saw him, too, and the next instant had turned an electric flashlight on him.

"Hands up!" was the command.

Dave kept his hands in his pockets.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"March in front of me to that side door. We are ordered to bring all prowlers to Mr. Cone."

David did as he was commanded. His supreme indifference blotted from his mind all thoughts but that of getting warm. He marched submissively on.

When he entered the warm room the heat made his toes and fingers ache. "At least he doesn't intend to freeze me," he mused. He was directed into the library. His feet sank noiselessly on the carpet. An electricleer burned on the big mahogany table that was strewn with newspapers.

"Wait here for Mr. Cone," the guardian said.

David pulled a chair up by the radiator and was soon warm through and through. Then noticing a box of cigars he took out one, a great big black Havana. "I'll beat Fate

at her own game," he said, and lighted it. He couldn't resist the temptation of throwing his feet up on the table, on top of papers and all. Now he was perfectly content.

But what was that bell ringing in the distance? He heard a shuffle, a door slam, and two men somewhere in the house were running. Nearer and nearer they came. They flashed by the library door, first one and then the other, a man, masked, carrying a heavy bag, followed by a big Irish coachman. All grew silent. Then he heard a gruff masculine voice answered by a clear feminine one. David's jesting nature came to his rescue and he picked up one of the papers.

When Mr. Cone, in his bathrobe, looked into his library, David was the picture of perfect bliss. For a minute this short, round man with a red face, no hair, and a sparse white beard, could only open his mouth and stare.

"Who in the thunder are you, and what are you doing coming into my house at night and ringing every bell in the house?"

David moved his feet a little. The bells stopped ringing. He saw under the papers a shiny row of buttons marked, "Coachman," "Butler," "Valet."

In an instant it all flashed over him. The house was being burglarized and the man who brought him in was the outpost, who seeing that he was discovered thought he could keep David quiet till they could escape with their booty by bringing him in.

"What are you doing here?"

"The burglar alarm stunt," David answered, indifferently, and knocking the ashes from his cigar turned back to his paper.

"I'm great mind to shoot you and let you explain later."

David looked up and saw a big old army pistol in the man's hand.

"This is better for close range," he said, as he slid his own Colt carelessly across the table.

The man watched with the eyes of a cat the latest modeled Colt as it slid out of David's reach. When he was convinced that it was not a bomb or other infernal machine, he picked it up.

The master of the house was dumbfounded. Was this a lunatic, or master cracksman up to some game?

Just then there was a swish of skirts and David looked towards the door. A girl of about twenty, dressed in some sort of lacy, loose-fitting negligee, with her hair done up in a luxurious topsy-turvy mass came with a startled look and put her arm on Cone's. David envied that man. What a woman!

"Push that first button," Cone said, pointing to the place where David's feet had rested. Clearly, whoever David might be, Cone was afraid to come near him.

"I think I've pushed them enough already,' said David, without looking up from his paper.

"Patrick, Patrick," the old man called.

David would have laughed if it hadn't been for the girl. But somehow he felt that he should have done what old Cone wanted. After all, what did it mater?

"Go and 'phone to the police station, quick," he said to the girl.

She started to obey, but just then a door slammed in the hall. She trembled and clung a little more closely to his arm.

"Take this, and if he moves, shoot!" He thrust the pistol into her hand and went out into the hall.

David looked first at her and then up at the smoke of his cigar. There was a delicious intoxication at work in him. How long would this last? He blest Fate which seemed to have worked a thousand miracles to give him this experi-

ence. Brown was right; she was a queen. He was glad it was his pistol she was holding. He caught her look and she blushed. Now he was certain that whatever else she thought of him she didn't believe him crazy, for who would blush at appearing before a lunatic in a negligee? He felt encouraged.

"Is Miss Cone my guard?" he ventured.

She threw her head into the air.

"Ich kenne Sie nicht," (I am not acquainted with you), was the answer.

David was prepared for anything but this. Nevertheless he pretended that he had not heard the English which Mr. Cone had addressed to her.

"So she is just a little German lass," he said, as if to himself. "Lord, I didn't know they raised them like that over there. Just look at those lips, and those cheeks"—they were getting redder and redder. It's hard to resist a pretty face and figure anywhere, but just get at the end of a good cigar and have a lovely girl in a lace garb and a carelessly glorious mass of hair set guard over you with a pistol—well, might as well give up at once and save a more inglorious defeat. "Those cheeks, why, I'm going to begin on beer and sour kraut myself!" Fate had played David some nasty tricks that day, but it was his inning now, and he was taking advantage of it. "That hair might belong to Venus herself. Nothing artificial there! That shoe—" it disappeared at once under the long folds of her dress—"why, it's a bedroom slipper!"

"For Heaven's sake hush, or I'll scream!" She could stand it no longer.

He had won.

"So she's English? but dumb as the jailer in the Count of Monte Cristo."

It was a novel sight. She was pretty and she knew it.

But she was also painfully aware of the fact that she had on a kimono, and that her hair was flying loose in every direction. He was handsome and perfectly at ease. He was in the spirit of the jest. And the soft light fell on both alike.

She turned her face full on him, her eyes burning with pride and her cheeks tinted with shame.

"Who are you, anyway?"

"Your prisoner," he said with a graceful bow.

"Well, what are you?" she continued.

"A jester, trying to outjest Fate."

They both heard Cone and the coachman coming through the hall. The coachman was talking.

"When you rang, sir—"

"I didn't ring."

"Somebody did, sir; I thought the clapper would fly off."

Somebody else had entered the room since Cone had left, somebody that Cone didn't see, for such men see only the things which occupy space. They don't look in the glance or smile for the little fellow with his bow, nor listen in the laugh for the rustle of his wings. But the guard and the prisoner knew.

"Young man, who are you?" Cone turned his now fearless gaze on David.

"The man you just put in the hands of the receivers."

"David Carlton?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are you doing in my house?"

"I was hunting room to think when I ran upon the outpost of your burglar who evidently thought I'd be safer inside than out."

"Begorry, thought they'd get away with it," and the coachman held up a bag that sounded as if full of silver, "but I cotch 'em," he said with a smile like the Tropic of Capricorn.

Richard Cone, master of finance, knew the value of soli-

tude and a good cigar to a troubled mind. It was his own love for solitude that led him to build his house in the wilderness. He could also understand the human heart, even one twenty years his junior. He reached out his hand.

"Carlton," he said, "you've cost the Trust a hundred thousand dollars. Don't you want to take charge of the Sabina Factory and make that back?"

"You've won, dictate the terms." David's grip made Mr. Cone wince.

"It's too late for you to go back to town tonight. You must spend it with us. Patrick, bring the glasses for a night-cap."

David looked at the magnate's daughter for consent. He got it.

"By the way, 'Beth, this is David Carlton, whom you've doubtless heard me speak of. My daughter, David."

"I'm glad to know you, Mr. Carlton."

A merry twinkle was in David's eyes.

"I was right, wasn't I?" as they shook hands. And what a tale a handshake can unfold!

But Patrick came in with the waiter and filled the glasses. When he set them down his eyes were about twice their natural size.

"Mr. Cone, two men from the police station want to see you."

Cone smiled at David and excused himself for a minute.

The spirit of a jester had left David. There was a brief silence, then he spoke.

"Miss Cone, it seems that I've known you long enough—"

"To call me 'Beth," she added blushingly.

"And I am—?" Would she call his name?

"Just what Papa calls you, David," she asnwered, painfully embarrassed, but happy nevertheless.

"I've known you long enough to know that it's a chance I

want, a chance to show you how—how much I want you, whether in the Trust I win or fail."

They heard Mr. Cone coming.

"Don't say anything," David said, "I can't bear two defeats in one day."

"But, if it's a victory?" she asked.

THE PARSON AND THE POODLE

FRANK A. SMETHURST.

Miss Eleanora Matilda Spann, spinster, walked primly down the village street. She was nearing the parsonage now. She looked down at the tips of her proper black slippers, touched a stray lock of hair that fell coquettishly over her left ear, then pressed a handkerchief lightly to her lips. She was satisfied. Evidently this was no ordinary occasion. Miss Eleanora's whole person bore the stamp of importance.

Around the corner came Kitty Bussey smiling radiantly. Kitty was just seventeen, romantic and gushing. Miss Eleanora held her head higher and carried herself more stiffly.

"Good morning, Katherine."

Miss Eleanora detested the word "Kitty." It would do for a milkmaid, but for a Spann, never.

"Oh, Aunt Elly, have you seen him? He's the cutest thing. His hair is all curly, his nose is turned up just the least little bit, and he has the sweetest black eyes. He's a perfect dear. Mary and Louise are just crazy about him and I—"

"Katherine. I am surprised beyond words. Such language is utterly unbecoming a young lady. I shall call your mother's attention to the matter at once. Besides, I can not understand how your training has been so neglected that you are even disrespectful about your minister."

"Minister? Why Aunt Elly—"

"And right here, I might as well say that you are a young lady now, and old enough to put aside your childish habits. It is very undignified to call me Aunt Elly. My name is Eleanora. Please remember this in the future."

With a swish of her skirts Miss Eleanora Matilda Spann was gone. She walked up the steps to the parsonage and rang the bell. For a moment Kitty was bewildered. A little later, talking to a friend in her own sitting room, she was again bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"Oh," she gurgled, "he's just dandy."

"Katherine!"'

Miss Eleanora stood in the doorway.

"Where is your mother?" The tones were icy and the meaning evident.

Kitty was sorry, but her mother was out at the moment.

"Very well, please tell her that I have invited the—well, that is, I have invited Miss Smallbones and her brother to an informal reception here Saturday evening and—"

"He's the new minister, isn't he?" Kitty interrupted.

"He is," replied Miss Eleanora pointedly. "My only fear is that you will not be able to contain yourself in his presence. But I shall speak to your mother in regard to that particular. He is such a dignified and refined young man that your slang will be positively shocking to him. Perhaps it would be better to invite only those of a reserved disposition. Good morning."

Once outside she heard a shriek of laughter. She made mental note of this, attributing it to those vulgar outbursts.

As for the reception, that was a settled matter already. It is true, her sister had not consented to the arrangement. Miss Eleanora, however, complacently reasoned that, under the circumstances, her sister could hardly do otherwise than agree to her wishes.

The affair would be very informal, yet with some degree of dignity, thought Miss Eleanora. Toward this end she volunteered her own assistance. Thereupon she assumed supreme control. Kitty was peremptorily banished as a silly girl, and Mrs. Bussey discouraged from all attempts to aid. A

daringly attired Cupid and an immodest Venus were unhesitatingly pronounced shocking and, for the occasion, sent to another room. Charming Gibson girls and dainty Christy prints were replaced by "Christ in the Temple," "The Sistine Madonna," and "The Angelus." This done, Miss Leonora continued her alterations with frequent references to propriety, æsthetic taste, and culture. These arrangements completed, she sighed with satisfaction. No one else ventured criticism.

It was she herself who met the guests at the door. The Rev. DeLancey Smallbones, a young man with undecided shoulders and a hopeful nose, was welcomed with especial cordiality. Kitty was presented in due course. Cornered by Miss Eleanora, the Rev. DeLancey graciously consented to attribute Kitty's somewhat effusive use of doubtful adjectives to the thoughtlessness of extreme youth. Miss Eleanora lamented that the girl was so different from the Spanns. Between sentences she cast covert glances at the object of her regrets.

That young lady was applying her talents toward the entertainment of several youthful gentlemen who were still being tormented by the problem of hands and feet.

"He's just a darling. You would be perfectly looney about him. Would you like to see him?"

"Katherine!"

Kitty walked toward her aunt and the Rev. DeLancey. Miss Eleanora's heart stood still. What would the girl do? When she passed out the door the spinster's pulse calmed somewhat. Kitty returned directly with something cuddled closely in her arms. It was an ugly, fuzzy, impudent-looking poodle. His name, Kitty said, was "Rags," whereupon Miss Eleanora Matilda Spann received another shock.

Rags patiently bore the inspection of the young men, then turned his attention to the guest of honor. He frisked about

that worthy's feet, pulled at his shoe laces, and tugged at his trousers. Miss Eleanora's voice discouraged him, but only temporarily. The injury, however, had already been done. The Rev. DeLancey was aware of a suspicious loosening in the region just below his left knee. A cold wave coursed up his leg, sending a chill through his spinal column and a damp flush to his forehead. It was only a question of time before his disgrace would be evident. There was no possible escape. He could not excuse himself. He crossed his leg. Too late. He saw something pink just above his shoe top. He put his foot on the floor quickly. There was a slight metallic clink and a piece of pink tape rolled itself into a ball at his feet.

Rags was not asleep. He accepted the movement as a challenge. He caught the exposed end and gave it a jerk. Then he growled, shook it vigorously, and started toward the door. The Rev. DeLancey followed. Miss Eleanora came too.

"Katherine, help me to catch this dog. I will lock him up. I trust, Sir, that he did no harm."

"That's all right; pray don't trouble yourself, Miss Spann," he said lamely.

"I will catch him, and, furthermore, I will see that Katherine gets rid of the horrid little beast at once."

Maybe the parson prayed. It is certain that he was extremely thankful for Miss Spann's nearsightedness. Rags started into the next room. Miss Eleanora followed. So did the Rev. DeLancey.

"Really, Miss Spann, it doesn't matter."

"Oh, but it does."

Around this room, out of the door into the adjoining one Rags was chased. He was enjoying the frolic. Occasionally he would stop and gaze tantalizingly at his pursuers. Miss Eleanora snapped her fingers and screwed up her mouth in

an attempt to whistle. This only encouraged Rags the more. Then she tried scolding. Rags responded with barks of delight.

"Miss Eleanora, I insist—"

"Not another word!" Miss Eleanora was getting angry as she warmed to the chase. It was embarrassing too.

Rags was in the last room. It was a fatal blunder on his part. There was but one door. The parson closed this and the line of retreat was cut off. However, Rags determined to enjoy the fun while it lasted. Round and round the table, under it, between chairs, dodging this way and that, went Rags. Miss Eleanora redoubled her efforts. There was a yelp from Rags, a cry of triumph from her. Out from under the table she came. Her face was red. Her hair was pulled rakishly over the left side, part of it stringing over her forehead. Several loosened hairpins fell to the floor.

Some one opened the door. It was Kitty.

"What on earth are you people doing?"

Kitty looked once at Cupid and Venus on the table, at the Rev. DeLancey Smallbones on one side and at Miss Eleanora on the other. In one hand she closely gripped the protesting Rags about the neck, while she gazed in bewilderment at a damp, bedraggled pink thing in her palm.

Kitty opened her mouth and eyes wide.

"Aunt Eleanora!"

COLLEGE POLITICS VERSUS COLLEGE HONORS

CHAS. FARRELL.

In college life from the very earliest days there have been men who have towered above their fellows—some physically, some intellectually, and some morally and spiritually. These men have ever created rivalry; and man in his endeavor to excel has striven with man in honorable conflict. The result has been the creation of what we call college honors—goals towards which every contestant may turn, prizes over which the strong may fight, laurel wreaths which the brilliant victor, or even the sturdy plodder, may wear, but which have ever been beyond the reach of the laggard and the undeserving.

A runner outstrips his opponent in the great contest; this is superiority of physique. One college man excels his fellows in his aptness to solve problems at critical times; this is superiority of intellect. A student burns the "midnight oil" in his endeavor to surpass in his studies a more brilliant fellow. At last he realizes his ambition while the other man sleeps by the wayside like the hare of yore; this is superiority of determination. A body of college men in a crisis turn spontaneously to one man as leader; this is superiority of individuality. Hence we find that the true college honor is nothing more than the natural result of superiority in one or more of the gifts that go to make up man.

But there has crept into our colleges a system which is so closely associated, on the one hand with political practices and on the other with college honors, that, in some departments of college life little or no distinction is made between the two. And especially are college honors and college politics confounded by those outside of college life, since very

few people are aware that there does exist such a thing as college politics which should be widely distinguished from college honors. Therefore, in justice to those men who do win college honors and in order to preserve the truth of the conditions existing in our institutions of learning, the fact of college politics should be made known.

Let us first consider and dismiss those honors which have remained untainted by politics. The medals which are awarded each year for superiority in debate and oratory and for excellence in other departments of college life are usually awarded by fair and impartial judges. Accordingly he to whom is awarded a medal has really attained an honor. Certain distinctions, such as *Magna cum laude* inscribed on the diploma, speakers' places at the commencement exercises, and assistants' places in the different courses, are awarded by the faculties of our various institutions. These distinctions are awarded only to men who have excelled either by natural brilliance or by high aim and strong endeavor. The athletic teams are constantly demanding men of strength and determination. The men demonstrate their ability on the open field; the best men are selected. Therefore to him who has succeeded in winning a place among the athletes of his institution should be given the honor which is due superiority of physique. A few honors such as these are awarded apart from the voice of the students; hence they are free from the politics which are practiced among the students.

Perhaps a short analysis of the typical student body will help to make clear why politics is prevalent in our colleges. The student body *en masse* possesses some of the striking characteristics of a mob. As a whole it is extremely thoughtless and emotional, being readily excited to fury or just as easily elated and enthused. It is weak since it allows itself to be cowed by dominating spirits. As sentiment runs it creates leaders and demagogues of the sorriest clay in its

midst or ignores men who are real leaders. It rarely ever recognizes *merit;* its actions are impulsive as the winds and often just as fickle.

Consider the *individuals* who make up this body and you find practically the same kind of fellows you find everywhere in life. There is the contented, "I don't care" fellow; there is the mentally inferior and the mentally superior. There is the man who deep in his soul wishes to see right and merit predominate in all things. And last, there are the shrewd grafters who are ready to prey upon those less wily than themselves and the men whom the grafters "take in."

Therefore it will be clear at a glance what fertile soil this body of men is for the growth and development of political practices; and how the distribution of college honors is likely to be abused in their hands.

Hardly any phase of college life is exempt from politics, and no college is wholly exempt. But it is in those colleges where literary societies hold a prominent place that politics is most prevalent. Societies mean offices and officers and public functions. There is organization; and there are men who are ambitious to hold prominent places in this organization. Growing out of the societies are editors' places on the college magazine, marshals' and speakers' places at various functions, and other prominent positions. It is within the societies that these distinctions are fought for. But we must consider other phases of college life. The classes must have officers, the various teams must have managers, and the various organizations and associations must have leaders. None of these is free from college politics.

But what is college politics? This question is much more easily asked than definitely answered. A man prominent in his college was once heard to remark: "Systematic legging truly wins the college election." In these words he has given us a picture of college politics. Combines of men

are formed who decide on their candidate for a certain distinction. Often these cliques are the men from some high school which sends a large number of students to some college. Often one man decides on himself as a candidate, and with the assistance of a few friends engineers his campaign. These cliques then make it their business to make sure of votes for their candidate against election day. They see every man whose vote is not already determined and try to persuade him to vote for their candidate. The floating votes often constitute a majority of all the votes. Whoever has used most tact and the most *systematic legging* in gathering in these votes wins the election.

The practices of the "honor seeker" or the college politician are many and various. The real honor man is the man who takes a live, healthy interest in whatever is clean and whatever helps the institution. The "honor seeker" is the man who has no positive interest save his own. He lives with election day ever in his mind's eye and seizes upon every opportunity of "making a show" or of currying favor with the public in order that he may have a finger in the pie at election time. A very common practice of the college politician is *legging* the Freshmen. The Freshmen are able in many college elections to carry the decision. Accordingly the politician, by smooth flattery or by ostentatious display of himself, attempts to gain favor with these men who are practically unskilled in the ways of college life. And the pathos of it all is that so many men allow themselves to be "taken in" by the politician.

But what is the harm of college politics? Does it not train men to control men in after life? you may ask. Some college elections end with a majority of the places of distinction filled by men of certain cliques or high schools. Often "party spirit" runs so high that improper things are said about the candidates on either side. In several in-

stances sums of money are known to have been spent in engineering an election. But these are only minor affairs. In all colleges there are men more capable and more deserving than the men who often fill the places of distinction. These men are too proud to beg for honors and too clean to join a clique of any kind. Hence they go without distinction, a very bitter thing to an ambitious man. As long as politics is practiced in colleges men will forget that merit should predominate and will continue to lie against their consciences and against all that they believe to be clean and right.

There are those who claim that college politics is good training for the battles of public life. This is doubtless very true. But from the ethical standpoint, are distinctions achieved in college through politics real honors? They are published abroad as such and admiring friends laud the successful as heroes. But we must remember that real honor proceeds only from merit; and the real college honor proceeds only from a justly won victory or is awarded by the spontaneous assent of college men.

THE PASSING OF THE HOUSE OF BARXTEL

LESLIE G. BULLARD.

A traveler along the road that leads from Panther Creek to Mintrose passes through a dense wood of pines and oaks for two or three miles and then comes out into a clearing, and finds himself walking down a long sandy lane with a rickety lumber fence to the right and an old "worm" fence to the left. Both are overgrown with vines and briers which hold the rotten rails and planks in place. About midway this lane a heap of sand here, three specter-like brick chimneys there, and two gnarled oaks yonder, alone serve to mark the places where once stood an old Colonial country home.

In the days of its supremacy this place afforded several good outhouses. The first building that could be seen by a traveler was a great barn which extended some hundred feet along the length of the lane and presented a forty-foot gable to a driveway. This led to a large two-story house set back from the lane. The yard was grown up in all kinds of shrubbery and trees. Several large cedars and oaks almost concealed the house from view. The house itself, as I have said, was one of those old Colonial buildings which are found now and then throughout the country. The large piazza, the wide halls, and massive oaken stairways indicated a glory of former days. On the side of the driveway just opposite the great barn was a large storehouse with heavy wooden door and window shutters which were made secure by iron bars stapled and bolted on the inside. The upper panels of the door were full of rusty tacks that had held all manner of signs and notices, but what made it more interesting to the country folk was a large, red stain in the upper right-hand corner.

All these buildings and grounds, just after the Civil War, bore the marks of time and were in a state of gradual decay when a strange man came into this part of the country and bought this place, which has always borne the name of the Dawson Place, after the first owner. Nobody ever knew where George Barxtel came from. The first the neighboring families heard of him he had bought the Dawson Place and was running the big store by the lane.

This was a relief to know that provisions were to be had nearer by; for hitherto the farmers of the Panther Creek section had to travel thirty miles to the nearest town when something was needed that was not kept in a country store. In the gratitude of their simple souls they did not stop to question the character of the man, nor to inquire after his pedigree.

But the aspect of the man himself was forbidding. He was tall and gaunt, with an almost hideous face. A thin grisly beard covered his sunken cheeks, and his eyes, set far back in the head, left the sockets as if they were hollow, and these cavities were partly covered by long, shaggy brows. And people soon learned that his disposition was as detestable as his aspect. Though seldom drunk he was a habitual drinker, and his outbursts of profanity at times would shock the most indifferent hearer. If floods or droughts overtook his crops the language he would direct at the Almighty was most blasphemous. The bystanders would tremble and expect to see him fall dead in his tracks. Except at times like this, or when some one had unsuspectingly offended him, his shrill, grating voice was seldom heard.

When Barxtel was in the store, customers did not tarry after making their purchases, nor did they complain to him if they got four pounds of coffee for five. Children did not visit his store at all, women only went when they could get no one else to go, and grown men dared not contradict his

statements. The three clerks obeyed usually as soon as the words were out of his mouth.

This strange person had no friends—no one that he ever confided in. He lived alone in the big house and occupied a single room on the first floor to the right of the hallway in the rear of the building. His room was cheerless and uninviting and very few people ever saw it excepting himself and "Aunt" Sally, the old colored servant.

One morning Barxtel entered the store and called John Fowler, the eldest of his three clerks, who was general manager.

"Fowler, mix a barrel of that cheapest flour with a barrel of the best and sell it all for the best."

"Mr. Barxtel, I can't do that, sir; it is not right," replied Fowler.

"You can't, you baldheaded imp of Satan! Well, take that and leave my store and I'll do it myself." With these words he hurled a weight at Fowler, which struck him behind the right ear and sent him staggering towards the door.

After this incident Barxtel mixed the brands of all the groceries himself and fixed the prices for the remaining two clerks to sell by. Fowler, fearing to remain in reach of such a man, soon moved his family to another State. Things moved along for two or three years under Barxtel's direction, all the while he was growing more terrible, if possible, and the people of the settlement more terrified at his presence among them.

One morning in the latter part of September, 1872, "Aunt" Sally brought the news to the store to the two clerks that "Mars Gawge wan't able ter git out ob de bed." This message, instead of having its usual effect, brought relief to the clerks and other inhabitants of the Dawson Place. They moved about with more freedom and went so far as to allow themselves to drift into humorous conversation. Late in the

afternoon it was learned that Barxtel was seriously sick. The physician came and examined the man and found that he had a serious malady. And then it was a change seemed to come over the whole place. There seemed to settle over the whole place an indefinable ominous silence. The old servant walked about the premises uneasily as if she was expecting something, she knew not what, to leap upon her at any moment. The clerks closed the store at sunset and went home.

At dark Barxtel's condition was considerably worse. Although the doctor had returned he seemed perplexed and did not know what to do, so he, Ben Halleck, and "Aunt" Sally kept watch by the sick man as he raved and swore. It was a long and dismal night for the watchers. The sufferer kept swearing continually at some horrible objects that he declared he saw darting about in the corners of the room. "Aunt" Sally, thinking that he was deluded by articles of clothing hanging on the walls, removed every piece of it to another part of the house, but the raving kept up. He was continually haunted by grotesque forms that moved about in the room, some coming near his bed and hissing in his face. The terrible night dragged slowly on to the morning hours, when Barxtel quieted off some. But then the wind had risen and was howling mournfully on the outside. Day came on and the sun rose red and fiery.

The morning passed away pretty much as the night had. The clerks came as usual, but they at their leisure hours always found themselves close to each other, and for reasons unknown to themselves speaking in whispers or suddenly cutting their eyes to remote corners of the store where it seemed a few moments before some shapeless image had skulked.

When the afternoon came the wind had increased and was shrieking dismally through the treetops, and the whole atmos-

phere seemed charged with an almost unendurable oppressiveness. Rev. Mr. Benjamin Druiry, the Presbyterian minister, hearing of the sick man's condition, had dropped in hoping to advise him spiritually, but Barxtel, seeing the minister with his Bible, thundered a volley of oaths at him and turned his face to the wall away from the good man. Finding so few by the dying man's bedside and thinking to be of some service, the minister took up his position as a watcher till the end should come, for it was plain that it could not be far off.

The late evening shadows became very dense on account of a hazy luridness that settled over everything. There was a sulphurous odor in the atmosphere. The sky was overcast with murky clouds and the sun like a bloody orb dropped from sight behind a cheerless horizon.

With approaching darkness "Aunt" Sally had shut herself in her own little cabin and refused to poke her head outside, for she declared that she had seen "de debble" stalking around between the store and the house between sunset and dark. Others, returning from their day's work, did not hesitate to say that they saw hideous faces peering at them from behind the buildings.

At eight o'clock the only watchers by the deathbed were the minister and the doctor, all others had taken their departure at sunset. The dying man's shrieks and groans mingled with the howling winds without as he plunged from side to side, and piteously begged to be protected from those things that were after him. Suddenly, with the returning strength of the death stroke, he leaped to his feet in the middle of the bed, at the same time there was a sickening crash and a huge beast landed through the glass window in the middle of the room. He turned his glittering eyes upon the two men standing at the foot of the bed. They saw him but a moment, for instinctively they fled from the house.

There was a last heartrending shriek from old Barxtel and a crash from the falling bed as his lifeless body fell in the midst of it.

As the two men looked back when they reached the yard a horrible sight met their gaze. The whole back side of the house was a mass of crackling flame. A great forest fire that had for three days been devastating the country had struck the Dawson place.

The dead man was consumed in the flames.

NIGHT MEMORIES

DINNA KEN.

I see the moonlight on the hills;
From peak to peak
The vale it fills.

The liquid rays are falling streams;
From leaf to leaf
The cascade gleams.

And silver are the sounds of rills;
And gold, the notes
Of whippoorwills.

The south wind wanders through the night,
And often rests
His slow-winged flight.

The misty landscape brings to me
Another night's
Fond memory,

When on this hillside I, with Thee,
First came to know
Love's poesy.

For what like moonlight on the earth
Can give to hearts
Poetic birth?

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY

JAY B. HUBBELL.

For a generation we have listened to the ill-omened cry of the pessimist, "The college literary society is dead." In the North the day of "oratory" passed long ago, and was succeeded by the plain business-like talk and the typewritten lecture. The South has not listened to the preaching of the funeral at the obsequies of the literary society, which, like Shelley's Cloud, silently laughs at its own cenotaph and arises again. The South has, however, lost much of her interest in the budding young orators of the colleges who are proclaimed as the successors of Calhoun, Grady, and Hayne. With the decline in the number of students who enter the ministry and the law, it is felt that the need of trained public speakers is no longer urgent. Of late there has been a revival of enthusiasm for debating in the North and the West. There the college literary society is endeavoring to adjust itself to the needs of the present day; but the influence of this is hardly felt in the South. When the rest of the nation was training its young men for business, we still persisted in training our lawyers and preachers by old-time methods, and calmly allowed the world to pass by on the other side. It was a fortunate thing for the South that she would not be disheartened; our conservatism should place us in the lead in the nation-wide movement of the day; but, if we are to lead, we must abandon some of our cherished traditions of the last century. The cry of the people is that the colleges are not adjusting themselves to modern conditions; and the literary society must respond to the call, or its epitaph will sooner or later be written and its function usurped by

something else. How can the college literary society adjust itself to the needs of today? This is the question that confronts us. With some hesitation I shall try to show what the demands are and how they must be met.

There has not been, there can never be, any serious decline in the importance of a study of argumentation, which is only the art of convincing and persuading people. The need is permanent. Its sphere is greater today than ever, for men touch one another today at more vital points of contact than ever and the means of influencing men's actions and opinions are vastly more numerous than those of fifty years ago. With all these the future of the society is concerned; it must respond to a score of demands unknown before. Our fathers of the fifties were country-bred. For them argumentation meant sermons, Fourth of July orations, and political discussions, public and private. In response to the needs of that day the literary society trained lawyers and statesmen, orators and debaters who led in the great crisis that tried the souls of men. There was perfect adjustment between the work of the society and the needs of the nation. That day is past.

We are becoming a nation of dwellers in cities, we whose fathers met, say, once a week; we are hourly in one way or another influencing our neighbor's conduct and opinions. What are the channels of our influences? Least of all, the old-time oration and the set debate. The most common of the new methods is the written argument. We have magazines, newspapers, daily and weekly, religious and secular, leaflets, dissertations, novels with a purpose, treatises, reports, books and booklets, infinite in variety and countless in number. These, rather than the sermon and the political oration, influence our opinions and determine our conduct.

The influence of the written argument has also produced a striking change in the character of the spoken argument.

The modern audience, accustomed to reading cold, concise, more closely reasoned arguments, demands facts, solid facts, new ideas, and substantial reasons expressed in a concise and telling way. To this demand of the modern audience the literary society must readjust its work. It must encourage writing of all kinds; it must encourage the writing of speeches even while it justly discourages the reading or memorizing of them; and it must encourage the natural and unostentatious manner in speaking.

Paradoxical though it may be, the increased emphasis of the written argument has not displaced the spoken argument; rather it has increased its influence tenfold. When the adjustment is more complete, we shall recognize this. The other day President Taft spoke in New York and Governor Wilson in Richmond; and the whole nation read at least a part of their speeches. It is no longer necessary for the political campaigner to pull off his coat and in his shirt-sleeves speak at every county seat in the State. The day of the spellbinder is gone. The oratory that used to move men to wild enthusiasm falls cold and dead on the reading public.

Another change we notice: our audiences, like everything else, have become specialized. This increases their number, and the number of subjects open to the speaker, and also the opportunities of the speaker. When men lived in the country and had poorer facilities for travel, it was difficult to get an audience; and that audience was willing to listen to only a few subjects discussed in a very superficial manner. To-day a speaker can find a special audience of any kind willing to listen even to technical discussions of an abstruse character. Think of the audiences unknown to Patrick Henry or Calhoun: labor unions, women's clubs, educational associations, and others in endless profusion. It is this diversification of the audience, combined with the influence of the printed plea, that has retired the spellbinder and made all

imitation of his methods useless. It has also vastly increased the number and effectiveness of the forms of public address. Think of the special varieties of address unknown to our fathers: the after-dinner speech, the college lecture, the popular lecture, the commencement address, the speech of welcome, the speech of the representative of clubs, churches, orders, and associations, and many more. Not all of these are new, but all have received a new emphasis and changed in character, while the oration and the set debate have lost ground in proportion. Few Southern colleges have taken into account the special speech or the special audience. The average winner of society medals is helpless when confronted with a special audience. True, he has the ability to stand on his feet and speak fluently, but he has not learned to adapt his material to his audience,—and this, not "flowers" or passion, is the mark of the orator.

What are the literary societies of the American colleges doing to meet these just demands of the public? In the North and the West they have shifted the emphasis from the oration to the intercollegiate debate on practical questions of present interest; they are studying the science of argumentation and the principles that underlie *all* successful public speaking. The colleges of the South have done nothing except in a very feeble and indirect way. This is due partly to the fact that in the South there is less demand for readjustment, but mainly it is due to conservatism and indifference. Of Wake Forest College we must, in some degree, make an exception. Here there has never been any appreciable decline of the interest in public speaking. Our literary societies are the distinctive feature of the work of the institution. We have never yielded to discouragement from without or indifference from within; and the place which our graduates hold in the work of the State is proof that we have been right. Governor Kitchin, Senator Sim-

mons, Len G. Broughton, John E. White, the Dixon brothers—what need to extend the list? But these, let us remember, are the products of a day when there was a closer correlation between the work of the societies and the life outside. We can not rest on our laurels; and we shall not long be able to win new victories by the methods of the past. We must, therefore, adjust ourselves to the demands of the Twentieth Century. What are they?

First of all, we need to recognize the increased importance of knowing how to write well. Wake Forest College has many able editors in the roll of her graduates; but is this not due rather to the work of Professor Sledd than to the encouragement of the societies? We need, more of us, to write for THE STUDENT and not leave it to the faithful few, and then complain because their names appear so frequently in the list of contributors. I have always thought that the motto of my own literary society at Richmond College, "Rostra et Penna," the platform and the pen, expresses admirably the true purpose of society work. One can not learn to write well without learning to speak, and certainly one can not learn to speak without also learning to write. Every man of influence in his community, however small (and every college man is a man of influence in his community), meets a time when he *must* write. The important place which the study of English holds in American colleges is due to this demand. Before 1861 men were moved almost wholly by the spoken argument, few cared to write; consequently there were not half a dozen colleges in America that taught English. Now every college and high school has a course in literature and composition; and I suspect the literature was first introduced to furnish models and ornament for writing and speaking.

There is yet another reason, already anticipated, why the literary society should encourage writing. The modern au-

dience demands in the speech the same qualities that it finds in the written argument: accuracy, clearness, conciseness, logic, and the power to hold attention by thought alone, if necessary. The successful speaker therefore always writes out his speeches even if he does not read or memorize them, as he should not be encouraged to do. An intelligent audience also expects of its great orators some evidence of the literary quality of style. It is this quality that has made Cicero, Burke, and Webster immortal. It is this quality that Southern orators have conspicuously lacked, almost to a man. It is just this quality which has caused us of the South to read Webster's Reply to Hayne, while Hayne's speech—as great a masterpiece of argument as Webster's—is unread even in the South. Hence the triple importance of learning to write well.

Next is the need of a scientific study of argumentation and of the principles that underlie all successful public speaking. The colleges have nobly met their first obligation to the societies by emphasizing the study of writing. They have been slower to recognize this second need, partly because they have only recently learned how to meet it. Professor George Pierce Baker was the first to attempt to teach argumentation in a scientific and scholarly way. His "Principles of Argumentation," first published in 1895, and later revised and enlarged, was the first of many excellent treatises of the subject. These teach us how to analyze a question, how to collect and select the evidence, how to test, refute, and arrange arguments, and also to endow them with some of the graces of a pleasing style. The futility of the average debater's rejoinder is evidence that such a study is sadly needed, even at Wake Forest. This work the societies can not do unaided; the colleges must coöperate by placing thorough courses in argumentation in their curricula.

Third, comes the need, on the part of both the society and

the college, of emphasizing the special forms of public address, both spoken and written. The society audience is not a representative audience. It is slightly sophisticated, highly critical, easily bored, often unsympathetic, and somewhat capricious. Many college speakers, therefore, learn more about handling an audience by speaking in other student assemblies and outside audiences than from their work in society. The society audience desires novelty, amusement, and flowery language, qualities not so greatly desired elsewhere. It is an audience of young men exclusively. Its speeches are all of a kind. The speaker who has addressed no other audience is helpless before other audiences, for then his subject, his method, and his manner are necessarily different. The defect is partly inherent in the nature of things; but the societies can do much by requiring, instead of the perennial fountain of "oratory," a variety of speeches on practical subjects, perhaps for imaginary audiences. But the greater part of this work is left to the teacher of English.

Last, there is a need that follows logically, inevitably from all I have said hitherto. The literary society of the Southern college must change radically its present manner of speaking. A certain amount of flowery language and a highly emotional manner of speaking is always to be expected from young men; it is a vital part of their nature. The public expects it in college debates. But, and this is a vital point, when the mature college graduate becomes one of them, it judges him by its own standards, not by his, as many college graduates learn to their sorrow. The modern audience wants facts and not "flowers," convincing arguments and not declamation, plain talk and not ranting, logic and not "oratory." It demands that it be addressed as an audience of men and women and not school boys and girls. A few years ago a Southern college professor addressed a Baltimore audience in the usual Southern college style, and discovered after-

ward, to his chagrin, that many of his audience thought he was intoxicated, not with the power of his subject, but with "good old corn liquor."

This extravagant manner of speaking, which now survives in all its native vigor only in our colleges, is due to tradition and custom. The years preceding the Civil War were years of excitement and high feeling, and this doubtless caused men to speak warmly and excitedly; but there is no reason why an outworn manner should be kept up in a time of peace and quiet in discussing questions that call for light, not heat.

As the rest of the world has discovered, the trouble with the college orator is that he emphasizes everything so much by his manner that nothing is emphatic; all is on a dead level, and, high or low, there is no difference. He ruins his voice and tires his audience in half the time he should have. Instead of appealing to intellect and emotions, he appeals only to the emotions; and this is not an era of emotionalism. He shouts at his audience instead of talking to it. Henry Ward Beecher said once when asked what he did when he had nothing to say, said "I shout." On one occasion, he tells us, he was doing this with the usual final result that most of his audience were either nodding or gazing out of the windows. Suddenly he paused, changed his manner entirely, and began talking in a conversational tone to a man at one window who was paying no attention to the speaker. In two minutes the man was listening attentively, and the audience, to Beecher's surprise, was listening like that one man.

The speaker's ideal is that of "heightened or animated conversation." The orator should talk to his audience in exactly the same tone of voice, except that he speaks more loudly, that he uses in a private argument with a few friends. He never shouts; he never rants; he knows when to appeal

to the intellects, when to the emotions of his hearers. Students will remember with pleasure the contrast between some of the recent speakers at Wake Forest and Mr. Clayton S. Cooper. They will also find pleasure and profit in comparing his manner with that of the speakers in their rejoinders in all the public debates of the last year or two. This "fire-eating" style of rejoinder is, however, a new thing at Wake Forest. An old graduate of the College who served as judge in the Anniversary debate said that he had seen nothing like it. "It was a mess," he said, "and I ignored the rejoinders completely in deciding my vote."

This brief review of the situation will help us better, perhaps, to see how we stand when compared with other colleges. We have much on which to congratulate ourselves. On the other hand, we have seen that modern conditions demand considerable readjustment if we are to hold our own. Let us, then, set about our task with a becoming grace and, in the spirit of our predecessors, rise to meet the new demands of the State and Nation.

A LITTLE PRINCE IN RAGS

L. L. CARPENTER.

Everybody was drowsy. There seemed to be an unnatural stillness in the air, except for the low mumbling of two men engaged in conversation on the further side of the waiting room, and occasionally my friend, who was sitting beside me, would say something. Then the front door from the street opened and slammed with a jar, and a blue-coated policeman entered. Soon several people were stirring through the room.

I was but half awake when a ragged little boy approached me, and asked:

"Mister, can I carry your baggage?"

"No; I'm waiting for the down train, now," I answered, hardly looking up.

"Couldn't I help you onto the train?" the voice continued.

I was wide awake now, and looked up, half annoyed at the speaker. It was a ragged, barefoot boy. He was small, pale, with long hair over his ears. White bits of cotton were scattered over his checked shirt, and trousers sleek with wear and stained with oil. His face was clean, however, and had a look of age which the size of his body would not have warranted.

"I'd like to do something for you, sir," the boy continued, timidly.

"What for, my little man?" I asked.

"Well, sir, you see, I've just got to make half a dollar by nine o'clock."

"Somebody sick?" my friend asked.

"No, sir; not that. But you see, sir, I need a new geography—a big geography," he added proudly.

"Do you know anything in the little geography?" I asked with a laugh.

"Try me and see." There was a ring in the little voice now.

"What is the highest mountain in the world?" I asked.

"Mt. Everest in Asia," was the instant reply.

Question after question was asked, and the boy answered in a low, firm voice.

"Where do you live, little man?" asked my friend.

"Over on Malvern Heights," replied the boy. "I work in the mill," he continued, "and mamma washes. My father is dead. I have two sisters and one little brother."

"Where did you learn so much?"

"In the night school," he replied. "I don't want to work always in the mill. I want to learn so I can do better. I work in the day, and go to school three nights in the week. It don't cost nothing 'cept the books. I have got an arithmetic and grammar; and the teacher says I must have a big geography to go on with the class today. I thought I could find some way to earn half a dollar."

We reached into our pockets simultaneously, and each pulled out a quarter.

"No, sir!" said he instantly, as he stepped backward; "I don't want it that way. Can't I do something for it? Mamma says money ain't mine till I work for it."

Just then our train pulled in.

"Well, then," I said, "brave boy, you can help us on the train with this baggage."

He stepped up, and before I could say more he had taken hold of two suit cases sitting near me.

"Hold on!" I made haste to say; "I will carry one of them. They are too heavy for you."

"No, Mister," he could hardly gasp so heavy was his load;

"I must carry them." And he lugged them on through the gate toward the train.

When he reached the coach, he insisted on carrying one of the valises to my seat. As he turned to leave, pulling off his dingy cap, I put out a half dollar, my friend doing likewise.

He shook his head: "A quarter each is enough." He spoke now with evident pride.

We both complied with his desire.

It had not been unnoticed. A passenger next to me, grabbing the boy, placed a quarter in his cap—plainly unsought for; and one after another as he made for the door. When he reached the end of the car, making a simple bow he burst into tears, perhaps both bewildered and happy at having more money than he had ever seen before.

The train began to move; and the little Prince in rags stepped off the car as it resounded with the clapping of hands.

IN QUEST OF HAPPINESS

C. HERMAN TRUEBLOOD.

The car stopped with a sudden jar; Sam, the chauffeur, with his characteristic alacrity and dexterity, lost no time in getting under the machine to examine it, at the same time apologizing, with exaggerated politeness, to "Miss Maud" for the unexpected breakdown.

Maud Ross was the daughter of a multi-millionaire; wealth, beauty, and popularity were all hers.

But despite her wealth and all of its concomitant advantages, there was something lacking somewhere. Maud's goal was happiness, but she was wretchedly unhappy. Of course she felt unfit for life's grim realities; she had told Robert Stewart so only eight months previous.

Robert, however, was not the kind of fellow to hang around, and so after hearing his doom from the lips of the woman he loved, had dropped completely out of her life. He had taken her answer as final, and left without asking her to "reconsider." This she had not contemplated for a moment, and when at last he was gone, she realized for the first time how large a part of her heart he occupied; for, though he was not rich, nor even conspicuously prominent in society, the veil of his character had been lifted and she had seen the soul of a noble man. But she had sent him away in despair; and now, more than ever, was she impressed with the utter futility of her luxuries to furnish food for her starving soul.

"Oh, I'm so bored with life!" she exclaimed one May morning, as she lounged leisurely in the rustic on the veranda.

"Sam, I wish you would get the car ready; I believe I will take a spin in the country for a change," she continued, addressing the chauffeur, who happened to be passing.

Ere long the handsome new French car was gliding swiftly over the paved streets, with its three occupants, Sam, Maud, and Bruce, her "darling little poodle dog."

A few more minutes and they were beyond the din and clangor of the city. The car, hound-like, had its nose turned toward the heart of a most delightful country region, a section of the country which Maud had never traversed before, and already Maud was feeling repaid for her drive.

Fifty miles of this enjoyable riding, then "snap, click, bump," and the machine stood still, and we are where our story opens.

"My! my! this sun is awfully hot, Sam," she ejaculated, after she had waited ten minutes for him to repair the machine.

"Yes, mam, Miss Maud; you are right," answered Sam, as he brought his shirt sleeve across his face to wipe away the grease and perspiration.

"And I am almost dying for a drink of water," she added.

"I am mighty sorry we're having such bad luck, Miss Maud. Really this looks like a bad job, and there's no telling how long it will take to get the thing in shape. You might get a drink of water over there at that little house"—waving his hand toward the place—"on the hill; and you could also rest there in the shade, too," Sam continued, "or I will be glad to get some water for you," he added politely.

"Never mind, thank you, Sam; you do all you can for the machine, and I'll go over there as you suggest, and rest under the trees, and play with the children, if they will let me. But do hurry, night is coming, and we must be going home," said Maud, as she started toward a neat looking little home which they had passed just before the machine broke down.

"Will you give a stranger a drink of water, little man?" she said coaxingly, to a six-year-old boy, who was playing

with his little sister and baby brother on the grass under the elms.

"Yes, mam," answered the boy politely. "Mamma and papa have gone to the city; mamma told us to have good manners if anybody came before she got back. Come in and rest; 'Aunt Lucy' will draw you some water."

"Many thanks, what is your name, my little friend?" she said as she walked up to where the children were, putting her hand ingratiatingly on the girl's head.

"My name is Robert; I's got the same name that uncle Robert has; but we call him Uncle Bob, and I'm 'Little Bob.' Uncle Bob is the best man in the world."

"Does you love Uncle Bob? Me does; him a dood uncle; him bring me candy when he comes," said the little girl.

"He's coming pres'ny," put in Little Bob, "and you ought to see him. He has a pretty little home over yonder"—waving his hand toward the field—"where he sleeps; but he eats with us, 'cause he an't got no wife to keep house for him—he's lonely, too."

"Umph! that's fine to have such a good uncle," answered Maud. "If he's so lonely why doesn't he get married?" she continued, "then he would have some one to keep house for him too."

"He was going to," answered Little Bob, "he had a sweet-'art in the city, but she don't love him, and wouldn't be happy with him. And she is too proud and spensive, or something like that, Uncle Bob said."

At that juncture the baby boy wabbled around and put his hand on Maud's knee, and looked up at her queerly.

"He wants mamma," said Little Bob.

Maud reached down and gathered up the child in her arms and caressed him somewhat awkwardly. As she tried, in her inexperienced way, to humor the tot, Bruce looked on quizzically and jealously at the curly head pillowed upon the

same bosom that his own shaggy head had so often rested on; and he growled not a little.

In the meantime Aunt Lucy had come with some fresh water and mellow apples.

Then Maud gathered the little ones together and tried her hand at telling stories, pausing at intervals to put a bit of apple in the baby's mouth.

She was surprised at herself, and felt an inexpressible joy creeping into her heart as the children nestled close to her, eager to catch every word, frequently clapping their hands joyously at the outcome of some fairy tale.

Maud had never experienced playing with and feeding children; Bruce had been her sole pet. Here was happiness, she said to herself; and here, too, was the reality of a home, such as Robert used to talk about so much.

"I wonder where he is?" she said unconsciously and half aloud.

Suddenly Little Bob jumped up and ran down the road shouting at the top of his voice: "Yonder he comes! Uncle Bob! Uncle Bob!"

The little girl began to dance around fantastically, singing: "Uncle Bob bring me candy! Uncle Bob bring me candy! We love Uncle Bob."

On account of a clump of small trees Maud could not see the gentleman until he was at the gate.

"Here he is; this is Uncle Bob," cried Little Bob proudly, as he opened the gate.

When the eyes of Maud met those of the new-comer, her cheeks colored and her head dropped a bit.

In that one look she realized the inevitable. She belonged to him.

"You here?" he exclaimed, as he rushed over to her and looked down upon her with a devouring look.

Then he sat down by her side and took her hand in his. She tried to hide her eyes from him, but he was resolute.

When she could no longer refrain, she looked at him pleadingly: "O, Robert! where have you been so long; I've been so lonely."

He said comforting words to her, while the children danced around jubilantly, seemingly delighted that their Uncle Bob and the lady appeared to be friends.

"I told the lady where your home was, Uncle Bob," said Little Bob.

"Yes, and Uncle Bob is going to have a housekeeper now," replied Robert, with a note of victory in his voice.

Little Bob immediately assumed an attitude of seriousness, and coming up close to Maud, he scrutinized her closely, seeming to observe particularly the fine dress and jewels with which she was adorned; then he asked her point blank:

"Miss, ain't you too proud and 'spensive to be happy with Uncle Bob?"

"I used to be, Little Bob, but I'm not now," answered Maud as she took the beautiful necklace from her own neck and placed it around the little girl's neck.

TO A SCHOOL GIRL

J. B. HUBBELL.

O maiden with the laughing eyes
  That haunt me in the night,
Now hopeful as the new sun-rise
  And pure as the sunlight,—

What coming years shall bring to you
  I guess, but can not tell,
Fulfillment of high hopes and true?
  Or grief I know too well?

O if you had that stronger faith
  Only the poet knows,
The faith that triumphs over death
  And but the brighter glows,—

O then I should not fear to see
  The laughter in your eyes,
The hope of all that is to be
  Beneath the sunny skies.

"DICKING" AND STUDENT HONOR

GRIFFIN G. WALL.

When it was agreed that hazing at Wake Forest should be no more, every Baptist of the State and, indeed, every friend of the college, felt a new sense of pride for our goodly institution. Their elation has not been amiss. For since that time, comparatively speaking, there has been no hazing. It is not because our Freshmen are no longer fresh, but because alumni and students saw that the honor of the college was being impaired by this unwarranted custom. We are, therefore, able to keep it down on the part of those who wish to engage in such unlawful sport through the power vested in our Senate Committee. Were it not for the fact that the student-body as a whole stands behind them and supports them in their official role, it is evident that hazing would take place in a more savage form than before. But the sentiment against it is too strong; the love for football is too deep; the chances for expulsion are too many to admit engaging in such acts save on a very small scale. Consequently it may candidly be said that hazing is a thing of the past at Wake Forest.

However, while we rejoice in this triumph, there is another fault or practice that has wide sway. It is a habit more abominable and more detestable than hazing in its worst form. Hazing affects only the outward man in result, and is meant only for sport in a low degree on the part of those who engage in it. The effect of that other habit is more lasting and more damnable. The one may be innocent in motive, while the other can never be. It is a source of worry to the man who, after leaving college even, resolves to be honest with himself, with his fellow-men, and with his

God. The practice is no other than cheating, a species of theft. Many who practice this method of getting through college courses would be highly indignant if you were to accuse them of stealing. Yet they deliberately go on quizzes, recitations—especially written ones—and get help from their classmates, with a sense, outwardly, of elation at being able to get good grades undeservedly. These same men will even visit the chicken-roosts of citizens, the coal bin of the college; and call it rare sport to bag a bushel of apples, pears, potatoes, or anything to be eaten. Their conscience seems never to rebuke them.

There is a difference of motive between this and hazing. The hazer willfully plans to change the color, temporarily, of the victim, and in order to succeed will resort to violent means. The "dicker" and the pilferer do not think of hurting any one. They only wish, on the one hand, to raise their grade without work, and, on the other hand, to get something without cost. Both "dicking" and pilfering are often done thoughtlessly.

However, there are real "dickers,"—students who deliberately rely upon this means to pass off their work. Apart from the question of honor, let us ask who is injured thereby. Perhaps the greatest injustice is to self. It is a step toward self-deception. The self-deceived man is generally the unsuccessful man. The very act tends to quiet the voice of conscience. If the voice of conscience is not already dead it will soon die under such abuse. Some one has aptly said, "The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it." The willful subjection of conscience, which is nothing more than "pure reason discerning moral law," opens the floodgates of immorality's full pond. Temptations are frequently regarded as of rare occurrence. The whole sense of morality is subject to rapid deterioration. Thus it is clear that by

"dicking" we advance toward that point where the man of keen conscience would suffer such inward pangs as only a grief of soul can inflict. Calvin described it correctly in saying, "The torture of a bad conscience is the hell of a living soul." Despite the state of that which we call perverted conscience, the memory is usually vigorous in a greater or a less degree. And he who has passed through this state of existence is afterward tortured by a resuscitated conscience, the very memory of living and sinning without a sense of wrong-doing is itself the greatest of tortures. In the same proportion as he realizes the mistake he loses respect for himself, in his powers, in his own individual welfare. He must see the frailty of human existence. Thence he is hurled toward that awful chasm of remorse, where the soul pines for its once inviting outlook. That man is to be pitied.

Not only does he lose confidence in himself, which ultimately means failure unless arrested; but he compels the teacher to lose respect for him. His classmates, though guilty of the same charge, would hesitate in recommending him to a responsible position, however capable he might be. Even they lose respect for him. When we lose confidence in a fellow mortal it necessarily causes us in some degree to lose confidence in mankind. If this is true on the part of the guilty, how he must damage the reputation of mankind in the eyes of the honest, the true! The blows are at the tap-root of altruism. He is abandoned, often, by his friends, especially those who are respectable. Moreover, the student-reputation is itself impaired. The name of the college is splotched. The cause of morality is hindered, and the man himself totters on the verge of self-destruction.

The recognition of this growing evil by the student body is responsible for our honor system. The Honor Committee has been elected and are ready to act. But they can do absolutely nothing without the support of the students. This

support can not be given where there is no marked sentiment against such roguery. And until we arrive at that point where we can rise in our might as students of a Christian college and render credit to our parents and friends by suppressing such practices, the criticisms will fall alike on the heads of the guilty and the innocent. The Honor Committee can not suppress it, so long as there is prevalent a regard for the feelings of the guilty. This curse, for so it is, will remain in our college so long as the individual, not guilty of using such means, regards it as "none of his business if his classmate does cheat." We forget that by seeing such things and not daring to mention them above a whisper, we encourage such a practice. On the other hand, if we will talk in plain English and stand by our Honor Committee and "back up" their actions the practice will cease. Can we ever hope to get rid of it when men are suspended and it is scarcely known? Publicity will cure all such evils.

The time for action is now. All over the State our college is gaining, nay, is having thrust upon her, a reputation too justly deserved. Though the majority of us are perfectly honest, we receive the same share of accusation as constituents of the student body. Our college must be redeemed. The only source of redemption is ourselves. "God helps those that help themselves." The crisis is at hand. We are crying for help. We need new buildings, new equipments, improvements in various ways. Can we expect to receive gifts when outward signs are uninviting, when our "cheating" is unfavorably pictured before the public with no subsequent attempt at its suppression?

In all the years gone by, crises have come. They have been met successfully. The cause of nobility has triumphed. It will triumph again. We condemn hazing! Who is the more worthy of condemnation, the "hazer" or the "dicker"? We must give an answer by suppressing dicking as we have haz-

ing. Our own power is sufficient to remove every trace of it from the soiled ermine of our college. Since we know its baneful effects and influences it behooves us as men to lay at the shrine of knowledge the whitened garb of her daughter, that it may once more hang about the comely shoulders of Wake Forest College. Suppress it we must; suppress it we can; suppress it we will.

OLD SOURWOOD PIPES

H. T. HUNTER.

A few of the post-office loafers were listening to Pipes' windy monologue.

"Doc thinks more o' that boy 'n he does o' his own life. He's crazy over him—the whole family is. I believe they 'ud d'ruther 'n any other person in Pearisburg 'ud die then to have Sterling stay jist one night from home. But I don't blame 'em. He's a peart boy, if they ever was one. Why, he ain't now more'n thirteen years old, an's larnt music and figerin' and Peter's Sermint on the Mounting a-ready. You know his ma—and she's a fine woman—give him a fifty dollar watch fer larnin' this here Sermint by heart. He's a good'n, he is. They're all good people—them St. Clairses air. And lemme tell you, old Doc's got the long green on his hip, too. Why, tother day, I saw him count out five thousand—"

Old Pipes bit off his eulogy as short as a hen does her cackle when suddenly seeing a hawk. The hawk in this case was Doctor St. Clair. He and Professor Buchanan were seen walking slowly toward the post-office. The tense face of the doctor showed that he was getting anxious. It was surely enough to break the smoothness of his refined Roman features to have a thirteen-year-old son gone a week without hearing from him. The professor dropped behind, and the doctor made his way to the grated window.

"I do hope he will get some news of the boy," said the professor, speaking to no one in particular.

Pipes said he hoped so too, he "shore did hope so, too." And he showed his anxiety by watching the office window. Yes, there was a letter for the doctor. Pipes suddenly re-

membered that the fattening hogs, which he fed every evening for the St. Clairs, had not been fed. Fumbling at his black belt and his three pipes, he nosed himself through the knot of fellow-loafers. Reaching the outer circle of which, he started up a tuneless whistle, and went to feed the fattening hogs.

The letter was addressed in a rough hand. The doctor opened it. Beginning to read, he flushed, and an ashen hue rimmed his compressed lips. He finished with a slight jerk of the breath, and clutched at his own throat.

"What's the matter, Doctor?" asked the professor. "Not bad news from Sterling, I hope."

"Worse than that! I'm afraid by now he's—"

Dr. St. Clair was not a man to be so affected at nothing.

The professor reached for the letter. The doctor yielded reluctantly. After a hurried glance, the professor read to the crowd:

DR. BEN ST. CLAIR:

Sterling in our hands. Safe; but unless $5,000 is placed on sill of Mill Road Bridge, at end near old maple, by two o'clock tonight, we drown or strangle him. Obey, he is yours again; refuse, and the St. Clair family may swim in blood.

(Signed) THE BLACK HAND.

The signature, read by Professor Buchanan with impressively slow accent, fell upon the listeners like pointed icicles from the eaves of a house. In the tenseness that followed, some one looked at his watch.

"By two o'clock tonight!—only nine more hours!"

Only nine more hours! Then—what? A vague, formless something, a hand out of the dark, a skeleton of death—but it threatened vengeance!—the vengeance of kidnappers! And who were the kidnappers? They must be ferreted out. They should be ferreted out, and Pearisburg should witness their skeletons dangling above the earth they were unfit to

tread. Men were angry, and curses were heard. But they were helpless curses, curses escaping lips tremulous with helpless passion. Crowds in the streets bristled with rifles and six-shooters. Even the ministers laid aside their "Vengeance-is-mine-sayeth-the-Lord" spirit, and forgot to counsel moderation.

It looked like war; but war against what? The enemy was intangible, invisible; but out of the vagueness and uncertainty fell the shadow of the Black Hand as real as a pestilence, mocking their helplessness.

Kidnappers are not to be trifled with. Before two o'clock that night, $5,000 lay on the sill of the old Mill Road Bridge. The St. Clairs would feel the sacrifice, but who would count the cost when the life of a son, as well as the safety of the family, is at stake?

Morning found the money untouched. The bloodhounds from Bluefield said no kidnappers had been near the bridge. The country was scoured in the hope of finding the real Black Hand, or a clue to its owner. Detectives were sent to watch the miners at Pocahontas and Ragged Camp. At both of these places, or so Sourwood Pipes declared, there were kidnappers, and desperados and devils among the Italian miners.

A few miles from Pearisburg, Salt Pond Mountain, 4,000 feet above sea level, wears in its emerald ring of hemlock the jewel of Salt Lake. This lake, a mile long and half as wide, is almost as transparent as the air. On one side it holds the inverted image of a modern hotel. Directly opposite the hotel are huge masses of irregular gray cliffs. Among them, in clusters of hemlock and vines, are several caves, each hugging a lump of miasmic darkness. They are called "The Dungeons," and the cliffs are known as "Salt Pond Castles." Rattlesnakes are lords of these castles and dungeons, and the owner of the hotel is content to let them remain so.

But one of these caves was, at this time, the retreat of more hateful animals than rattlesnakes. They were human wolves, human hyenas—the owners of the Black Hand.

It was midnight. Two days had passed since the receipt of the letter in the village. Three irate kidnappers, gathered about a smoking fire in the cave, were cursing Dr. St. Clair. They were talking of vengeance. They were also talking of $5,000, of "the devil, who had read the letter," and of "showing old Doc. whether we mean business." Sterling St. Clair, sitting in a dark part of the cave, could catch snatches of the conversation. It was a mystery to him. He was becoming appalled at the turn of things. Why were they cursing his father? And what could Sourwood Pipes, his father's trusted tenant, be doing there? Why the ominous silence and secrecy of the matter?

Sterling was learning to keep silent, and feared too much the three grim faces to put these questions into words; but his own intuition gave him answers that made him quake with a vague dread.

"Fellers, I've swore, and I don't mean to back out." It was Sourwood Pipes.

"Get the tobacco," said one of the other human hyenas, "and off with your pipes, Holmes."

For a year or more had Sterling seen his father's tenant carrying those three quaint pipes dangling from his belt, without attaching any significance to them. He knew old Henry Holmes as an eccentric fellow, given to strange foibles, and this singularity of wearing those three pipes had long ceased to be noticed. They seemed a part of him. When one spoke of either Holmes, "Sourwood Pipes," or simply "Pipes," it was supposed to mean Henry, black belt, pipes and all. But these three elbows of sourwood limbs began to have a meaning now. Holmes took the black belt from his

waist, stripped the pipes from them and filled them with tobacco. Then he dropped a live coal into each of them.

"Take 'em," he said, "and remember Sat'day night, July 12, 1901."

"We'll remember," said one hyena, "and we'll paint it in the blood of the St. Clairs upon the walls of this cave." The three grim forms made no more noise over their tobacco than the filmy coils of smoke that crawled off into the darkness. Only the hooting of an owl and the gentle lapping of water stole in at the ragged-mouthed cave to break the silence.

The smoke ended, old Sourwood Pipes slipped the black belt through the loop of the string attached to each pipe, and buckled them again around his waist. Without saying a word he left the cave. He was gone but a minute.

"I've got the boat ready," he said, returning.

The two other human hyenas arose and they all shook hands across the smoking embers.

"Remember!" said one.

"Remember the three pipes!" said the second.

"Remember the doctor," said the black-belted hyena, "and I'll let you know when to strike."

Sterling was led to the edge of the lake. Darkness lay heavy upon the water. However, out away from the bank was a streak of pale, filmy moonlight, and the hotel was a gray smudge on the hillside. The croak of a heavy-throated frog sounded like the gurgle of a drowning man.

"What are we going to do?" asked Sterling, quaking with fear.

"See your father," said Pipes. "Get in."

The oars splashed, and they plowed the darkness. Before reaching the streak of moonlight, the boat was brought to a stop. Sterling felt the hand of Pipes on his breast. He drew back.

"Give up your watch," said Pipes.

"No, I can't. Mamma told me—"

"Hit makes no difference what *she* said. *I'm* a-talkin' now—gimme that watch."

"No, please let me—"

"Give 'er up! You'll never need a watch agin. They don't keep time where you're a-goin'."

The boy caught the awful significance of the last words. He resisted the bony hand that sought the golden chain. In the scuffle that followed, Sourwood Pipes tripped on an oar and fell backwards. The boat trembled like a fallen beef. Sterling slipped from the iron grasp of the stunned human hyena. The boat rocked. There was a splash, and the blue waters of the lake closed with a gurgle over a descending form.

Sterling was left alone in the boat. For a moment he was dazed. He felt for his watch. It was gone. He thought of life and freedom. Rowing across the lake, he slipped out through the belt of laurel and vines, over the bed of ferns, to the top of the mountain. He saw, through the darkness at the foot of Angel's Rest, the street lamps burning dimly in Pearisburg.

The next day the St. Clair family was happy. The hours which had been dragging like a black chain of woe over the village, now fluttered by like so many birds. Mrs. St. Clair, propped against a bank of pillows in Sterling's own bed, where she had been prostrated since the receipt of the letter, laughed big tears of joy. She had a right to be happy. The return of her boy, her darling boy, was like a new life to her.

"But, my dear boy," she said at the end of a long string of unanswered questions, "where's your watch? You haven't lost it, have you?"

"Yes," was the only reply.

"Or, did you let *them* have it?" she went on.

The boy again said nothing. The week's experience was,

to him, like preëxistence: either too awful to relate, or too unfathomable. There was a mystery about it all, even to Sterling. He evaded the mention of the kidnappers. When shown the letter, he was visibly affected, but said simply:

"Maybe they won't do anything, mother."

But the watch. Everybody missed it. They missed the delicate gold chain and the double charm with the emerald set. Had Sterling given them as a ransom to the kidnappers? Had he? They could only guess. And the village gossipers were soon sure that he had.

Mrs. St. Clair was able to be out of bed the next morning. The doctor proposed a stay of a few days at Mountain Lake Hotel, to let her and Sterling recover from the nervous strain of the past week. Sterling objected. He would prefer the seashore. But in deference to his mother, who thought the long trip would be too much for her, he yielded.

The recovery of Mrs. St. Clair was marvelous. Within a few days she was reveling in sunsets from Bald Knob, in strolls among the fern beds and in boat rides on the lake. In the calm of a July day, before the evening winds set in, the lake never failed to lure its crowds. Lovers paddled along the shore and watched the lilies shake, or poised upon the bosom of the translucent liquid, like pictures in a dream. The spotted fish sported beneath.

Doctor and Mrs. St. Clair had anchored one afternoon a little way from the other boats, on the side next to the cliffs. The mountains, the lake and the red evening sun had never so charmed them before. The goodness of an all-wise Creator was reflected in their thoughts. Surely no one could come into the presence of those dreaming peaks, in the glow of such sunsets, in the shadow of those noble gray cliffs, and on the enchantment of that lake, without being wholly good and pure.

"Look!" said Mrs. St. Clair, as she threw one of the lilies

she held in her hand apparently at something on the water, "did you see that play of sunbeams?"

"Beautiful, isn't it?" said the doctor, dreamily.

Faint golden streaks were glimmering in the translucent water, in a frolic, it seemed, with the ripples.

"Say, they are not sunbeams," said Mrs. St. Clair, "but reflected from beneath the surface."

They saw the delicate golden spokes thrust upward from the bottom. These, they observed, radiated from a common point. By peering downward, they located a bright object on the bottom of the lake. The sun's rays were being transmuted into gold and given back. It was only a bright piece of metal, they thought; but it was interesting to watch the play of the reflection on the ripples. Then they saw more—a dark, bulky object surrounding the spot from which the beams radiated. Could they be mistaken? Both the doctor and Mrs. St. Clair were sure they recognized a human form.

"A man in the lake! a man in the lake!" could be heard from the guests who, upon hearing of the discovery, were gathering upon the shore. Even weak little Miss Robins, the tubercular patient who had sought the mountains for her health, managed to reach the piazza, from which she could see what was taking place.

The question was, how to draw the body up? Boats were placed side by side. Planks were thrown across them. This gave the strength of one broad keel. A piece of iron rod was twisted into a hook and sharpened at one end. This was fastened to a rope, which was let down after the human burden. After much tugging and trembling of boats, the body was brought to the surface.

"Old Sourwood Pipes," said one of the men.

"Well, I'll *swear* it is," emphasized another. "What could this mean?"

"I can't imagine; but here's something that looks significant to me. Do you see that?"

Dangling from one of the sourwood pipes was Sterling's watch. Its delicate gold chain was wrapped around the pipe. Part of the chain was broken off.

"This watch," said one of the men, "holds the secret of the whole affair. You see it is out of his pocket. It was it which reflected the sunbeams which led to this discovery. Notice that broken chain wrapped around that pipe. There's been a struggle, and he's been thrown in here."

"By the way," observed the man who had been holding the rope, "this is Sterling St. Clair's watch. 'Reckon, now, old Sourwood Pipes had anything to do with—"

They all looked at each other significantly, and the above question was neither finished nor answered.

There was a splash, and the blue waters of the lake closed again with a gurgle over a descending form. When the crowds reached the shore, the news passed rapidly from one to another. Outside of the swirling tangle of men and women, stood Sterling, a thing apart, abstracted and silent. One tall man caught him and lifted him high above the sea of heads. The crowd saw it. A shout broke forth as the mass turned toward the hotel.

And the setting sun beamed its approval across Angel's Rest to the soft rising moon.

STORIETTES

"THE CUB'S SCOOP"

W. C. D., JR.

As he ate his crullers and drank his coffee in Brogan's three-cent lunch room one wet April evening Rodney Sloan was anything but cheerful. He had not had enough drinks to make him think lightly of his woes. And then the soggy rain had helped. Rodney rubbed his bleary eyes and sat brooding.

He arose, staggered up to the desk, paid his check, and trudged out with a lagging step. Over to "the office" he wandered and into the *Cub's* "city" room.

He glanced over to the corner where his old desk used to be. Sitting at it "slashing" copy was a young fellow—a boy with a sharp eye and features of iron.

Sloan could hear the linotypes clicking in the rear. He could see the long writing tables, and the "boys" that wrote and sang. The old newspaper fever came back to him—the call of the press.

He hurried over to the young man at the desk. The editor looked up as though he grudged the moment away from his work.

"What for you?" he snapped out.

"My name's Rodney Sloan. I used to be city editor here."

"Glad to know you, sir."

"I have a story. If you care for it I'll put the 'stuff' on the machine."

"Wish you would." The young chap pointed to a typewriter and handed him a piece of copy paper.

Sloan bent over the machine as of old and with clumsy

fingers played with the keys. Gradually he gained speed—the old skill was coming back. He noted with satisfaction as he pushed the carriage up that his lead was perfect technically. He had summed up his whole story in the opening paragraph.

Then step by step he proceeded to develop it. Steadily at his call the phrases rolled forth. Paragraph by paragraph the climax developed and at last it was finished. Sloan pulled the copy from the machine and started with his story over to the city editor. His step was not lagging now. Instead it was energetic, the tread of a wide-awake newspaper man.

"Long envelope," he demanded of the city editor. "Not to be opened until ten o'clock," he wrote on the front. He sealed up the story and handed it to the man at the desk.

"Promise me you won't open this until ten o'clock," he asked.

The editor nodded. Sloan left. As soon as he had finished correcting a paragraph of proof the editor ripped open the envelope. Newspaper men have no ethics. He read the opening paragraph and gasped.

"Cole!" he yelled. The *Cub's* star man came on the run. "Suicide!" he shouted. "Tenth Street Bridge, Rodney Sloan, our old city editor." Cole jammed his derby down and was out of the door like a shot.

The city editor grabbed his desk phone. "Police station, quick," he screamed into the transmitter. "Hello, Sergeant. This is Mitchell. Suicide, Tenth Street Bridge."

Then he read Sloan's story through slowly. "Here you," he commanded of two "cubs" who were just returning from Brogan's lunch room, "if you want to know what a real newspaper story is, read this." The young men read Sloan's story in silence. It was the simple story of a man fallen. It told of an impetuous ambition to score a newspaper "scoop." It

told of his sacrifice to obtain that scoop. It was the work of a master composer describing his motive for suicide. It named its cost—a human life.

In awe they laid it down on the desk. "Eh?" asked the city editor, nodding. For once his iron features melted and he smiled sadly.

The door opened. Cole had returned. He shook his head. "I beat the patrol by a second. I was just too late to prevent his jumping over."

"THE CUB'S SCOOP."

An ink-stained boy came in from the composing room. "Copy!" he yelled.

"Copy ready!" shouted Mitchell, handing him Sloan's story. "Front page, seven columns, double decker, with banks."

ONE CUR DOG

D. S. KENNEDY.

Jim Slocum stole across the little mountain stream and disappeared noiselessly in the shadows. He trod so stealthily that only occasionally, in crossing a bare spot of moonlight, did he allow himself to be exposed. In his hand was the long squirrel rifle of the mountaineer. This was held carelessly, yet in such a manner that it was ready for instant use. His attitude suggested one on the watch for a hidden foe.

On the preceding afternoon, at the cross-roads store, the cause of this night journey had happened. Jim Slocum and Pete Hensley, both shiftless white men with large families, had come to words over a mangy, yellow, cur dog, belonging to Jim, which Pete had shot. Then Pete had attempted to justify his act by saying that the dog was a common nuisance.

Jim Slocum, nevertheless, had sworn that he would have vengeance.

And now Slocum was skirting the hills on his way towards Hensley's cabin. Pete, he knew, would be on his guard, and it would be merely a question of who could shoot the quicker and truer. Consequently he watched carefully every shadow that moved. For half an hour his skulking journey was continued. Near Hensley's cabin, he came upon a small, open glade. As usual, he looked long and carefully over the field, clear in the moonlight. Everything seemed peaceful.

Starting again, he rounded the end of the open ground, and made his way towards an old tobacco house, which leaned against the shadows of the trees. Once there, he stepped forward more quickly, for he felt safer. As he turned a corner, he was startled to see another man standing near. It was Pete Hensley. Like clockwork their guns were snapped to their shoulders, and one echo broke the silence of the night. The next morning they were found almost touching each other.

Two days later, from Jim Slocum's cabin, there went forth a funeral procession. A band of relatives attended the body borne upon an ox-cart. Behind the cart were five children, barefooted and half-starved. At that moment there was probably not a penny between them and hunger. Next came the mother, gaunt, ungainly, threadbare. And her face was set harshly with lines of determination. The procession wound its way slowly to a small graveyard on the summit of a distant hill.

At the same hour another procession left the cabin of Pete Hensley. A hunger-racked widow and five small children followed the body, borne upon an ox-cart. On this woman's face there was also the look of grim determination. This procession crept up a steep path and stopped at a small grave-

yard on its summit. Fifty yards away Jim Slocum's burial was already in progress.

Rapidly the graves were filled. Plain pine boards were placed at the head and feet. A short benediction was pronounced by a relative. Then Jim Slocum's widow took her eldest son by the hand and led him to the grave. She crossed his hands upon the board at the head.

"Now, you young Jim Slocum," she commanded in harsh tones, "you swar' right here on yo' dady's grave that you'll shoot them Hensleys 'till nary one is spared."

"I swar," said young Jim, "that I'll kill them Hensleys if God'll let me."

Over the other grave Pete Hensley's widow grasped her eldest son's hand fiercely.

"Promise me," her voice grated, "that you'll shoot a Slocum like a snake everywhar you see one."

The eyes of the oldest Hensley boy burned redly in their sockets.

"I swar," he said, "that I'll hate ev'ry Slocum wus'n pisen, and'll shoot 'em as quick as I see 'em.

The women glared at each other like female tigers, and their long fingers twitched. If the burial day had not always been held inviolate in such feuds, they would have fought each other ferociously. As it was, they departed slowly for their cabins.

This was fifty years ago, but today there is a saying on "No Business Mountain" that when a Slocum meets a Hensley there is "sumpin' gwine to happin."

But since that first afternoon not a thought has ever been given to the mangy, yellow, cur dog.

BOOK REVIEWS

DR. W. B. ROYALL.

GRAMMAIRE DU GREC DU NOUVEAU TESTAMENT
Par
A. T. Robertson, D.D., LL.D.,
Professor d'exégèse du Nouveau Testament
Southern Baptist Theological Seminary
Louisville, Ky.
Traduite sur la seconde édition
Par
Edouard Montet, D.D.
Recteur de l'Université de Genève.

Dr. Montet, of the University of Geneva, has done a fine piece of work in this translation into French of Dr. A. T. Robertson's "Short Grammar of the Greek New Testament."

The preface of the translator will give some idea of the estimate placed upon the grammar by foreign as well as American scholars. The following is a rough version of this preface:

The grammar whose translation we are presenting to the French-speaking public is the work of a distinguished Greek scholar, who teaches the exegesis of the New Testament in an American college, Prof. A. T. Robertson. The grammar of the Greek of the New Testament which Professor Robertson has written has had in Europe and America a most favorable reception. In America there have been already two editions, and the third, now in press, will appear at the same time with this translation. Another English edition has been published in England. This grammar has been translated into Italian and into German. Dutch and Spanish translations are, the one in press, the other nearly ready for the press. Swedish and Japanese translations are in course of preparation.

The author, who has revised and corrected the work in the second American edition, from which this translation is made, is an enthusiastic admirer of the Greek language in general, and of the Greek of the New Testament in particular; but he is at the same time one of the finest critical students that we know of the New Testament

Greek. His knowledge here is profound. This is the very distinct impression that one will derive from the reading of the work.

Professor Robertson has devoted himself to the study of the Greek of the New Testament. He is now nearing the end of a complete grammar of this language (the one that we are publishing being only an abridged grammar), which will be the work of his life, and which he hopes to have ready for the press in two years.

The grammar of Professor Robertson has been written especially for students in schools of Protestant theology in the United States. This particular point of view explains the position taken by the author on certain questions. But in reality his work addresses itself to a much more extensive circle of readers. All who are interested in Greek studies, in the larger sense of the word, and certainly all for whom there is a charm in the history of the beginnings of Christianity as derived from the biblical texts, will find in the grammar of Professor Robertson a mine of precious information, and an original treatment of the subject proposed.

Professor Robertson's book is written in a concise, animated, and picturesque style. The translation that we present is as literal as we could make it without a sacrifice of clearness; it has respected as far as possible the style peculiar to the author.

The book has been written for Englishmen. It is well not to forget this. The numerous references to English works and the frequent examples of comparisons drawn from the English language will thus be better understood.

We have used, in order to make the French text more precise, some neologisms, easily graspable. They have been in a measure imposed upon us by the conciseness of the English work, and also by the technical vocabulary of the English that is not identical with the corresponding French vocabulary.

The author has entitled his work in English: "A Short Grammar * * *." This title is too modest. The grammar, it is true, is condensed for the students for whom it is designed, but in fact it is very complete in its present concise form.

Its essential qualities are: precision, clearness (despite obscurities resulting from conciseness), and, above all, scientific value.

The book, and this is one of its most remarkable characteristics, presents a philosophy of the Greek language. The author often rises to general ideas of the greatest interest upon the history of the language and upon its relations to the other Indogermanic languages. This philosophy of the Greek language gives charm to the work, in the translation of which we have had genuine pleasure.

In reality the field covered by the author reaches far beyond that which is limited by the New Testament. There is exhibited in epit-

ome the Greek language in its various phases—Ancient Greek, Modern Greek, Literary Greek, Common Greek (Koine), and the various dialects. Very great importance is, with reason, ascribed to the Greek of the *papyri*, for it is quite evident that the language of the *papyri* explains in a highly luminous manner certain linguistic facts of the idiom of the New Testament.

Finally, the author establishes numerous correspondences between the Greek and the Sanscrit which are of high linguistic interest.

By this simple statement of the contents of the "Short Grammar" it will be seen that we are dealing with a work of prime value upon the Greek of the New Testament. We doubt not that Greek scholars will confirm this judgment pronounced by a Hebrew student of the Old Testament.

ED. MONTET.

Since this preface was written the manuscript of Professor Robertson's large grammar has been completed, and he is hoping to have it ready for use some time next year.

The German edition of the short grammar is meeting with marked favor.

W. B. ROYALL.

The Wake Forest Student

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MARCH, 1912.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

LESLIE G. BULLARD, Editor

A Word of Appreciation

We are very grateful for the many kind words of appreciation coming from the readers of the Carlyle Memorial number of THE STUDENT. We have felt all along that this special number would meet with the hearty approval of the vast number of friends of the late Professor J. B. Carlyle. But the purpose of these remarks is to make mention of those who made the Memorial

Number a success. Besides those who so kindly contributed articles, Dr. J. H. Gorrell, the Faculty Editor, deserves especial mention. From the start to the finish the work was entirely in his hands; and he gave unstintingly of his time to this work. He wrote to friends for contributions, collected articles, arranged the material, and when it became necessary he left his college duties and made trips to Lumberton and to Raleigh in order that the magazine might not be delayed in coming out. Associated with Dr. Gorrell in the work of the Memorial Number was Mr. R. C. Lawrence, of Lumberton, N. C., who was at one time editor of THE STUDENT. He, too, has faithfully contributed in every way possible to this work. Our efficient Business Manager, Mr. Eddinger, deserves great praise for his labors in making this number a successful one.

A Necessity

Can anything sound better to a worshipful people than the promise of a house of worship? For seventy-five years Wake Forest College has been the head of the Baptist denomination of North Carolina, and for that many years has Wake Forest been without a church. The college turns out the ministers who in a very short time are the leaders in the Baptist denomination, and yet they do not enjoy, while in college, the sacred atmosphere that is felt on entering a church edifice on Sunday morning. It is true that Wake Forest has a well organized membership that meets every Sunday for carrying on the work of the church and Sunday School, but the work is greatly handicapped on account of the lack of a suitable building. The pastor finds great difficulty in gaining the ears of an audience that comes together in the same place seven days out of every week for nine months in the year. The chapel where any kind of a meeting is held, from a

revival down to a mob of baseball rooters, yelling and puffing clouds of cigarette smoke, is no place to go on Sunday morning to rest from every labor, and ponder over the thoughts of the deeper self. The preacher is at a disadvantage when he has to preach to a congregation when the ladies have to pad the backs of the hard benches with the outspread hymn books, and the men have to brace their knees against the back of a bench in front of them to keep from sliding from an uncomfortable seat. He is not protected from such enchoachments by the enclosure of church walls—

> Where heaven comes down our souls to greet
> And glory crowns the mercy seat.

If Wake Forest had a comfortable church building where none but religious services were held and the sense of a Divine Presence enters the soul on entering the door, there would not be such a tendency on the part of students to remain in their rooms on Sunday morning. Soon Rev. Mr. Johnson will be traveling among the Baptists of the State collecting funds for a church building at Wake Forest, and it is hoped that the friends of the denomination will respond heartily to his appeal. While these friends are worshiping in comfortable church homes, let them remember that the mother church has not where to rest its head.

Anniversary

Once more the greatest event of the college year has come and gone. While we pen these lines the fragrance of flowers still seems to be perceptible, and a confusion of sounds enters our ears like the echo from a battlefield or a babbling of voices or the faint strains of music as it dies away in the distance. This is followed by a harsh, grating sound, a trampling of many feet as if a number of people were being jostled about trying to make way for something bearing down upon them. A dis-

tant locomotive whistle is more distinct and brings us to realize that there is a vacancy somewhere that neither a good dinner nor a "glass of the finest" will fill up. We turn aside and ram the whole corner of a handkerchief in our eyes (for cinders are bad), just as some one rushes from the post-office, rips the end off of a square envelope, while he says or seems to say:

"I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted."

We awake from reveries to realities. Something is gone, but we grasp a book labeled "Logic," and as we slowly turn the leaves this expression involuntarily escapes our lips:

We really are sorry;
  We ought to be glad,
For she's the best Annie
  That ever we had.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

H. TYRAM HUNTER, Editor

Several members of the Faculty have been away at times during the past month, lecturing.

* * *

Dr. C. E. Brewer delivered a series of lectures before the Sunday School Institute at Sanford, N. C., January 18-21.

* * *

On February 22d Dr. W. L. Poteat delivered an address at Trinity College.

* * *

Prof. J. H. Highsmith addressed the student body of Buie's Creek Academy February 17th, and later spoke at Coats, N. C., on the B. Y. P. U.

* * *

Dr. Z. T. Cody, under the auspices of the Foreign Mission Board, gave two addresses before the student body of Wake Forest College.

* * *

Professor Timberlake gave a chapel talk on George Washington February 22d.

* * *

Yes, Miss Anniversary came in due season, bringing her own weather. The regular program was superior. The debate on Friday afternoon was characterized by sound reasoning and sulphuric rejoinder, and ended in the decision that unrestricted woman suffrage is as yet an impropriety. The orator's program was a fit step to the grand climax, the informal reception in the society halls.

Hon. Geo. A. Peak, alumnus of Wake Forest College, and now a Virginia Senator, was down from Richmond, a guest at the Anniversary.

* * *

The Alumni of Robeson County have presented the college with an excellent portrait of Prof. J. B. Carlyle, deceased. This portrait was painted by Mrs. Marshall Williams. It will be formally presented to the college next commencement.

* * *

Wake Forest College laments the passing of the late J. H. Tucker, a prominent citizen of Asheville, N. C.

Mr. Tucker was one of the ablest and most devoted of the Baptist laity of North Carolina. He was a Trustee of Wake Forest College since the year 1888. Mr. Tucker leaves a son, J. Powell Tucker, alumnus of Wake Forest College, and one daughter who is now in her Senior year at Meredith College. To these we extend our deepest sympathy.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

P. P. GREEN, Editor

The Race Problem

The race problem at Wake Forest has come out for its annual airing. Track team candidates are accustomed to register a periodical kick against the treatment or rather lack of treatment they receive. And there the matter drops. So we will kick according to custom and get the matter off our minds.

Football candidates are furnished suits, shoes, the best coach obtainable, a practice field and the college devotes itself to working up enthusiasm over their achievements. A crowd of rooters appears on the field punctually every afternoon to put spirit into the practice. At the end of the last season the Athletic Association gave a hip! hip! hurrah! and smilingly pocketed a dead loss of $1,128. The same things apply to basketball and baseball except that they usually come out a little ahead of the game financially. But not to Track. Oh, no! Suits? Oh to be sure suits are furnished for use in the meets. But they are kept carefully packed away with moth balls other times. Shoes? Oh no; too expensive. They cost two-thirds as much as a real pair of football shoes.

The track team captain is a most excellent coach. A cinder track though is an absurdity. One on the campus would disfigure its beautiful appearance and it would be an unreasonable amount of bother to fix one around the athletic field. To be sure there have been numerous promises made and that ought to satisfy anybody but the most pronounced variety of knockers. And enthusiasm! Why, man, we have seen a multitude of five men standing at the start-off giving

silent encouragement to a set of men who were straining every nerve and muscle in the hardest grinding work trying to get in shape to uphold the honor of their Alma Mater.

So if you desire to imitate Mercury get down a Spaulding Catalog, select a nice pair of spiked slippers, a bathing suit, and a monograph on "How to Run," and write out a check. When they arrive put them on and chase yourself around the campus paths as many times as you see fit—provided you don't shock any passing ladies and don't get in anybody's way. Furthermore, *provided you pay your dues to the Athletic Association.* This method is very effective. Just go over in the reading room and look at the nice large silver cup your predecessors brought back when they won the State championship three years ago.

And now that the kick is kicked we feel better.

Basketball

Now that the basketball season has come to a close it may be well to make a brief resumé. It is one of the fastest teams that has ever represented the college. All of last year's team were back and playing and their work together was like that of a well oiled machine working in perfect accord.

While the Virginia trip was not as successful as was hoped it must be kept in mind that in the first game Holding B. was out on account of his father's illness, and the team was playing every night on strange, and in three cases, very badly arranged floors with the fatigue of long railway journeys between.

It is significant to note that Trinity canceled their Virginia trip immediately after hearing our scores. Although for the second time in the history of the institution we lost to a college team on our own floor, it was a Virginia team, and the best team in the Old Dominion.

The following is the schedule and scores of the games played:

Jan. 13—William and Mary 4, W. F. C. 34, at Wake Forest.
Jan. 19—High Point 9, W. F. C. 72, at Wake Forest.
Jan. 20—A. & M. 13, W. F. C. 23, at Raleigh.
Jan. 27—Randolph-Macon 13, W. F. C. 26, at Wake Forest.
Feb. 1—Va. Christian College 13, W. F. C. 35, at Wake Forest.
Feb. 5—Randolph-Macon 29, W. F. C. 27, at Ashland, Va.
Feb. 6—Lynchburg Y. M. C. A. 46, W. F. C. 26, at Lynchburg, Va.
Feb. 7—V. P. I. 45, W. F. C. 15, at Blacksburg, Va.
Feb. 8—Emory and Henry 23, W. F. C. 24, at Emory, Va.
Feb. 9—Va. Christian College 19, W. F. C. 31, at Lynchburg, Va.
Feb. 10—V. M. I. 23, W. F. C. 14, at Lexington, Va.
Feb. 15—A. & M. 9, W. F. C. 50, at Wake Forest.
Feb. 17—V. P. I. 21, W. F. C. 19, at Wake Forest.
Feb. 19—A. & M. 8, W. F. C. 30, at Raleigh.
Feb. 22—U. of N. C. 18, W. F. C. 15, at Raleigh.

Games won, 9; lost, 6.
Total Wake Forest score, 441; total opponents' score, 293.

That Lecture Committee

There is a rumor afloat that a Faculty Committee exists whose business it is to arrange lectures by prominent men to the student body. We are unable to discover any traces of such a committee, as there hasn't been a lecture here this year, and so we are forced to the conclusion that the rumor is entirely unfounded. The students should be extremely cautious about giving credence to such rumors, as they are usually started by designing persons with malicious intent.

College Amusements—Dicking

The latest fad in amusements hereabouts is the highly entertaining diversion of foiling the vindictive vigilance of the fossilized professors when they attempt to perpetrate a quiz or examination. As an intellectual pastime it compares very favorably with chess, picking pockets and opening safety deposit vaults. It is safer because the Honor Committee is considerably less ubiquitous than the many limbs of the law

and more genteel because of the intense loyalty of the student body for any one in difficulties with the said Honor Committee. It is a distinct forward step from the crude physical pastime of implanting respect for prominent persons in the bosoms of the uncultured newish. Those highly intellectual beings locally known as skypilots are highly pleased with it and are developing the astuteness and versatility of their minds thereby.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

C. HERMAN TRUEBLOOD, Editor

After giving the right-of-way to the Carlyle Memorial Number, in February, we greet you again with a little news concerning "The Old Boys."

* * *

'11. Mr. Arthur D. Gore, who is taking graduate studies in English at Columbia University, has published verses, in recent issues of the *Biblical Recorder* and the *News and Observer*.

* * *

'92-95. Rev. C. J. D. Parker, lately of Portsmouth, Va., has begun his work as pastor of the First Baptist Church, Reidsville, N. C.

* * *

Rev. E. E. White (1909), newly elected pastor of Tenth Baptist Church, of Philadelphia, and Rev. T. D. Collins (1910), both of whom are pursuing studies in Crozer Theological Seminary and the University of Pennsylvania, were ordained at the Baptist Tabernacle, Raleigh, January 7th.

* * *

'80. Mr. John M. Davis, of New York City, paid a visit to Wake Forest the first week in January. He made a brief address at chapel January 6th. Mr. Davis is in business in New York City.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. B. W. Spilman recently spent a fortnight in Cuba. The Cuban Baptist Convention was in session at the time, and Dr. Spilman delivered a series of lectures on Sunday School work.

After a faithful and fruitful pastorate at the First Baptist Church in Morganton, Rev. James Long entered recently upon his new work at Dunn, succeeding Dr. W. R. Cullom, whose ministry of six years has been notably successful. Mr. Long has done a fine work at Morganton and in the Catawba River Association.

* * *

Rev. C. J. Thompson, who is working in the interest of Meredith Endowment, has recently received some very liberal responses to his appeal for that cause.

* * *

Rev. J. T. Byrum, formerly of Ramseur, has entered auspicuously upon his new work at Kernersville, succeeding Rev. W. E. West, who entered upon his pastorate at Spray not long ago.

* * *

Dr. John E. White, of Atlanta, Ga., received as a new year's present a $10,000 insurance policy with premiums paid for a term of years.

* * *

Rev. Herman Stevens, formerly pastor of Second Church, Danville, Va., has begun his work as pastor of Belmont Church, Roanoke, Va.

* * *

Rev. C. Almon Upchurch, having concluded his pastorate at Kinston, began not long ago, his work as pastor of the First Church at Tullahoma, Tenn.

* * *

We greatly deplore the death of Rev. J. A. Stradley, of Oxford, N. C. A father in Israel has fallen! During 1911 he served churches from six to twenty-seven miles from Oxford, his home, and did not miss a single service at either church.

A Sunday School Institute was recently conducted at Sanford. It was conducted by Secretary Middleton, assisted by Drs. C. E. Brewer and W. R. Cullom, of Wake Forest.

* * *

We note with pardonable pride that Rev. J. A. Beam and his worthy wife are having unusual success in their school work at Prestonsburg, Ky. The enrollment has reached almost 300 for this year.

* * *

'77-80. Mr. Joseph A. Rogers, who was a while agent in the insurance business in Kinston, is now the leading man of the Realty Bond and Insurance Company of Raleigh, N. C.

* * *

'88-90. Rev. Jas. R. Edwards recently resigned his pastorate at Sanford, N. C., to enter upon an important pastorate in Birmingham, Alabama. His church is closely associated with Howard College, the Baptist College for young men of that State.

* * *

'83. Dr. Thomas J. Simmons, of Brenneau College and Conservatory of Georgia, is traveling this winter with Mrs. Simmons in the Levant.

* * *

'81. Rev. M. V. McDuffie, late of New York, has accepted the position of Financial Agent for Furman University, Greenville, S. C. He took up his work the first of January.

* * *

'83. Mr. Thomas Dixon is expecting to spend the present year in Europe with his family. It is understood that he will collect material for a new book.

* * *

'80. Col. H. Montague, a member of the Personal Staff of His Excellency, Governor W. W. Kitchin, of the class of

'80, was recently unanimously elected President of the Twin City Club, the leading literary and social organization of Winston-Salem, N. C. He has been a member of the Board of Governors for years. Last year he was elected Vice-President, and at the recent election in January, 1912, he enjoyed the rare distinction of being the only man ever elected to the Presidency of the Club without a single dissenting vote.

* * *

'97. The following extract from a Baltimore paper concerning Mr. R. J. Biggs, Jr., a graduate of Wake Forest in the class of 1897 with the degree of Master of Arts, will be of interest to our readers:

Bound for Caracas, Venezuela, where he will take up the duties of United States consular agent, Richard J. Biggs, Jr., son of School Commissioner Biggs, who lives at 1412 Harlem avenue, left his home several days ago for New York City. Mr. Biggs will set sail from New York this morning. He will arrive at his post in several weeks' time.

Mr. Biggs was appointed by the State Department about a week ago. He received his official notification and immediately prepared to depart. This is his second position with the United States government, the first being that of educational supervisor in Porto Rico.

He was born in Baltimore and was educated in the public schools, later graduating from the City College. After leaving that institution, he entered Wake Forest College. Returning to his home he decided to pursue his studies in a different field. Accordingly he went abroad and studied three years.

His chief study was political conditions of revolutionary governments. After studying conditions from the practical standpoint, Mr. Biggs came back to America and shortly after his arrival he entered the Chicago University, where he pursued an advanced course in political situations. Leaving that institution, he returned to his home and entered the Johns Hopkins University, where he took another scientific course.

Mr. Biggs has not confined his studies to Europe nor even to Central American countries. He has traveled throughout Africa studying conditions, and even into Asia.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

D. S. KENNEDY, Editor

The table of contents of the *State Normal Magazine* gives evidence of strong support by the students. This is an especially encouraging feature, for it insures a steady progress in the quality and number of the contributions. One noticeable fault in all the articles is the tendency to write to the dregs. Conciseness adds vividness and life to a discussion of any theme. The subject matter of the magazine is well balanced, showing consciencious work on the part of the editors.

The opening poem, "The New Year," shows that the author has poetic appreciation, but it is almost concealed under a mass of imperfections. It is vague, rough, uncouth in its metaphors, yet has a strain of real merit. The meter is broken, and should be revised. "The Final Decision" deserves a cutting criticism. The germ plot of the story is good, but it is not well developed. It is too long drawn out to be dramatic. In reading it, the idea is suggested that it is an outline of a novel rather than a modern short story. The author tries to tell too much. The closing scene is dramatic enough, and the story should have been written on this alone. The style of composition is good. Some of the phrases are well turned and expressive. "The Negro Criminal" is an admirable essay. However, like most essays of its kind, it is chiefly a compilation of another person's ideas and statistics, and has no claim to originality. "The Snow" has a delicacy of expression that is rare. If poetry is an appeal to the imagination, then the author has undoubtedly chosen a suitable theme. In the story, "Somewhat True," we have a variation of the old triangle plot. The chief fault

of the article is its tendency to preach a little "on the side." The title is not at all appropriate or desirable; otherwise the story is deserving of praise. "The Wreck of Nancy Lee" is perhaps the best article in the magazine. The plot has all the requisites of a good short story, and gives opportunity for dramatic effect. The development of the plot is not done as well as might be desired. The treatment of some of the incidents is trite. "The Turkish-Italian War" shows painstaking investigation into the subject, and is worthy of commendation. The departments are up to the standard.

The Carolinian, from the University of South Carolina, comes to us with an interesting list of articles. "Evening," a poem in the form of a sonnet, is simple but suggestive. It shows practice and natural facility in writing. "When the Fires Burned Out" starts off with a snap that catches our attention and holds it to the end. It is the best of the contributions. "Unforgotten Days" is a poem with some points of merit. The metaphors are well developed, but the diction is not free and easy. The style seems slightly forced. "An Essay on Woman" is a discussion with a cracker to it. The author has furnished his sarcasm with a pop at the end which is interesting. We would guess that the writer of "The Junction Town" knows a little about "hoboing" from experience. His contribution is terse and written in an entertaining style. "The Land of Yesterday" has a meager amount of poetic merit. It shows little acquaintance with the gentle art of composing poetry. "The Three Wives" is evidently a story written with an effort to show originality. If such is the author's intention, he has succeeded. The style of composition is well executed. The plot, however, is slight. The essay on Niagara Falls is both interesting and instructive. "January," as a poem, is not a credit to the magazine. It should have been omitted entirely.

The Carolinian, as a magazine, has opportunity for a great

deal of improvement. Several of the articles in this issue are unusually good, but the general average is low. We would suggest that the editors be more careful in their selections, and that the best writers be incited to do more work.

Exchanges received this month are: *The Southern Student, The Clemson Chronicle, The Southern Collegian, The Concept, The Furman Echo, The Corral, The Criterion, The Acorn, The Lenoirian, Southwestern University Magazine, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, Brenau Journal, The Messenger, The Palmetto, Hamilton Literary Magazine, Maryville College Monthly, The Richmond College Messenger, College Rays, The Pointer, Guilford Collegian, Baylor Literary, The Mercerian, University of Virginia Magazine, Wofford College Journal, Trinity Archive, Newberry Stylus, Davidson College Magazine, The Wahisco, Carson-Newman Collegian, The Buff and Blue, The Æsculapian, Chimes of Shorter.*

CLIPPINGS

"The vacuum," said Parson Robertson on one of Professor Lake's Physics quizzes, "is a large empty space in which the Pope resides."

"What is it," asked a teacher in the Meredith Academy, "that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?"

"Corsets," said a wise little prep.

WOMAN'S LOGIC.

"My dear, these are excellent cigars, but they are awfully strong."

"Yes; I got the strongest I could find. They won't break so easily in your pocket."—*Judge.*

"How do the Holy Ghosters feel about the Stanford affair?"

"Oh, I guess they just put it down to Prophet and Loss."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Bernard (drawing up his chest): "Yes, I can trace my descent for five hundred years."

"Sampson" Chambliss: "Well, I can't. But, you see, I never descended as far as you have."

TEN GREATEST GEMS OF ORATORY.

I got cha.
Oh, you kid.
Be that as it may.
View with alarm!
Far be it from me.
Come in.
What'll you have?
This is so sudden.
I will now conclude.
Believe me.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING.

"I've been courting her for some time, but I feel sure she will refuse me when I propose."

"Ah! I see. An undeveloped negative."—*Clemson Chronicle.*

"Comment!—Dis, donc, ma chérie, qui est ce vieil étranger qui était chez toi hier soir?"

"Zut!—Mon mari!"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"It is said that Russia's executions of Persians during their religious festivals will affront national feeling to a dangerous degree." This should be a warning to the Cossacks. No high-spirited people like the Persians will submit to being hung while at prayer.

There was an old lady called Hunt,
The same behind as in front.
One never knew where
To offer a chair,
So the floor often got the full brunt.

Notice to skypilots—The explanation of the above phenomenon is that the lady in question wore a hobble.

THAT TANK AT RADCLIFFE.

To the list of famous misprints should be added that ascribed to Miss Irwin, dean of Radcliffe College, who was made to say in an annual report that the new swimming tank at Radcliffe had a capacity of twenty thousand gals.—*Christian Register.*

DID THEY COME IN AMBULANCES?

With genuine Southern hospitality, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith kept open house throughout the afternoon in hospital fashion—*Extract from Muskogee Times-Democrat.*

"I'm quite willing to propose to him this year," she said, "but I dread one thing."

"And that is?"

"Asking his mother if she'll let him marry me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ADVICE.

When you get cheated by a shark, think of Jonah—he was completely taken in by a whale.

Hopelessly involved—Henry James.

L'ENVOI.

When the last of the answers to Kipling has been written and printed and read,
And each vial of feminine fury has been carefully poured on his head,
"We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it"—at least for a moment or two,
Till the deadliest male of the species finds something more deadly to do.—*R. G. S. in Life.*

"Do you love me, darling?" she coaxed.

"Sweetheart, I love every hair on your bureau!" he fervently answered.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Savage: "Man, you look all worn out. Are you overworked?"
Powell: "I'm studying for a minister."
Savage: "Well, why the deuce don't you let him study for himself?"

That rumbling noise from the Far East is mostly made by 40,000,000,000 Chinese ancestors turning over in their graves.—*Boston Traveler.*

"What is the best way to make a play a howling success?"
"I suppose, to try it on the dog."—*Baltimore American.*

"Quit yer kiddin'," is the succinct if not elegant advice the *Columbia State* gives to that Pennsylvania mother of twenty-two children. The *State* will be giving advice about Skedule K next.

The following limeric was recently found pinned on one of Dunbar's skeletons:

"This is the remains of an ichthyosaurus,
Who lived when the earth was quite porous.
He sickened with shame
When he heard of his name,
And departed this world long before us."

Pud Thaxton: "What is a volcanic eruption?"
Newish Horrell: "That's when the bowels of the earth move."

"Ten Below Today."—Headline in Raleigh *News and Observer.*

That's rather a large death rate for Raleigh, isn't it, Josephus?

TOO HARD.

The pup ate sister's battercakes, and took the thing so hard,
We thought it best to bury him back in the stable yard.
—*Dallas Morning News.*

King Solomon was one man in a thousand.

MORE OF MARY'S DOINGS.

Mary had a little beau
Whose morals were as white as snow,
And every place that Mary wouldn't think of going,
That beau was sure to go.—*Lippincott's.*

(Note.—Possibly this is poetry. We feared it might be, so it wasn't safe to reject it, even though it sounds immoral.)

ASTRONOMICAL.

The evening stars do scintillate,
While midnight sons just sin till late.
—*Lippincott's.*

A MIGHTY SOUND.

"What is that noise?" asked the presiding judge, when a witness's voice was nearly drowned by a rasping uproar outside the court.

"My lord," said the counsel for the defendant, "I think it is the plaintiff filing affidavits."—*Tit-Bits.*

A question has arisen of late as to the sanity of the editors of some of our exchanges. To settle the matter the lunacy commission has compiled the following list of test questions. All editors are requested to file their answers by the twenty-fifth of February on pain of being left in oblivion:

1. If lard is fat why is gasoline?
2. If the moon had a baby would the sky rocket?

3. Will the butterfly if the tomato can?
4. How much does the milky way?
5. If a house stands still will the sidewalk?
6. If a motor car is overspeeded will the rubber tire?
7. When Greensboro makes aëroplanes will Winston-Salem?
8. If the aviators were to get killed would Salisbury them?
9. Did you ever hear the Dead March?
10. If the Southern were to take off its dining cars, where would the Seaboard?
11. If a cow got lost in the Milky Way would Prof. Lanneau?

No. 11 is optional and may be substituted for any of the other questions. Each question counts ten.

DEFINITIONS.

To renege: not to follow suit.
To Reno: to begin suit.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXI April, 1912 No. 7

MY BRIDE

J. B. HUBBELL.

O somewhere in that mystic land
  Between the sky and sea
In dreams, dim-seen, I see her stand,
  The bride who waits for me.

She can not speak our human tongue
  Nor breathe this earthly air,
But sings to me a mystic song
  Of love forever, there.

When black-winged sorrows round me swarm,
  Darkening the darkest night,
I pray to see her lovely form
  Aglow with morning light.

And still I seek her in my dreams
  Wherever she may be,
Among the murmuring woodland streams
  Or by the far-off sea.

A BACHELOR OF ARTS DEGREE

G. W. PASCHAL.

Hardly any one would be found to deny that very few college students have any definite idea about what is desirable to acquire by doing the work in college for which they are graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. With the greater number the degree is the main thing, therefore they work to get the degree. They lose sight of the fact that the direction given to their intellectual and moral development and the kind of men they are to become in consequence of their college course will, in this day of elective courses and studies, depend largely upon their individual choice of proper courses and upon the aims that each proposes for himself. Accordingly the average student will select the course that seems to be the easiest approach to the degree with the conviction that the degree has some almost magical powers which are conferred on all initiaited into its mysteries. Hence it is very important that college faculties should exercise the greatest care to offer only courses that will secure the proper ends of college education, while it very much concerns the student to know what the more important of these ends are and to set about attaining them. With the hope, then, of being helpful to some one I will go on to mention and discuss what I conceive to be the more important of these ends, asking the reader to keep in mind that what I have to say refers especially to candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

ABILITY TO DO REGULAR MENTAL WORK.

One of the most important things a student should strive to get from his college course is ability to do arduous, systematic mental work. He should learn to do this not only

with patience and endurance, but with some degree of enthusiasm. This is by no means easy. Many even of the brightest students find mental work irksome. They will cheerfully undergo physical labor, will engage in some absorbing game, will read this magazine article or that book, in fact will do anything in which they may find some excuse for delaying the doing of the work in hand. That is a thing they can not make up their mind to do. But this habit, so natural to many, must be corrected if the student is to enter upon the future with any fair hope of success in the intellectual realm. He will find especially valuable those courses that require for success rigorous work every day. Such courses are those in mathematics and the foreign languages where the advance is step by step and where all one's former acquirements in each of the subjects are constantly called into requisition. If these studies are faithfully followed, without the employment of keys or translations, throughout the college course the end will be certain. The student will find his mind responsive to his will and he will be ready to enter upon intellectual work with the enthusiasm that comes only to the trained. It is quite clear that such a student will have a much better chance of success in after years than the one who elects whatever snap courses he finds in the curriculum and avoids as far as possible everything that looks like regular daily work. And this is a fact well supported by evidence. Within the last year there have been published statements with reference to the alumni of many Northern colleges and with striking uniformity it has been shown that the men who did their Latin, Greek, and Mathematics well in college have in general far outstripped their fellows in the professions. Most remarkable of all was an investigation of the degree of success gained by the Harvard alumni, who for a period of years had entered a certain profession, in which it was shown that those students, who by their care-

ful attention to duty had gained the name of "grinds," had in their profession attained prominence in comparison with their fellows in the ratio of fourteen to one. This caused surprise, but it need not have done so. The "grinds" had left college trained to do intellectual work, the others had not.

GOOD ENGLISH.

Again, the student should aim at ability to write clear, idiomatic English as one of the chief ends of his college course. For this he will find several means at his disposal.

He must take care not to throw away those racy idioms he has learned in his childhood, for in these he has the only firm basis on which to build a good style. In no other part of the Union has English idiom been less contaminated by extraneous and bookish influences than in North Carolina. Accordingly, the average student in our colleges has a large endowment of striking and peculiarly English turns of expression. Of these he must not be ashamed, for he will never learn another language that any one will listen to. He will gain a hearing only if he speaks what nature has put into his mouth.

Neither can a knowledge of formal English grammar be dispensed with. A few years ago it was the prevailing educational fad to decry the study of formal grammar. Like most fads it was pernicious in its influence. The study of grammar was discontinued or slovenly done in the high schools, and students have since been coming up to college, many of them with no knowledge so to speak of the principles of our language. If any one finds himself in this plight, he should proceed with all haste to master grammar, for he will find it very convenient to know.

The college man may reasonably expect to profit greatly by the courses in English composition, especially when these courses are united with the minute study of some master-

pieces of modern prose. He may also gain something in the way of improving his vocabulary in the courses that require much reading, provided he knows how to discard the mannerisms of the various authors read and the words that are becoming obsolete. Besides, in these courses he may learn something in taste and in the larger features of style in general, but for these last he is not usually ready. From these courses, of course, he will gain a knowledge of much good literature, and often a correct appreciation of it; he must not expect them to be of much help in improving his style.

The work in English composition is only one-twentieth of that required for a degree. Therefore it is apparent that unless the work of the English department is complemented by that of the other departments the student will probably graduate very faulty in his English. And in fact, it is the duty of every department in college to teach good English. Every teacher ought first of all to be a master of English and a specialist afterwards, a condition that holds in the great English universities. In them all the written work done by the students, whether in language, science, history, or philosophy, must be in proper literary form. Owing to this requirement the student learns to be exact in matters of orthography, punctuation, spacing, division into paragraphs, etc., and when he takes up his life work, so far as these things go, his pen is that of a ready writer.

It is in the study of foreign languages that the student may supplement most largely the work of his English course in bettering his style. In fact, in the more elementary matters, such as vocabulary and choice of words, it is probable that much more may be gained from the study of foreign languages than from the study of English. This may sound a little paradoxical, but I think that it will be clear after a few words of explanation.

As Latin is the language most often studied, let it serve as an example of all. And I am going on the assumption that the teacher knows his business and that the student is willing to do serious work. First of all, in translation from this language one may greatly enlarge his working vocabulary. A word read on a page of English may be understood. It is most often not appropriated for personal use. But in translating Latin one uses the word he has found to be the equivalent of a Latin word immediately in the structure of an English sentence. By doing this repeatedly one gains the word for his working vocabulary. And this is the constant process employed in translation—learning words and learning their use. Often a Latin word is used for many synonomous English words, and the proper teacher will insist that the learner make a discriminating selection so as to get the word that conveys the exact shade of meaning required. If there is any other way as good or better to gain a discriminating use of English words, I do not know it.

To consider another matter. One of the greatest difficulties even for experienced writers is to secure proper emphasis. This is comparatively easy in an inflected language like Latin. So the one who translates has abundant exercise in trying to secure a certain emphasis in his sentence. When the Latin sentence to be translated is long or complex the difficulty will, of course, be increased, but the value of the exercise will be no less increased. Further, the translator must be careful to see that his sentences bear the same relation to one another as the equivalent sentences of the original. Thus he will learn how to use introductory words and clauses in such a way as will show most clearly the progress of the thought as sentence rises out of sentence and paragraph out of paragraph. Moreover, the fact that the student has another man's thought to reproduce, so far from detracting from the value of the exercise, in reality

increases it very much. The thoughts of most students are limited in their range, are timid, lacking in clearness, conciseness, and logical coherence. On the other hand, the classics that he translates contain the best thoughts best expressed of some of the master minds of the world. By finding language of his own for them, the neophyte may get rid of his diffidence and be encouraged to make essays into the field of composition that he would not otherwise attempt, and with vision clarified by a better vocabulary he will venture on ways of thought before unknown.

It is just this practice of translation, which if faithfully done and long continued, will be worth more than anything else for gaining a good English style. We hear very much of the bad style of college graduates of recent years. It has been the rule to throw the burden of the blame of this at the door of the classics. Those who knew not what they did have been howling down the study of the classics. The result has been that the classics have been almost cut out of the college course. Many students do not take them at all and many who do take them do the work in a stubborn and recalcitrant sort of way. In the meantime the college graduate's style has gone from bad to worse, and so will very likely continue to go, unless the classics are reinstated to the station in the college curriculum consonant with their worth. This station they still maintain in England. Hence young Englishmen graduate with ability to write English.

LEARNING TO THINK.

Having something to say is no less important than knowing how to say it, and to have something to say one must learn how to think. A prominent lawyer of this State once asked another more prominent lawyer what he had got out of his seven years at Yale. The reply was, "I got the ability to take up a case and to think it through." And the

questioner thought the seven years well spent. But if this power is to be gained and developed several things must be attended to.

No one must suppose that he is thinking when he is only reproducing the thought of some one else, whether in a speech in his literary society or in a written thesis. I do not mean that he must not make use of the arguments made by others on the question for debate, but that he must not make his speech a patchwork of arguments culled bodily from this source and that. This practice can not fail to be very deleterious, even though it may gain the one who practices it some temporary recognition. A few years ago I was on a committee that voted a medal to a young man who delivered a speech that I found entire the very next day in one of Dr. Josiah Strong's books. I have hardly heard from that young man since. His competitor, who made his own speech, has succeeded as few young men do. Borrowed plumage soon falls off. The serious college student must let it alone.

Whether the student develops the power to think will depend largely upon the kind of courses he elects and how he does them. A hodge-podge of the easiest courses in college will not do very much to help him in this way, nor will any course unless it is seriously and honestly done. For gaining the power of close, hard reasoning he will find in mathematical studies the very best discipline. The principles are few, every advance step is logically certain and the conclusion beyond a doubt. But the too exclusive study of mathematical subjects tends to make one hard-headed and intolerant of the views of others. This is due to the fact that the mathematician believes that his conclusions on other matters are as necessarily correct as in mathematics. To avoid this state of mind the student must take some other subjects in which absolute accuracy is not so easily attainable. It would seem at first thought that laboratory work

in the scientific courses was especially adapted for this purpose. And so it is in those experiments in which it is not already predetermined what the result is to be. Unfortunately in the elementary courses it is necessary that the result should in many cases be predetermined. So the experiment is in danger of becoming merely a mechanical operation and valuable only for the skill and information imparted in its performance. In such studies as mineralogy and botany, however, even the elementary experiments, requiring much elimination and selection, induce careful, accurate habits of thought.

As in the matter of improving his style so also in this of learning to think, I believe that the student will find his best help in the study of foreign languages, but especially Latin. And this is because he must follow rather slowly and carefully the thought processes of others, and also because as he reads and interprets he must be constantly weighing grammatical principles, rejecting several possible suggestions as to structure, holding his decision in abeyance until the sentence is far enough advanced to show with absolute certainty the interpretation and meaning of every word and clause. For the young student every Latin sentence offers a scientific and logical exercise. For outside of mathematics there is perhaps nothing else that is studied in college quite so logical in its principles as Latin syntax. It is just the following of the constant play and shift of these principles in the living thoughts of Latin authors that is so valuable in training one to think, to think with proper caution, accuracy and clearness.

Further, the student will find in philosophy the keystone of all his college course. Without it the arch must be incomplete. It will give as nothing else can strength and solidity to the structure on which the student devotes his four years of work. And not the least of its benefits is the in-

fluence it exercises in strengthening the processes of thought. From the elementary courses one may gain an insight into the workings of the human mind and its limitations. With this knowledge one learns to think with more assurance, to extend his thoughts into wider fields and deep down into the nature of things. Practically all institutions require a certain amount of philosophy for the Bachelor of Arts degree. The student could well afford to take much more than the requirement.

And finally, to become a good thinker, one must constantly have something to think about, and that something must be something in which he has a vital interest. I would not give a snap of my finger for a person who has no interest and enthusiasm. For college students this interest and enthusiasm may be of two kinds, or rather ought to be of two kinds, first in his studies, and secondly in problems of the day in the realms of religion, politics, and sociology. Any one who wills to do his work will have an interest and enthusiasm in his studies, while the various activities of the students, the work of the literary societies, the library and the better class of periodicals will serve as excellent means of quickening us to a sense of the importance of the matters that concern us as citizens of this age and State.

SUBJECTS THAT OUGHT TO BE STUDIED.

I have already indicated some of the studies that a student would do well to take. There are certain scientific studies also that are indispensable. First and foremost of these in my eyes is general biology. And it is first because of the profound influence the modern biological conception of the cell theory of life and the consequent theory of evolution have had on modern thought. In fact practically all modern thought is in terms of this new biology. Hence its importance. Again, one gains an insight into the constitution

of inorganic matter from the study of chemistry which he can not afford to be without. Without it one's knowledge is limited in a very important particular.

As to purely informational subjects I should advise students in general to take as little of them as possible, and this for two or three reasons. First, they contribute very little towards the true ends of education as I have outlined them. Secondly, they can be easily mastered after one leaves college, and finally, they consume the time that ought to be devoted to things that ought to be learned in college and can be learned nowhere else.

But what about vocational studies? How far may they be wisely pursued in the work for a degree? Only a very little way, in my view. Vocational study is different in nature from literary and scientific study. It will make a man educated in a way. So the man who knows how to milk a cow or to swap horses, or to keep book accounts, or to grow corn will in each instance have a kind of education. So of the vocational studies that are creeping into our college courses. They do not have the proper quality. If to any large extent they are allowed to displace the studies which are general and universal in their culture value, the result can not be anything but disastrous. Our colleges will in that event be utterly unable to turn out graduates with education of that particular quality that ought to mark the possessor of the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The nature of the fabric will depend upon what is put into the warp and filling. If these be shoddy the fabric will be shoddy, if silk the fabric will be silk.

TRAINING THE WILL.

I mention last as not directly dependent upon any particular course of study the training of the will, which will be directed to two ends.

First, one must gain self-control. This virtue, so highly regarded by the Greeks, marks the gentleman. It can not

be gained in a day, though day by day the college life with its manifold activities and relations offers one many opportunities for advancing in this mastery of self. Let him who would be self-controlled make it his constant purpose, in little things and in great, never to be overcome by impatience, anger, vanity, appetite, desire, passion, but in everything to keep the calm, uneager face and spirit of self-reliance.

Again, the will should be trained in the direction of determination to do and succeed. Even the greatest scholastic attainment, unless coupled with self-reliant resolution to excel, will fail of the mark. And just here one will find especially valuable that form of athletic training that takes the form of a contest. There is nothing else that is so valuable for training the will, so well adapted for calling out the very best in a man as competitive manly athletic sports. In them one learns to keep himself under control, at times to harbor his strength, at times to put forth long continued effort; again to put forth his utmost strength in a moment of time, and all through the game never to play anything worse than his best. It is just this training that will give the mind the proper attitude and vigor for the contests of actual life. Let no one be content with mere gymnastic training unless that training takes the form of a contest. Else he will have the muscle and spirit of an ox, not of a race horse.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes, in founding the Rhodes' scholarships, which are so much coveted by young men over the English-speaking world, made two important provisions that guard their bestowal. First, they must be given only to those who have shown an interest and excellence in some form of manly athletic sport; second, they must be given only to those who pass satisfactory examinations in Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Shall we not say that he acted wisely? Such young men more than any others seemed to that shrewd man of the world to have within them the promise and potency of success.

THE P. O. M. E.

J. B. H.

It was Monday night after Anniversary. On the outside the moon shone full; the mockingbird was singing on the campus; the vaudeville piano was grinding out its stridulous melodies; and the first faint odors of springtime flowers floated everywhere. Did they come from budding violets or fading roses? We do not know; but Anniversary was over. The sweet, unnamable fragrance crept into the lodgeroom, where over the lofty dais, in weird, mysterious beauty hung the banner of the Order, in red and black, P. O. M. E. The Royal Arch-Chancellor sat in his throne of state, clothed in the red and black robes befitting his authority, and smoked in long-drawn puffs a huge black cigar, whence he blew spiral after spiral of dense blue smoke toward the ceiling. To his right sat the Senator Emeritus, genial, corpulescent, with an uneasy smile on his broad face. He smoked not. On the left sat one whose form seemed visibly to shrink and dwindle away under the eyes of the beholders, all of whom with varied emotions gazed full upon him. He was young and handsome, or had been; but now his features expressed only guilt and anxiety as he gazed from the Senator to the Arch-Chancellor. He smoked incessantly an unlighted cigar as if this were his last opportunity before extradition or death.

Hearing a slight noise, he turned toward the other side of the room, where through the dense clouds of blue-black smoke he beheld the Prime Minister of the Order looming up like a giant, the light flashing from his glasses as from a crouching panther. He shuddered and turned his eyes upward, where he beheld the mystic seal of the Order, a skull with two black cigar-shaped bones and the number 44 inscribed on it. Be-

neath he read the motto: "For a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar's a smoke." His cigar dropped from his nerveless fingers, and lay, unlighted, on the floor.

Meanwhile the Prime Minister solemnly adjusted his glasses, passed his fingers nervously through his thin locks, and laid aside an enormous black cigar which the accused had fancied the very engine of destruction. Through the smoke-clouds the Minister looked like the terrible genius of Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp. He read in a tone, deep, solemn, and funereal:

"Whereas, our brother, the Royal Keeper of Records and Seals, familiarly known as the Infant, hath violated Rule Number Seven of our ancient and honored Constitution, by falling a victim to the snares of feminine attraction,—it becomes my solemn duty, by virtue of the power vested in me by the Philosophic Order of Misogynistic Epicureans, to indict *you,* Sir Record Keeper, traitor and perjurer. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

The accused trembled violently, arose, stammered forth weakly, "Not guilty," and sank exhausted in his seat, feebly fumbling for his fallen cigar.

"Novitiate, falsehood is on thy lips, treason in thy heart," shouted the Minister; and the hall echoed till the banner quivered in sympathy. "Dost thou deny that on last Friday night I saw thee in the Coliseum with a fickle female creature from the Castle of Ungraduated Femininity? Dost thou deny that it was I who saved thee from a fate worse than Death? Dost thou deny—"

"We protest, your Majesty," interrupted the Senator.

The Arch-Chancellor: "On what ground?"

Senator Emeritus: "On the grounds of self-condemnation and of the preservation of our Order."

Prime Minister: "It is not in the Constitution!"

Senator Emeritus: "Let the antiquated document be

amended ere the Order decimate its ranks, seal its own doom, and blight the fair prospects of genuine Misogyny. Emendanda est Constitutio!"

Arch-Chancellor: "Proceed with the prosecution."

The Minister relights his cigar, the Record Keeper begs the Senator for a match, while the Arch-Chancellor throws his feet across the table and tilts his head back till his cigar makes with his face accurately an angle of forty-four degrees. The subtle all-pervading odors of spring-time reënter with a passing breeze, and a silence as of summer nights holds every one breathless for a moment. It is the lull before the battle. The Minister arises in august dignity, gathers his sable, crimson-fringed robes of state about him, and in a manner worthy of the famous Freshman Demosthenes of Wake Forest, begins his exordium:

"Your Royal Majesty, his Venerable Excellency, your Recreant Record-Keepership, Brother Knights, and Fellow Misogynists,—this is a momentous occasion. There is a tide in the affairs of organizations which, taken at the full, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their lives is fraught with the perils of navigation on a tempest-tost, rock-reefed, unknown sea."

"You refer doubtless to the Sea of Matrimony," interrupted the Senator.

"Such a moment is this," continued the Minister undisturbed, "last Friday night as I walked through the Campus of the College I beheld—"

"What were you doing up there?" shouted the Record Keeper, a last hope beaming on his face.

"Uh—uh—give me a match, your Majesty—uh—consnap it! Oh, yes, I forgot. How odd! I had business with the Treasurer of the College."

"On a holiday?" interrupted the Senator.

"Silence," and, in lieu of a gavel, the Arch-Chancellor's

Number Eleven descended on the table like a roaring avalanche. The Arch-Chancellor picks up an open fountain pen that had fallen, and resumes his writing behind the table. Demosthenes proceeds:

"As I walked across the Campus I saw a host of fickle feminine creatures emerging from the Coliseum, each with her forlorn captive gentleman holding her arm. I saw my Brother, the Record Keeper, standing by the exit with a hopeless expression on his countenance. I was about to cross over and hand him a Forty-four when I saw him gazing like an animal charmed by a serpent; then he plunged into the crowd. Brother Knights, he had caught sight of a red ribbon and a waving handkerchief, and, ere I could say 'Halt,' he was gone. I followed the crowd, and finding him again, enslaved by the creature, I passed the mystic signal of our Order, 'Beware.' Twice I repeated it. The Brother turned pale, but he was a captive, recreant to his trust, perjurer to his vow, and traitor to his Order. He did not return. I ran to find our Brother, the Senator, thinking that he with his years and sage experience might be able to reclaim the lost one. Him I could not find. I returned. Brother Knights, as I live, the Record Keeper was introducing the Senator to a lady. There were two of them. What could I do? Could I desert my fair * * * my feeble companion to risk my life and character in a mortal word-combat with two of the enemy? I am sure the Constitution does not demand such a sacrifice?"

"Emendanda est Constitutio!" shouted the irrepressible Senator. Demosthenes continues:

"Think of his vow, broken forever; think of his future, blighted and tarnished; think of his Order, disgraced and insulted. Your Royal Majesty, I appeal to you. Is this justice, is this right, is this Misogyny? No, by the sacred names of Diogenes and Kipling, it is conspiracy. In the

name of Mother Misogyny—long may she reign over her loyal sons—I indict you, Recreant Keeper of Records and Seals, and demand your extradition from the Order, with that of the Senator as your accomplice!"

The Arch-Chancellor (still busy with his pen behind the table): "What says the defense?"

The Record Keeper (rising instantly): "False as Death and Hades! He's guilty himself. I saw him with a lady seated on a bench under a magnolia at eleven p. m. Where is that P. O. M. E. pin you used to wear? You gave it to her. You are guilty! All are guilty! The Arch-Chancellor is writing a love-letter over there now. All guilty or all innocent! Sink or swim on the Sea of Matrimony, survive or perish in the Desert of Misogyny, my conscience is clear. I demand a new Constitution!"

The Senator Emeritus rises in august senatorial dignity, gathers his toga about him, motions the impassioned Record Keeper to his seat, and opening the windows lets out the smoke. Enter the odoriferous winds of spring. In the words of Milton:

> With grave
> Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
> A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
> Deliberation sat and public care;
> And princely counsel in his face yet shone;
> Majestic * * * Sage he stood
> With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
> The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
> Drew audience still as night
> Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:

"Gentlemen of the Order—long may it prosper, growing in numbers and in influence till the end of time—I long ago foresaw the portending disunion of our body under the influence of the present Constitution, which is worthy only of Nero or the Spanish Inquisition. Well it becomes my age and position to throw aside the calumnious charges of our

o'er-hasty Prime Minister and assume the thankless office of Pacificator. The seeds of disruption lie in the Constitution. Emendanda est Constitutio! The Constitution *must* be amended. On no other basis can this question possibly be argued.

"Survey with your eyes the history of the world. When Rome the Republic grew helpless tottering to her fall, Cæsar amended her Constitution and Rome the Empire ruled the world for yet four hundred years. When John the Plantagenet despot ruled Britain with a rod of iron, came Magna Charta, and England yet possesses all her ancient liberties. When Disunion threatened the existence of the American nation, came Lincoln and the Fifteenth Amendment, and in our nation the spirit of Thomas Jefferson yet survives. Emendanda est Constitutio!

"Brother Knights, the seeds of disruption lie in Article Number Seven. The true principles of our Order are expressed in the other six; they are inconsonant and irreconcilable with the Seventh. Give me your hearing while I prove my contention, article by article.

"First, Relaxation. This is our Gospel. Women are the delight of our leisure hours. Is this reconcilable with Misogyny?

"Second, Philosophy. Woman's intuition puts the Philosopher's reason to scorn. Is this consonant with Misogyny?

"Third, Art. But for women, art would perish. Is this reconcilable with Misogyny?

"Fourth, Imagination. Here women reign supreme. We bow before them, and renounce all our Misogynistic claims of superiority.

"Fifth, Good-fellowship. Society without woman is unthinkable. So is Misogyny.

"Sixth, Smoking. To this article I am unalterably opposed. This room needs airing now. But for the sake of

the Order I am willing to compromise. It is our safeguard against too early matrimony.

"But, Seventh, Misogyny. Away with it. Let it haunt the desert shores of Arabia, where the wild Mohammedan says that woman has no soul. O consistency, thou art a jewel! O Misogyny, thou art the hope of the cynic, the delight of the pessimist, but the bane of the wise!

> The wisest man that ever lived,
> He dearly loved the lasses.

Your Misogynist is like its arch-hero Othello, 'who threw a pearl away, richer than all his tribe.' I appeal to the Chair. All are guilty, or all are innocent. Three cheers for the Infant, four for Anniversary, and down with Misogyny! Emendanda est Constitutio!"

The echoes die away in silence. Again the breezes of spring reënter. The piano in the moving picture theater strikes up, "Love me, and the World is Mine." The Arch-Chancellor lights a fresh cigar, and speaks with emphasis and deliberation:

"All others present being indicted and disfranchised, it is incumbent on the Chair to decide the case."

Senator Emeritus: "Have I not seen your Majesty keeping late hours nightly in the Aluminum Laboratory since Christmas, and mailing letters with four stamps on them next morning. Brother Knights, I demand that his person be searched."

"Peace," thundered the Arch-Chancellor's gavel and voice at once. "Listen to the reading of the Constitution. Article Number Seven, as amended, reads: 'Misogamy, not Misogyny, is our watchword, to be construed as meaning, not hatred of woman, but an antipathy to too early marriage. Twenty-five is regarded as the minimum age requirement."

The Record Keeper: "How old is your Majesty?"

The Arch-Chancellor: "Peace! To continue, 'A proper study of the female species is regarded as essential to the complete development of members of this Order. Members will govern themselves accordingly.'"

The Record Keeper: "Who amended that?"

The Arch-Chancellor: "All others were disfranchised. I amended the Constitution to preserve the Order from dissolution and disgrace."

The Record Keeper (leaping to his feet): "Thank the Lord. Free, acquittal, not guilty! He amended it. I'll be twenty-five on June 1, married on June 2. All members invited. Hoo-ee!"

The Prime Minister: "I withdraw the case, your Majesty."

The Senator Emeritus: "Three cheers for the Philosophic Order of *Misogamistic* Epicureans! Emendata est Constitutio! Record Keeper, write that down. Boys, get out the Forty-fours; I'll break my rule and smoke with you for once."

Thus passed the greatest crisis in the history of the P. O. M. E. No mention is made of it in the records except the following:

"February 19, 1912. Emendata est Constitutio. Signed anew:

JAY-BIRD HOBBLE, *Royal Arch-Chancellor.*

R. M. SQUEERS, *Senator Emeritus Togatus.*

R. N. WEBBFOOT, *Primus Minister.*

H. P. WHITEHORSE, *Record Keeper,* LIBERATUS.

Pax nobiscum!" 2380.

ORIGINALITY IN PREACHING

CARL MURCHISON.

Nothing is worth doing which has no results. I have always had an admiration for the poor beggar who refused to move a pile of stones from one end of a field to the other and then back again, because he could see no sense in doing useless work even in the name of charity. There is no originality or virtue either in keeping eternally busy. Any black ant can do as much, and do it better.

Now, in order to write an "illuminated manuscript" on originality in preaching, it will be necessary to talk for half the time on the value of preaching; then its originality may, perhaps, become more comprehensible.

It is very common, as it is also very easy and simple, to speak of the pulpit as a divine institution. Some preachers are often heard to boast from their pulpits that they are following the highest calling in the world. Such a boast would be charmingly naive, if it were not so extraordinarily foolish. To be sure, it is granted that some preachers do follow the highest calling in the world. But the "highness" of a calling is in direct ratio with the consecration to the calling. Certainly an architect who works eight hours a day, and then spends eight hours more in thinking out new methods of building symmetrical walls and reinforcing firm foundations is more divinely ordained than the preacher who works eight hours a day and then tries to forget the miseries with which he has come in contact. I have known preachers who lived just such double lives, and yet they claimed to be following the highest calling in the world. We need a new adjustment of divinity to start with. The pulpit is not divine unless it is substantiated by the eternal

necessity of its sphere. Necessity presupposes one condition and hopes for another. But what is this other condition?

One school claims that the whole aim of preaching is evangelism. But evangelism connects repentance with salvation. Repentance is expressed by a word, or the simple act of rising or going to a certain pew. When salvation depends upon a word or act, does it not at least have the atmosphere of sacramentarianism? In principle just how far removed is it from the sphere of the priest? Of course it is intended to be just the opposite, but the difference seems to be the same as that between being kicked downstairs and being invited to walk down very quick. I have heard preachers proclaim from the pulpit: This is the day of salvation, this is the judgment day,—and by so doing make their own pulpits the throne of eternal punishment.

Another school claims that the aim of preaching is spiritual evolution. It assumes that the religious life is germinally and potentially present in every human soul. But this school does not take into account the willful wickedness of men.

Then, is the aim of preaching a combination of evangelism and spiritualistic evolution? That sounds good, and many men would accept it on its sound. But suppose you make that the aim of preaching. Then part of your sermon is addressed to the heathen, and part to the saved. I do not believe there is in the Bible authority to make preaching a sifting process. That makes it an instrument of ecclesiastical proselytism.

Now let us appeal to the prophets. What does Moses say in Deuteronomy 6:25? "And Jehovah commanded us to do all these statutes, to fear Jehovah our God, for our good always, that he might preserve us alive, as at this day. And it shall be righteousness unto us, if we observe to do all this

commandment before Jehovah our God, as he hath commanded us."

This exhortation is alive with social reconstruction. It does not so much as hint at anything else. Samuel later preaches the same prophecy.

The eighth century prophets are unanimous in making social reconstruction the aim of their exhortations. Isaiah 29:17-19: "Is it not yet a very little while, and Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field, and the fruitful field shall be esteemed as a forest? And in that day shall the deaf hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity and out of darkness. The meek also shall increase their joy in Jehovah, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."

Coming now down to Paul, do we find any difference except that the exhortation has become individualized through the death of Jesus? Ephesians 4:22-24: "That ye put away, as concerning your former manner of life, the old man, that waxeth corrupt after the lusts of deceit; and that ye be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and put on the new man, that after God hath been created in righteousness and holiness of truth."

The burden of Paul's exhortation is "reconstructed manhood." With this aim, the preacher is supplied with something definite and tangible. It makes him deal with men as they are, as needing moral reconstruction, and it urges him to look for immediate and practical results in life and conduct. The Gospel becomes a living message to living men. Salvation means a present manhood after the ideal in Christ, through the instrumentality of Divine truth and by the agency of the Holy Spirit; not a boon to be secured at death. It is the man in his mortal body with whom the preacher wrestles, instead of fixing his thoughts upon the disembodied spirit. The heaven into which he urges men

is the reign of righteousness on earth; the hell from which he would pluck them, as brands from the burning, is the hell of greed and lust, of brutal passion and degraded life. Eternity is to make time radiant by the triumph of righteousness in all lands. Then it can be said of the preacher, as Cicero said of Socrates: "He caused philosophy to descend from heaven to earth, to enter into the cities and homes of men."

The book of the law was the central point of the Pentateuch; the Sermon on the Mount was the central point in Matthew; and the historical triumph of Christianity is the immediate and practical result designed to be attained by the preaching of the Gospel.

But, it may be objected, has this not already been attained? It would take as long to prove it as it would to do the thing. Alfred, after the peace of Wedmore, had the pleasure of seing Guthrum and his army baptized. But what shadow of Christianity was in that? Charlemagne believed in promiscuous baptism, not in Christianity. As soon as the new movement was well organized, it became a petty personal triumph of popery. Evangelists have set whole continents to talking of the hereafter and praying for their immortal souls. But what have eighteen hundred years to show for it? Today three-fourths of the globe is heathen, or but semi-civilized. After eighteen hundred years of preaching immortality and salvation from a lost condition, how far has the church gone in the amelioration of the condition of the race? One of the most humiliating things that can be contemplated, one of the things most savory to the scorner, and which seems the most likely to infuse a skeptical spirit into men, is to look at the pretensions of the men who boast of the progress of their work, and then to look at their performanees. Why some men point with pride to the manner in which Christianity has revolutionized

the world in such a comparitively short length of time. Short length of time! Two thousand years! One thousand years before Christ, Greece was a collection of barbarian tribes. Yet in one thousand years Greece flourished, produced a civilization and created a philosophy which has astonished the world, and decaying left her influence in every port where ships were seen. Greece claimed no divine dynamic. Mohammed started with six hundred years handicap, and had an inferior civilization to deal with, yet how about the comparative numbers of those who call Mohammed blessed, and those who wish to see Jesus? There has been a great deal done, and there has been a great deal of preparation for more; but the torpors, the vast retrocessions, the long lethargic periods, and the wide degeneration of Christianity into a kind of ritualistic mummery and conventional usage, show very plainly that the methods of the past two thousand years are not to be our model.

The effective Christianity of the future will be characterized by originality in preaching.

Originality is not singularity. If it were, any idiot would be original. Originality is not individuality. Individuality is a matter of soap and water on the one side and juvenile spankings on the other. Originality is not a matter of personality. Personality is the image of one's experience, and is effective only with those who have had opposite experiences.

Personality has been used as meaning originality so often that we will take a moment to show that there is a difference. Some years ago President Poteat, of Wake Forest College, was in Rochester to deliver a series of lectures before the Ministers' Conference. In one of his lectures he told the following negro story: The old negro was in his cabin alone. It was dark outside, and he had his lamp lighted. The old negro said: "I was a-seten dere, a-listening to de wind roar-

ing in the chimbley, when—— something come out of de lamp. He wind hisself around de lamp stan', aroun' an' aroun', an' den he poke his face out, an' he say, 'Ain't nobody here but jest we'uns, is dere?' I rise up powerful quick, an' I say, 'Pretty soon ain't nobody going be here cept you.' Den I run. I run mos' all night. An' I got all out of bref, an' I fall down like I mos' dade. An' pretty soon something come a-nudging me sorter like on one side. An' I look aroun', an' deres dat are thing. An' he say, 'Dat ares a powerful race what we done an' have, ain't it?' An' I say, 'Yas, sir—yas, sir—but taint nothing to what we's a-gwine to have now some more.'" On the following Sunday morning President Poteat attended the famous Hubbell class. The President of the Hubbell class said: "We have with us today a distinguished Southerner. I heard him lecture at the Seminary a few days ago, and he told the funniest story I have ever heard. I have never laughed quite so much at a story. Of course I hesitate to tell the story in the presence of Mr. Poteat. But it is such a good story, I think I shall tell it. The story is concerning an old colored gentleman. He was seated one evening by his fireside, and as he listened to the roaring of the wind without, he saw a strange figure emerge from his lighted lamp. The figure wound itself about the lampstand like some strange reptile, and then turning towards the old colored gentleman, it addressed him as follows: 'I perceive that we are quite alone in this place.' The old colored gentleman thereupon became very frightened, and rising from the chair upon which he had been seated, he replied: 'Yes, sir, but I am very sorry to say that very soon you will be quite alone, for I am now taking my departure. Good evening, sir.' The old man was so frightened when he got outside of his dwelling house, that he began to run. Being an old man he was soon overcome with fatigue, and sank by the roadside. But

very soon he felt something touch him upon the shoulder, and looking up he perceived that the strange creature had followed him, and was now addressing him as follows: 'Ah, we have had quite an exciting race, we two, have we not?' And the old colored gentleman replied: 'Yes, we have had an exciting race, but the race which we have already had is as nothing in comparison with the one which we shall now have.'"

The difference between the two versions of this story is a difference of personality. Both were true, but one smacked of experience, while the other did not. Any Southerner could have told the story, but all Southerners are not original.

Now what is originality? If we take the men that the world recognizes as original, we shall find that their reputation is based upon perfect expression. You do not have to study the fables of Æsop with a microscope to discover their meaning. The fable itself is the meaning. Ibsen is so clear cut that his ideas have an epigrammatic shock about them. Chesterton's propositions, like a two-edged sword, cut in any direction. Elbert Hubbard's definition of life, though it contains a naughty word and should never be breathed aloud, is a gem in a Tiffany setting.

We have found that the kingdom of God is reconstructed manhood, clean, harmonious, distinct, free from dross. What the kingdom of God is to the world, originality is to the individual, clean cut, with the efficiency test for its standard. Therefore, originality in the preaching of the kingdom of God consists in declaring unique, vital, and distinct truth concerning this kingdom, in a vital, unique, and distinct manner. This will exclude the preaching of all subjects which are not vital elements in the kingdom of God. If a man demands a certain portion of my time in order that he may discourse to me on the facial expression of evil angels, he has taken from me that for which he has given no equiva-

lent value. He has juggled with words. He has told me nothing. But if he talks to me on the power of sin, and its resultant misery and unhappiness, and suggests to me a richer, fuller life with its solid, enduring joy, then I will listen to him, for he is talking originality. Originality in preaching has the same relation to the preacher as originality of source has to the historian. The two uses of the word connote the same thing. There are no superficial shades of meaning in originality.

I have heard two preachers discourse on Isaiah 6:1—"In the year that King Uzziah died I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up; and his train filled the temple." One of these preachers shall be nameless, but the other was the brilliant man who delivered the sermon before the Ministers' Conference in Rochester last fall.

The first preacher talked something like this: "I hope that there are many good people here this morning who can bear testimony to this text. It is a great text. In fact I think it is one of the greatest texts in the Old Testament, if not in the whole Bible. Of course I do not want to encourage any one to seek dark days in order that they may see how good it feels to be rid of them, but I want to exhort every one of you to bear up under trouble." By this time I was in mental anguish and did not hear any more.

But Mr. Griffith, with strong strokes, pictured the background of this text, and he worked into it the personal experience of all his hearers. Then he showed Christ high and lifted up against this background, and his words thrilled as he declared: "Pilate is dead; Rome is dead; Cæsar is dead; Caiphas is dead; the ancient World is dead; all are dead! But He lives! What a Saviour!"

What was wrong with the first man? He lacked originality, because what he said was not vital. Mr. Griffith was

intensely original because what he said was vitally true. Originality therefore becomes a tremendous power.

But originality in the pulpit should never become the simplicity that is without mystery. The preacher has little power who is only open on the manward side, who only knows how miserable and weak man is, but has no power of God to bring to him. He lays a kind but helpless hand upon the wound. He is the source of all he says. There is no God behind him. He is not original. He must find originality in the transcendent mysteries of our faith.

The question may now be raised: If all men were equally inspired, would they all preach the same thing? This brings in the subject of temperament, and we will show briefly that though originality is great, it can only be expressed through temperament. Let us take John Wesley and John Calvin. As far as we know they were equally inspired, but how differently was their originality!

Wesley, being a man of the people, could not help there coming into his vision the world of the poor and the humanly credulous, and his one great desire was to electrify humanity with a new knowledge and thus bring about a great moral movement. He read the words: "Verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life," and then started out into the world with a message of immortality for all these millions.

Calvin read the same words: "Verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life." But Calvin could not keep "judgment" and "death" from ringing in his ears. So he built a system of theology to show the causes of death and the necessity of judgment. Calvin and Wesley were of the

same race and worshiped the same God, yet how different were their conceptions which were created by the same text. It was an expression of their temperament.

In the same way let us take Emerson and Carlyle. Emerson read the words: "Every man shall give an account of himself unto God." Emerson saw in that the bud of democracy. All men must be educated in order that all equally may form the state, keep the principles of religion, and at the end give an account unto God. So he sat down and wrote: "The form of government which prevails, is the expression of what cultivation exists in the population which permits it."

Carlyle read these words: "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers." This made of Carlyle an intellectual aristocrat. He could not see why all should govern, when a gifted few could govern so much better. So he sat down and wrote: "Great men are the inspired—speaking and acting—Text of that divine Book of Revelation, whereof a chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some named History; to which inspired Texts your numerous talented men, and your innumerable untalented men, are the better or worse exegetic Commentaries, and wagonload of too-stupid, heretical or orthodox, weekly Sermons. For my study, the inspired Texts themselves." So originality, passing through Carlyle's temperament, emerges as sound aristocracy; but passing through Emerson's temperament, emerges as equally sound democracy.

When the writer of the eighty-fifth Psalm had finished his prayer, he paused, and thousands of men since have thought they heard the soliloquy of his soul, after his whispered: "I will hear what God will speak." The soul that listens has the master key to originality in preaching.

Rochester Theological Seminary.

A PRAYER FOR SUNSHINE

J. B. ALDERMAN.

Come, Phœbus, let us see thy face;
  Let fall thy veil and cease thy sighs;
Send out thy rays into each place
  Now wet with tears from thine own eyes.

Cease, Phœbus, cease thy tears to spill;
  Smile forth upon each raindrenched ridge,
And send through us a happy thrill
  When Iris builds her arching bridge.

For Daphne, Phœbus, mourn no more,
  But make, from raindrops in the air,
Gems rarer far than e'er before
  Were rubies bright or diamonds fair.

THE BODY-BROKER

D. S. KENNEDY.

A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing Nature's bounds, was something more.
—*Churchill.*

The house, old and dilapidated, stood alone in the center of the unkempt lot. On the day before the place had been as bare as the Desert of Sahara. Evidently something out of the ordinary had occurred. I looked again more carefully. It was a shop of the old Colonial style, and must once have been strongly built. Now, however, the door sagged on its hinges; the windows were broken; and dry rot was eating into the corners and eaves.

Its presence was a mystery to me. I had been living in the community for twenty years, and never before had I seen such a house. In search of information I entered the shop to interview the proprietor. He met me at the door and bowed me quickly inside. His dried up, wizened appearance at first reminded me forcibly of a decrepit monkey. His nose was curiously wrinkled, and the scanty beard which covered his face was soft and fuzzy. His clothing was cut in a style of the Revolutionary period. The coat which he wore was of lustrous red, over which the color played in varying tints like the flame of a hardwood fire.

With jerky gestures he led me in, and as he did so, I thought I saw a sardonic smile flit across his visage. The place itself struck me with a sense of its peculiarity. In some respects it resembled a pawnbroker's shop.

"Is this a pawnshop?" I asked the little man.

"Yes, sir," he replied humbly in an indefinite voice.

On the shelves was a curious variety of articles. A number of human hearts were enclosed in jars. Some of them were beating feebly, while others were motionless. Several seemed to have been carved from granite. A second shelf was weighted with jars containing vague, indefinable vapors.

"What are those?" I asked.

"They are souls," was the answer, almost cringing in its humility.

"That is very interesting," I remarked, "and since the soul never dies, I suppose you would have me believe that those are in full possession of their consciousness."

"Certainly."

"It must be a peculiar experience," I continued, "to be a soul without a body. I imagine that I should like to try that for a while myself."

Scarcely had I spoken when a malignant smile spread over the features of the proprietor. At the same time I felt a sense of sleepiness steal over me. I saw the little man reach across the counter and deftly telescope my body, which he placed at once in a jar along with his other curiosities.

It was several moments before I realized what was happening. I looked in consternation at the little man. Unperturbed, he was taking a grim pleasure in my discomfiture. Did I say "look"? Well, the expression is correct. Although I had lost my body, still my ego seemed to have most of the sense perceptions. My mind of course did not have form or shape. I was merely an existence. My material body was securely tucked away in the little man's jar, and was reposing quietly there. My first feeling was that of amusement, but I soon became alarmed. It was unusual to possess an ego without a body. I tried to tell the pawnbroker that I had changed my mind, that I would have nothing to do with him, but found that I could not speak. I could see the little man in the red coat, could hear the noise

outside, and could smell the musty odors of the shop, but could not speak or feel. I throbbed with anger at the sinister countenance of the pawnbroker. He only allowed his nose to wrinkle, and a trace of the sardonic smile to curve the corners of his mouth.

I drifted out at the door. The people were hurrying around in their daily routine, and seemed not to see the strange shop on the lot. The sun was shining brightly in its usual course. I looked down. My shadow was lying forlornly on the ground. Evidently in the dimness of the shop, where my shadow was not distinct, the little man had forgotten to take it with my body. It had accordingly followed me out upon the street and had again become visible in the sunlight. For the first time in my life I noticed that it was a good-looking shadow. It seemed dense and well-formed. Then, since my houseless ego felt the need of a local habitation, by exertion of my will I drew up the shadow from the ground. I perceived that it had each of the common three dimensions, length, breadth, and thickness; and in addition was possessed of the fourth dimension, throughness. In other words, my shadow was a transparent, impalpable reproduction of my physical body, having all of its attributes except that of solidity. My ego accepted the frail substitute gladly, and at once assumed a center of locality in the pseudo brain.

Thus I entered upon a new phase of existence. Among the first things that I discovered was the fact that solid materials offered no resistance to my passage. A small tree was standing in my path. I passed partly through and partly around it, and the only evidence of the passage was a prickly sensation that ran through me. To the mass of people, however, I must not have appeared transparent, for I noticed that they turned aside to let me pass, but had no further concern about me. When I reached a crowded section of the street,

I received fresh evidence of my changed bodily state. Often some one would jostle me, and instead of feeling the impact would pass on through. Many turned and looked back curiously; then, probably concluding that they had been mistaken, continued on their way.

Later, I discovered another peculiar feature of my personality. My mind, having been released from the controlling influence of the brain, was able to penetrate other minds and understand their ideas. An elderly gentleman, much bedecked with jewelry, was passing me. Some distance behind him a flashily dressed man was cautiously following. Concentrating my attention on the mind of the man who was following, I perceived that he was intending to rob the old gentleman of his scarf-pin. Just as the thief's hand was reaching forward, I walked up silently and faced him. He drew back and snarled like a surprised cat. Seeing that I had noticed his attempted theft, he tried to thrust me aside. He shoved forward roughly, but, striking nothing, plunged headlong upon the ground. A look of amazement and terror spread swiftly over his face as he slunk into a near-by alley.

This occurrence induced me to draw aside to think over the events of the morning. Turning my attention introspectively I made another discovery. I could see the workings of my entire being. A transparent heart throbbed with life, and misty blood coursed through my veins. My lungs, frail as gossamer, rose and fell with successive respirations. Every air cell was a minute chemical laboratory. The oxygen was being continually forced into the blood corpuscles, and small exhaust valves released the carbon dioxide to the air. When the shadowy muscles were working, nerve impulses could be seen chasing each other like rats to and from the cortex of the brain. The entire organism could be seen performing its various functions.

The effect of the different percepts and thoughts upon the

brain was curious. A percept, of color for example, would cause a miniature chemical explosion; an electrical impulse would leap forth, cross the intervening space between the brain and the mind, and stimulate the consciousness to increased activity. Every sensation, after having thus caused its primary effect, would settle dormantly in the consciousness to join later in producing thought. The process by which a new idea found lodging in the mind was complicated. The organ of sight would report some event, and each of the sight nerves would produce its customary explosion. Allied percepts would cluster around and the brain would then project the new idea into that part of the infinity of consciousness devoted to memory.

By this time I was beginning to feel natural in my unnaturalness. My thoughts reverted to the events of the morning. There was no doubt as to the manner in which I had been deprived of my body. Knowing, as philosophers now admit, the supreme power of the mind over the physical, I readily comprehended the trick worked on me by the little man in the fiery coat. He was evidently possessed of a mind of the first magnitude. Catching me in an unguarded moment, he had gained complete control over my body. His power was all the more complete from the fact that I had given free consent to the transaction.

Wearied of this mood of introspection, I started again upon my wanderings. The sun was setting in a red mist. The keen edge of the city's labor was becoming dulled. The heavy dray horses pulled their loads more slowly. The homeward-turned faces of the people looked haggard in the gathering dusk. A soothing sense of weariness began to steal over me. My mind, although released from the fatigues of the body, was accustomed to remain comparatively dormant during eight hours of every twenty-four. Instinctively I began looking for a place of rest. To my right appeared

a small ivy-covered building of grey stone. I recognized it as a church.

Almost unconsciously I went in and took my position in a remote corner. Darkness had settled, and the church was oppressive in its gloom. The noises of the retiring crowds grew less distinct. An unusual stillness held the entire city. It might have been caused by contrast with the uproar of the day, but the silence became weighty. Nothing disturbed the dead passivity of the air, except now and then the fitful swish of a bat's wings. The grayness of the outside world filtered slowly through the windows into the dimness of the church.

At length I heard muffled footfalls approaching the door. The monotonous tread resounded dully from the cement pavement. The door swung open and seven men entered, each robed in a black gown. The first held in his right hand a small candle. Proceeding with slow steps to the altar, they formed a semicircle about it. Then, led by the one with the candle, they began a low-toned requiem. The first stanza was sung softly, almost fearfully. As their voices grew in strength, they chanted resonantly their prayers for the dead.

I felt a peculiar emotion rising in me. It was the spiritual exaltation which is aroused in religious revivals, and which evangelists say is the awakening of the soul. I became tense with nervous excitement. The impression took hold of me that a mystery was about to be revealed. Was I about to see the subtle alchemy of the soul itself? Suddenly, from some unknown cause, my attention was turned introspectively. A crushing weight seemed to settle upon me. Some unknown power forced my attention away. The church began to totter; the curtains waved wildly; and the flame of the single candle grew larger and burst into a thousand lights.

In the midst of this I heard a faint popping sound. A

fog seemed to be clearing up before me. The frightened face of the pawnbroker appeared.

"Fool," he yelled, "would you commit an impiety? You must now bear this mark as the brand of your irreverence."

Saying this, he raised his hand. In it was something that looked like a brilliant, fire-tipped star. He struck heavily in the center of my forehead.

At the blow I came completely from under his hypnotic spell. It was night. I was standing again on the vacant lot. The shop was nowhere to be seen. I staggered home and looked at myself in the mirror. My face was pale and drawn. And in the center of my forehead was a dull, red. star-shaped scar.

EDUCATION AS AN ECONOMIC ASSET

G. M. BEAM.

Education as an economic asset is one of the most discussed questions in the educational field today. The spirit of utility is entering into education, and men are asking if it is worth while to spend a half billion dollars a year on the training of a vast army of boys and girls, twenty millions strong, requiring the service of half a million men and women. To answer this question it will be necessary to show that education, higher education, makes for social, economic, and industrial efficiency. What is it that education does for a man which distinguishes him from the uneducated, and which gives the trained man such a tremendous advantage over the untrained, the uneducated?

It does one thing—it trains his judgment. "The trained judgment," says Mr. Horne, "reports facts as they are, sees their meaning, foresees their consequences, and glimpses the whole of which they are fragments."

It is believed by many that higher education stands in the way of money-making by demanding the time and money which might otherwise give a young man a good start in business. Let us test this impression by facts.

The secretary of the class of 1900, of Dartmouth College, obtained from seventy-five of the hundred members of his class confidential information as to the incomes they are now earning. These reports show the average yearly income to be two thousand six hundred and twenty dollars. Giving those who did not respond to this request a low income, the average should not fall below two thousand. This is a handsome salary after only ten years of experience and training in actual productive work. The men without college educa-

tion who earn such an income within ten years are few and then it is usually due a natural ability of a high order.

Mr. James M. Dodge, of Philadelphia, who has made a comparison of the records of the employees under his control, says that the average weekly wage of an untrained man is ten dollars and twenty cents and his maximum earning power is reached at twenty-two. The average weekly income of the college trained man is forty-two dollars and he reaches his maximum earning power at thirty-two. Thus counting the years between twenty-two and fifty-five as a lifetime, the untrained man makes twenty-nine thousand dollars while the technical graduate earns sixty-five thousand and nine hundred dollars. The graduate begins work later in life and yet makes an annual gain of nine hundred and twelve dollars over his unskilled competitor.

Again, the earning power of an education can be seen by the statistics of 1900, which show that the Southern Central States spent one dollar and five cents per capita for public schools, giving the child between the ages of five and eighteen an average of forty-one and two-tenths days. The average individual yearly income from the factories in these States was three hundred and forty-four dollars and the family income from the farm was four hundred and ninety dollars. The Western States spent four dollars and eight cents per capita for education, giving the child an average of eighty and five-tenths school days. The factories of these States paid an average of five hundred and fifty-six dollars to each worker and the farm averaged eleven hundred and eight dollars per family. Comparing these, it is found that an increase of three dollars and three cents per capita for education.

Industrial education has not only helped the individual, but also the country at large. A slight review of the increase in farm land, implements, machinery and buildings in the

last ten years will give us some idea of what education is doing. No better example can be given than that of our own State. The value of our farm land increased one hundred and forty-one per cent, money invested in farm implements and machinery one hundred and three per cent, and the farm buildings alone one hundred and fifteen per cent.

Nothing affords a better test of the relation between college education and financial success than a comparison of the men who become Secretaries of the Treasury. Dr. James W. Bashford, who has made a careful study of this question, says that out of thirty-seven men who have been called to this, the highest financial position in the United States, twenty-four are college bred, seven more have had academic or professional training, while only six have been furnished by the great mass of people having a common school training. In other words, a college education multiplies by four hundred and eighty-seven the opportunities of a young man for reaching this eminent financial station.

But the mere making of money is a small thing compared to the making of a life. The life of an uneducated individual is bounded by a very limited horizon and there is no room for growth and expansion. But the educated man has a greatly widened field of usefulness and enjoyment.

Let us now see what education has done for us professionally. Dr. Fellow, of Iowa, in 1885 gave the college record of every man who had held office in the United States from Supreme Court Judges to members of Congress. According to his report the college bred men have furnished thirty-two per cent of all Congressmen, forty-six per cent of Senators, fifty per cent of the Vice-Presidents, seventy-three per cent of the Chief Justices. But Mr. Bashford says that only one man in seven hundred and fifty reaching twenty-one throughout our history has been a college graduate, and from these statistics he calculates that a college education increases its

possessor's opportunities for reaching political eminence in the United States from two hundred and forty in case of the Congressmen to six hundred and twenty-two in case of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court. Thus we see that a college education increases one's opportunity of reaching the higher places in our government even more than the lower positions.

Soon after the Cyclopedia of American Biography was published, President Thwing looked up the educational record of every name in the six volumes. He found that out of the fifteen thousand one hundred and twenty-six men thirty-five per cent were college bred. Thus by a simple calculation it is seen that a college education gives a young person two hundred and sixty-two times as many possibilities of reaching recognition in a national biography as his uneducated competitor.

Then, since education increases the possibilities of its possessor in the profressional life, it is certainly an economic asset to every educated man in the professional world.

But education also contributes to good citizenship. It prevents crime. The negro, who is considered by many to be the most criminal class in America, is a good example of what education does for citizenship.

Booker T. Washington, who has made a careful inquiry of those who graduated at such colleges as Hampton, Fisk, and Atlanta found not a single one in any jail or State penitentiary. The records of the South show that ninety per cent of the negroes in prison are without knowledge of trades and sixty-one per cent are illiterate. It is not the educated negro who has been guilty of crime. It is, as a rule, the one who has a mere beginning of an education or is in total ignorance.

Education is of economic value to citizenship in that it protects public health. Again, our State serves as a proof of this. All of the twenty contributors to the last Bulletin of

the North Carolina Board of Health are well educated men and seven of them are college professors. The efficient secretary and treasurer of the Board, Dr. Rankin, is a highly trained man, and by scientifically conserving the health of North Carolina boys and girls, is making for larger social and economic efficiency on the part of our future citizens.

As our State Board of Health is managed and conducted by educated men, so also is the National Board. And everywhere educated men will be found protecting public health, our greatest natural resource.

In the words of Senator Hoar, describing his Alma Mater, Harvard College, fifty-eight years ago, "The difference in the capacity of a college graduate to deal with any matter requiring intellectual power, and that of a man who had not got that education, was marked and unmistakable. I do not know how to account for or to reason about it, but Alma Mater brought up her boys to be better boys and to be better men, to serve the State better in war and in peace, to be better citizens and better soldiers than could be found elsewhere."

THE SOLUTION OF HIS GREATEST PROBLEM

L. G. BULLARD.

James Walters and Mabel Blair were schoolmates and were in the same class. Both liked mathematics, and that accounts, of course, for the fact that James was frequently by Mabel's side with paper and pencil in hand, for the problem that stumped him was easy enough for her. So they worked together till the beginning of their last sesssion in the high school.

Mabel was a beautiful girl of eighteen summers, with large, lustrous brown eyes and a profusion of wavy brown hair. She had a trim little figure and her clothes were always scrupulously clean, and she tripped about as daintily as a bird. James was a rather awkward youth of nearly nineteen. He was tall and straight, with dark hair and blue eyes, and might be considered handsome.

James lived only two blocks from Mabel and naturally they saw each other almost every day. As time passed on it soon began to dawn upon James that he frequently found other pretexts than working problems took him to Mabel's home. In return for her kindness it was nothing but the proper thing to do but to take her now and then to the carnival, the fair, or the theater. Mabel soon realized that James's attention was becoming something more than that of friendship, and this at once met with her disapproval, which might have been judged by the increasing demands upon her time, keeping her busy many times when James proposed some pastime.

Thus matters went on till the fall of 1907, when Halbert Brown moved with his mother and sister to Fayetteville, where lived our classmates. A home was secured within a

block of James Walters' home. Halbert was a bright boy, nearly a year younger than James, and the two boys soon became fast friends.

In due time Halbert was introduced into the Blair family and was on good terms with Mabel.

School opened the middle of October, but James no longer got any help on his problems. Mabel had decided that she had studied enough math., and besides her music and drawing prevented her from studying with him the lessons which they had in common. Halbert was also a music student and much of the practicing was done at night. This arrangement of their studies changed the old order of things and threw Halbert and Mabel together frequently. When Halbert first mentioned this to his friend, James involuntarily winced and replied,

"I am glad you and Mabel are such good friends, Hal."

The session passed on and Halbert Brown soon found that he too was enjoying the company of Mabel Blair. It was plain, too, that she was aware of his attentions and what was more she seemed to enjoy them.

One evening, as the two boys left Mabel's home, James exclaimed,

"Hal, she's a peach!"

"You're right, she is," replied Halbert, "but she's in my basket."

James flushed, but he couldn't contradict the statement, for he felt that his friend had spoken truly.

It was the last Sunday night in July, 1908. James was taking his departure from Mabel after having accompanied her home from church.

"Yes," she said, "it is true that I have been unkind, but I hope you will forgive me and think of me hereafter only as a good friend, and Mr. Brown shall not—"

"Don't say that," broke in James, "Hal is a fine fellow, and you don't have to stop him because you did me."

"But he won't mind."

"Wait till he proves that."

"All right," and she extended her hand to say good-bye.

He pressed it and started to lift it to his lips, but she drew it back disapprovingly. He said good night and stepped out into the darkness.

With his high school career behind him, James was laying his plans to enter college in the fall. Already he had given up his position with the Lynn-Haven Dry Goods Company, preparatory to leaving two weeks later. A constant downpour of rain for a solid week had already hindered him somewhat in perfecting his plans.

On Monday, October 24, 1908, it was still impossible to transact much business. Between the torrents of rain that kept falling people began flocking to the banks and the boat wharves of the Cape Fear River. It was seen that a great freshet was coming. All day long the water kept steadily climbing the banks of the great stream. Telegrams from Raleigh and other cities reported heavy rains near the source and in all the upper country. New Bern, Salisbury, and Savannah, Ga., were suffering from floods. Monday night passed and the river was still rising. Tuesday evening saw a halt in the rapid rising, but midnight saw the river take a fresh start. Wednesday morning found the little stream a mighty torrent. The water was backing slowly up in the two creeks that ran through the city. By noon of Wednesday it was noised about that the water would reach the great Clarendon Bridge that spanned the river, in which event it was supposed the great wooden structure would be consigned to flames to keep it from being swept down by the swelling torrent against the iron suspension bridge of the A. C. L.

Railroad Company, which had already been weighted down by a train of heavily loaded coal cars.

Now the crowds lined the banks as the turbid waters heaved and swirled along the objects caught up in its furious whirlpools. Those living on Water street and in the lower sections of the city abandoned their homes as the frothing waves beat upon the sides of the houses. At sunset the river steamers tied up, floating about the highest part of the landing, several hundred yards from the river channel.

Thursday found the river still rising. Where the day before the thronging crowds stood upon the highest knolls of the banks the water was surging over them two or three feet deep. The water had risen upon the great bridge, the flooring of which was floating. Great trees, washed up from along the banks, whole pens of live hogs, barns, small houses, timber, lumber, furniture, pumpkins, watermelons, and loads of smaller fruits all swept down, borne along on the bosom of the heaving flood.

Thursday night came down upon a dismal city. At sunset there came a telegram that during the night there would come a perpendicular rise of four more feet. Already the waters had crept up into the city power house and had disabled the machinery. An inky darkness now hovered over the troubled city, while the great river, like some gigantic monster stealing from his lair, crept stealthily into the city and the very homes of the people and gurgled ominously under the roots of the trees while the wind wailed a funereal accompaniment in their branches. All night long shouts of men and women were heard as they passed by in great boat loads seeking a place of safety. The chug, chug of oars against the sides of the boats, the wheezing of the blades as they passed through the water, loads of white bed linen dimly seen by the light of a flickering lantern above the black bosom of water cast over one a weird, ghostly sensation. One might think that

all the ghouls that gambol in Stygian darkness were gloating over a fated city.

Friday morning one might have thought that he had been suddenly transported to the streets of Venice. Water covered the face of the whole lower part of the city. The streets on which a few hours before men and women traveled dry shod, boats were now plying with the pavement several feet below them. Men waded in water to their waists to carry their worldly possessions to a rescuing party, invalids were taken through windows from two-story buildings and carried away in boats, dogs swam for miles, and chickens flew from tree top to tree top, while their coops floated beneath them. Above the bosom of the flood the saw and hammer rang out as men constructed temporary arks.

When the water began to creep up into the yard of the Walters home, James had begun to construct his boat. By noon it was complete and he floated it off from the very spot where he built it. Just about the time he had completed it, Halbert waded down and they two rowed over the city, passing over fences and into deserted houses, transferring goods and people and relieving distress wherever they might. By two o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, August 28, 1908, the flood reached its highest mark, the river channel having reached a depth of sixty-eight feet.

When the water ceased rising many began boat riding about over the city. This was the greatest kind of sport for the young people. Early in the afternoon Halbert borrowed James' boat while he was busy helping his father transfer some of his stock to a better place.

"He wants it to take Mabel boat riding," thought James; then aloud to Halbert, "Be careful, Hal, if you take in any one with you; she's not as safe as she ought to be."

"All right; I'll manage her," and Halbert was off.

James, having soon finished his work, borrowed another

boat and went rowing away on the bosom of the water to find his friend. Down across the back lot, over the garden fence, beneath the limbs of elms and pines, he went, keeping as best he could to the channel of Blount Creek to avoid the trees and trash. He had hardly covered the distance of a block when he heard the distressing screams of a girl coming from the direction of Russell street bridge. With rapid strokes he hurried to the assistance of whoever this was in distress. When he came in sight of the bridge he understood all.

When Halbert left James he rowed away to the Blair home and took Mabel on a boat ride. They glided leisurely for awhile about over the streets, then, heading toward the river, they rowed more rapidly down Russell street, where it was necessary to cross Blount Creek. About midway the creek the boat ran upon the top of a telephone pole and capsized in thirty feet of water. It was Mabel's screams that James had heard.

Halbert, who was unable to swim a lick, was clinging desperately to the side of the overturned boat. James only saw Mabel's white hands disappearing beneath the murky waters as he rowed up. He drew as near as he dared and, having ripped off his coat and shoes, he sprang into the water. Down he went till his hand gripped the arm of the sinking girl. With heroic efforts he dragged her upon the floating bridge, which was kept in place by ropes which fastened it to trees. By this time others had come up in boats and Mabel, still unconscious, was carried to her home. James had no sooner seen Mabel in safe hands than he plunged into the water again and was making his way towards Halbert, when the latter's grip on the overturned boat gave way and he sank out of sight. For the first time those who had just come up now saw the perilous situation of Halbert. Frank Coleman, a strong athlete, now saw the boy's danger and

dived after him as he disappeared below the surface. James, already exhausted from his strenuous efforts in saving the girl, now went under just before reaching the overturned boat, but when he rose he was near enough to cling to the side. Coleman succeeded in grasping Halbert as he was sinking for the last time. Strong hands carried the two boys to safety.

Next morning James, who had been delirious all night, opened his eyes and said to his sister who was by his side,

"Sis, I tried to save them, and—"

"You did," she replied. "And here's one who wants to see you."

There was a soft rustle of skirts and Mabel sprang to his bedside. A happy smile lighted his countenance. There were only two words spoken:

"Mabel!"

"James!"

She extended her hand. He pressed it and slowly carried it to his lips.

But she did *not* draw it away.

TO A DIATOM

JUDSON DUNBAR IVES.

Far down the slopes of lowest life
  Beauty there has found a place,—
A plant with but a single cell
  Bloomless, yet adorned with grace.

A shapely oarless fair canoe
  Fashioned so thy crystals are
Smoothly to glide the waters thru,
  Wondrous, O Navicula!

Each brilliant sphere in stem and stern
  A topaz glows in splendor set.
Amid a wealth of living gold
  Nature's base and crown are met.

Of clearest crystal art thou built,
  Wrought from grain of merest sand.
Such dainty form and perfect grace
  Proclaim Immortal Artist's Hand.

OMAR KHAYYAM

HANS HEINRICH.

In their youth, Nizam ul Mulk, Hasan Ben Sabbah, and Omar Khayyam were pupils of the great wise man, the Imam Mowaffak, of Naishapur. They were all endowed with sharpness of wit and great natural powers and became close friends. One day Hasan said to his friends, "It is the universal belief that the pupils of Imam will attain to fortune. Now even if we all do not attain thereto, without doubt one of us will. We will make a vow that to whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it equally with the rest and reserve no preëminence for himself." In the years that followed Nizam became Vizier to the Sultan, and in time his school friends found him out and claimed a share in his good fortune according to the school-day vow. Hasan demanded a place in the government, which the Sultan granted at the Vizier's request. Selfish and ungrateful, he endeavored to supplant his benefactor and was disgraced and banished. Omar asked for neither title nor office, and simply asked to be allowed to live in a corner under shadow of the Vizier's fortune, where he might spread the advantages of science and pray for his friend's long life and prosperity. The Vizier, impressed by his sincerity, granted him a yearly pension. "At Naishapur thus lived and died Omar Khayyam, busied," the Vizier tells us, "in winning knowledge of every kind, and especially in astronomy, wherein he attained to a very high preëminence."

Omar Khayyam lived in the latter half of the eleventh and the first quarter of the twelfth centuries. The moment at which he wrote was fortunate for his style, his language, and his acceptance. The northern steppe hived its hideous

swarms and by successive invasions left desolate through all the years that have passed the city-sprinkled plains from the Oxus to the Ægean. East of him the Pathan mountaineers had begun on either fertile plain that descent which has ended so often in the sack of Delphi or the ravage of Khurasan. Out of all the welter the strong hand of Seljuk was forming the outlines of the vigorous rule which later on transformed itself into the wasting dominion of the Turk.

Some men, like the school-fellow of Omar, Hasan, fled insanely to the mountain fastnesses and gathering a crowd of fanatics about them sought to temper despotism with a remedy which from the name of Hasan, its inventor, was called *assassination*. Some, like the patron of Omar, attached themselves to a ruler who had the wit and will to commute plunder into taxation. Men like Omar could but seek some convenient doorway during the pitiless rain and watch like a spectator the misery of passing humanity swept by the storm of war through the world's open street before him.

First of all, Omar Khayyam was a scientist. The calendar which he helped adjust is more correct than the one we use today. For his proficiency in mathematics and astronomy the Sultan Malik Shah "showered favors upon him." To his knowledge of the heavens we are indebted for many beautiful figures in the Rubaiyat. Omar not only draws figures from the commonplace, as from the potter, but takes us "up from earth's center through the seventh gate."

Though the Sultan favored him, Omar's Epicurian audacity of thought and speech caused him to be regarded askance in his own time and country. He was especially dreaded by the Sufis, a sect which driven one way by creed and another by nature sought refuge in mysticism. Like alchemy, astrology, and a great many early sciences, Sufism clouded truth with superstition. It was this superstition that Omar ridiculed. He was too honest of heart as well as

of head to accept their mysticism. Having failed, however mistakenly, of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any world but this, he set about making the most of it. He chose to conform the soul to things as he found them by indulging the senses rather than perplexing it with problems of what *might be*. It has been seen that his worldly ambition was not exorbitant; he seems to take a humorous or perverse pleasure in exalting the gratification of the senses above that of the intellect, although this failed to answer the questions in which he as well as all other men was vitally interested.

He spoke because he had thought, had achieved, had endured. This gave substance to his verse and character to his utterance. The simplicity of his life is reflected in the simplicity of his verse. Thought is simple. He wrote what all men feel. All men feel what he wrote. The Western vogue of Omar Khayyam is not all the work of his translator. He owes it to causes broader and more general than the accident of a happy version like Fitzgerald's. He would have existed had there been no Fitzgerald.

As for his religion, he was no more a Mohammedan than many of the modern writers are Christians. The day of Islam was done. Having reached its maturity in three centuries, like some short-lived plant that blooms and withers in thin soil, it had run its cycle more swiftly than its opposing faith. There remained but the naked sword of Seljuk and Turk. As it was first unsheathed, Omar came. He justly revolted from his country's false religion and foolish devotion to it, and failing to supplant it by any better hope, he made a law unto himself.

He saw how strong the claims of sense were when science is the sole curb of conduct, for the facts of life are of the flesh. He was unsatisfied with the nice subtlety of theological explanation. He had learned how barren are mere

morals. He had felt how full the universe is to the soul and how empty to the thinker and theologian. The tide of every faith, as it ebbs, leaves exposed the same barren sands of doubt. Omar flung his genius and learning into the general ruin which his glimpses seem to reveal and pretending that sensual pleasure is the serious purpose of life, diverted himself with speculative problems of Deity, Destiny, Spirit, Good, and Evil, and other such questions, easy to start but impossible to run down.

Although the doctrines of Omar are extremely sensual the world has accepted the story of his life as quite different. It was the Law and not the Result, that he ridiculed. Some have even gone so far as to see in the "Wine" of Omar the impersonation of Destiny, or the Deity. The wine that Omar drank was undoubtedly fermented grape juice, but yet we have every evidence that he "bragged more than he drank of it."

The original Rubaiyat are independent stanzas of four lines, sometimes all rhyming, but often the third line a blank. They are strung together with but a single element of unity, the Epicurian idea of "Drink and make merry," which, genuine or not, recurs over-frequently in the original. They reach but a single result: The old Tent Maker, who after vainly endeavoring to unshackle his Steps from Destiny, and to catch some authentic glimpse of tomorrow, falls back upon Today, which has outlasted so many Tomorrows, as the only ground on which to stand, however momentarily slipping from under his feet.

It is usually supposed that there is more Fitzgerald than Omar in the Rubaiyat, and that the old Persian merely furnished themes for the Anglo-Irishman's display of poetic powers; but nothing could be farther from the truth. It is true that Fitzgerald dealt with the Rubaiyat on the whole as though he had the license of absolute authorship, changing,

transposing, and manipulating the quatrains with singular freedom, but his was the freedom of words rather than of thought. He often combined the thought of several of the Rubaiyat into one of his quatrains, and again often expressed the thought of Omar in absolutely different terms in English. But in some cases Fitzgerald gives us a closer translation than either Nicolas or Whitfield. And while Monsieur Nicolas puts "Dieu," or "La Divinite" for the "Wine" of Omar, Fitzgerald makes it truly the "juice of the grape," and frequently turns literally into English the strange outlandish imagery which Mr. Whinfield thought necessary to replace by more intelligible figures. Thus the Rubaiyat, already so Western in thought, were not only translated, but anglicized by Edward Fitzgerald.

Brothers by race and alien by creed, we have felt as Omar Khayyam, the shock and clash between the Aryan sense for beauty and the Semitic sense for morals. Tempered by fifteen centuries of Christianity, there is still ingrained in the soul of the dwellers of the Western world a sympathy for the pessimism of the old astronomer poet of Persia.

SOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWNS

LEVY L. CARPENTER.

The comedies of Shakespeare form more than a third part of his dramatic work. He found poetic comedy in its rudiments, undeveloped; and he left it fully formed. Cruel or harsh laughter is almost entirely excluded from Shakespearian comedy; and a satire of manners is rarely present. Love is the central theme; the laughter of joy rings out naturally; and a smile, "beautiful in its wisdom and serenity," illuminates as the sun the many different characters in the comedies. Moving among these characters, as the inspiration and naturally the climax of the whole, we find Shakespeare's delightful clowns.

Some critics consider that the low comic scenes in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" are not connected with the main subject, but are intended only to excite laughter. The poets before Shakespeare put in comic characters, with no connection with the story, to play on the feelings of the groundlings; and so did Shakespeare up to the time when this drama was written.

But Launce and Speed have an intimate connection with the other characters in the play. Launce, the awkward servant to Proteus, is placed in characteristic opposition to his clever master; and the witty Speed is placed beside the simple Valentine. Gervimus says of Launce and Speed: "They are also by actions of their own placed as a parody by the side of the main action, in a manner which invests even the commonest incidents with a high moral value."

The scene in which Speed "thrusts himself" into Launce's love affairs is quite humorous. Launce makes some wise remarks as Speed reads the letter. When he reads: "She is

slow in words," Launce replies, "To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue."

The scenes in which appear the rough Launce and his immortal dog, Crab, are the most offensive to gentle readers. It seems that the dog is the best friend to this silly semi-brute fellow. The man has suffered stripes for the brute, he has taken the creature's faults upon himself; and yet he is willing to abandon his best possession to serve his master. With this capacity for sacrifice Launce is placed by the side of Proteus, who, self-seeking, betrayed friend and lover.

So we see, the comic part has a close connection with the whole subject; and really helps to impress it upon our minds. And then the rich humor gives life to the whole, while the groundling of the pit is entertained by the burlesque simple children of nature.

Bully Nick Bottom, the weaver, is the greatest character in "The Midsummer Night's Dream." In fact, very little can be said about the other characters in the play. Bottom, in his own thoughts, is able to perform anything; the meddler, the dictator, the director. And yet he is the most absurd of the comic personages in Shakespeare's early plays.

Bottom is one of the most conceited of men, self-satisfied; which makes him the more comic. He is conceited enough to be good natured; and it gives him wonderful self-composure. This enables him to display some imagination when talking to the little fairies, for he is perfectly at home anywhere.

His self-confidence makes him ready to do anything and everything as a matter of course. He is for playing the tyrant, the lover, the lady, the lion—anything. And he is no less at home in the new character of an ass. The head fits him as if he had always worn it. What a refined taste he has for dry oats, a bottle of hay, and dried peas! It all seems to come so natural.

Bottom is the acknowledged leader among the rough group of Athenian handicraftmen—"the admitted king of his company, the cock of his walk." What difference does it make if Oberon does designate him as a "hateful fool"; Puck think him a blockhead; and the audience vote him to be an ass? He does not know of their opinions; and he is admired among his companions. When he does not appear, they give up the play as impossible.

As Romeo is unfortunate, so Bottom, the blockhead, is lucky. The King and all his company went through the forest; but not one was so fortunate as to have dainty Titania fall in love with him. So it happens: many times a most beautiful, refined lady turns down a noble young man and gives herself to a blockhead. But Bottom is still at home as Titania's lover. Others would have been uneasy and reverent in the presence of Titania; but Bottom does not feel out of place at all. And notice how composed he is when explaining the play to the audience!

Bottom, unlike Falstaff, is comic because he can not help it. It is in his nature, and not acted to amuse those around him. He is ridiculous at times, and absurd; but he is wholesome, entertaining, and we would not be without him.

Prince Henry was no doubt a strong character. His deportment as King proved it. It would take a person with some wit and wisdom to be a clownish companion for the Prince. Falstaff was just the right sort of dramatic character. There is brought together in him a marvelous mixture of charms and vices. We know he is a "big old sinner," but we can not do without him for his humor. When the Prince said something about "from praying to purse taking," Falstaff answered:

"Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation."

As Paris enters he gives a wise suggestion by a question: "O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him?"

Hudson says: "If I were to fix upon any one thing as specially characteristic of Falstaff I should say it is an amazing fund of good sense." And Falstaff is aware of his ability to get out of tight places and seems to be proud of it. Perhaps this explains why he tells such incomprehensible lies. When his friends played the trick on him, and he ran, he explained the apparent cowardice by saying:

"By the Lord, I know ye as well as the He that made ye. * * * Should I turn upon a true Prince? * * * I was a coward on instinct."

Falstaff seems to have been a coward at the Battle of Shrewsbury; but then "The better part of valour is discretion," he says. This is one of the most humorous scenes in Shakespeare.

While Falstaff is one of the most sensual of men and has many vices, yet he does not offend the moral feelings so much, because he seems hardly to touch them and we treat him as beneath blame. Let him explain: "Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty."

Falstaff's overflowing humor and good nature attracts all who associate with him, despite his faults. The Prince no doubt loved him. When he saw Falstaff, as he thought, slain in battle, he said: "Poor Jack, farewell! I could have better spared a better man."

There is no humorous creation, perhaps, in English literature to be compared to the indescribable fascinating Falstaff. When the Prince becomes King and has to banish Falstaff from his presence, "We bid him adieu with a tear that does not forbid a smile."

The Fool in Lear, in strong contrast to Falstaff, is with-

out any noticeable vices, and with a deep-felt sympathy playing through his wit and jesting. He had freedom and liberty to speak what he pleased, but he turned his privileges into charities to those he loved. He is well described as "the soul of pathos in a sort of comic masquerade."

The Fool must have loved Cordelia tenderly, for we are told that he pined away after his "young mistress went to France." This shows the poor boy's character; he was capable of sincere friendship.

We have the mission of the Fool given in the third act: "Who labours to out-jest his (Lear's) heart-struck injuries." He was constantly with the King trying to turn his reason to the truth in the only way in which Lear would listen to the truth. He was the only one with Lear in the storm. The fearful weather was uncomfortable to the Fool; but still he stayed with the King.

Our estimate of this drama depends mostly on our opinion of the Fool. If he is put in artificially, and not in direct relation to the characters, then he must be harmful to the play. But we know he is a close companion to Lear. His heart is slowly breaking on account of Lear's suffering; but he does not let his own grief come to the surface. He gives himself uncomplainingly for those who need his help; while his own feelings are covered with wit and humor. He withdraws from the scene with the words, "And I'll go to bed at noon"; which must mean he is dying in his prime, and that, purely because he has not been able to remove the sorrows of others. Cordelia is gone; and Lear, cast out by his own family, is irretrievably mad. There seems to be no pity in the world. But he has labored faithfully with his wit and wisdom; he has gladly given his life for others, which alone is greatness.

Touchstone, in "As You Like It," is, says Dowden, "the daintiest fool of the comedies." He shows the development

of Shakespeare in the ability to create a refined, delightful, desirable fool of an elevated nature. His foolery is half wisdom; really wisdom under the guise of seeming folly.

Touchstone has the ability of close, deep friendship, set off by the refined heroism of chivalry. He helps Rosalind and Celia to escape, and never deserts them in distress, but revives their drooping spirits with soul-refreshing wit and wisdom.

Touchstone does not appear to be so sensible of his wit, but it is a mixture of instinct and consciousness. Jacques considers him a "Natural philosopher"; and in speaking of him before the Duke, he says: "Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord? He's as good at anything and yet a fool."

Touchstone, in answer to Corin's question as to how he likes this shepherd's life, makes some unusually wise remarks contrasting court and country life. He condemns neither life; but commends the best in both.

The simple love making between Touchstone and Audrey is frank, decisive and quickly done; and William is wittily told to discontinue his companionship with Audrey. We say God-speed to the joyful couple: Touchstone is worthy of a sweet country wench, and Audrey should be blessed with such a large-souled, good-natured fellow as Touchstone.

CORRESPONDENCE AND COMMENT

DEATH OF COL. J. G. JONES.

The editors are in receipt of an interesting letter from Judge R. B. Peebles, written to R. C. Lawrence, Esq., of Lumberton, with reference to the death of Col. John G. Jones, as described in the STUDENT of November, 1911, pages 103, 104.

The letter of Mr. Lawrence to the editors is as follows:

Knowing that Judge R. B. Peebles, now on our Superior Court bench, was adjutant of the regiment of which Colonel Jones was colonel, I cut out the article and sent it to Judge Peebles. I enclose his reply herewith. If you care to do so, you have his permission to publish it.

Very truly yours,

R. C. LAWRENCE.

Judge Peebles' letter is quoted in part below:

MR. R. C. LAWRENCE. WHITEVILLE, N. C., Feb. 27, 1912.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your kind letter enclosing clipping concerning Colonel Jones found me in bed and I have been over-crowded with official matters, and hence the delay in thanking you for the same. In the latter part of May, 1864, I went to Richmond, Va., with a recommendation for the promotion of Colonel Jones, signed by General Matt. Ransom. General Robert Ransom was then in command at Richmond, and I was apprehensive that General Robert Ransom would refuse to approve the application, but instead he endorsed on the application: "If I was called upon to select that colonel in the Confederate army most deserving of promotion, I should not hesitate to select Colonel John G. Jones." I got a brother in law of mine then in Congress to go with me to the Secretary of War, with whom I left the paper and two days after Colonel Jones was killed his commission as Brigadier General came. Colonel Jones's death was caused by the tardiness of Wise's Brigade. The line our army occupied on June 27, 1864, was too long, and a line nearer to Petersburg had been marked out by General Beauregard, and we had been notified that at 10 p. m. we would fall back and occupy the new line, but before 10 p. m. the Yankees attacked the position held by Wise's Brigade, and our brigade was ordered to support Wise. When we got there Wise's Brigade had retreated and the Yankees were in possession of the trenches formerly occu-

pied by Wise's Brigade, and General Lee's army would have been cut near the middle of that position south of Appomattox River, and Petersburg would probably have fallen the next day but for the action of Colonel Jones. While looking for Wise's Brigade in the dark we came near the Yankees and they fired upon us and Colonel Jones ordered a charge and he had not advanced more than one hundred and fifty yards when he was shot down. He rose immediately and went forward and within ten years was shot down again, when he asked to be helped up and assisted to the front. Two of his men lifted him to his feet and supported him to the front, and after going about ten yards further to the front he was shot down the third time, and I then ordered him to be carried to the rear and he died the next morning at the wagon yard of the Thirty-fifth Regiment at about 9 a. m. Before he died he requested that on his tombstone should be inscribed the words, "Saved by grace through faith." Jones was a good man and a brave soldier.

Yours very truly, R. B. PEEBLES.

The Public Health

The editors have been in receipt of an informing article with regard to the proper care of the eyes, by Principal John E. Ray, of the State School for the Blind, and pamphlets describing some of the more dreaded diseases, such as consumption, smallpox, etc., by Dr. Watson S. Rankin, Secretary of the Board of Health. We highly commend these efforts on the part of our State officers in thus warning and advising our people with regard to these most important subjects. Any of our readers who may be interested in securing these pamphlets may obtain them by writing to these gentlemen mentioned above at Raleigh.

"Stamps Enclosed"

Our Business Manager is frequently written to with the request to send a copy of the STUDENT needed to complete files or to refer to some article of value. As far as possible he is anxious to grant all such requests. To insure promptness of delivery please enclose stamps covering 25 cents. If the number requested is unobtainable, the stamps will be refunded.

The Wake Forest Student

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APRIL, 1912.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

LESLIE G. BULLARD, Editor

The New Catalogue

The arrival of the Catalogue Number of the *Wake Forest College Bulletin,* containing the announcements for 1912-13, is creating no little discussion among the students, occasioned by the many changes announced for next session. In addition to many material changes in the curriculum, the recitation periods have been lengthened from fifty minutes to one hour, and

fall term examinations have been replaced by term tests. Some doubt has been expressed as to whether or not this arrangement of the periods will prove satisfactory, but it will at least break the monotony in the running of the college machinery, and may prove a decided change for the better. At any rate, a student in planning his course will think twice before he takes on twenty or twenty-five hours' work.

The chapel service has been changed, too, and next year the call to prayers will sound at noon. This hour strikes us as being a little out of place; for if this service is to accomplish its purpose, that is to give the student a spiritual thought for the day's guidance, the proper time would be at the first period in the morning—the beginning of the day's work. It is not our purpose to dictate or to suggest to wiser heads, but merely to express our opinion of the matter in a very humble manner.

On to Montreat

At this time of the session the Y. M. C. A. is casting about for men who are contemplating attending the Southern Student Conference to be held in June on the Blue Ridge Association grounds, near Black Mountain, N. C. Every student who can possibly do so should attend this Conference this summer. Speaking as one who enjoyed the privilege of being present at the last session, the writer can safely say that those were the most delightful and most helpful ten days he ever spent. The Association will be installed in its own quarters this summer, with good hotel accommodations, large and commodious lecture halls and gymnasium, all in one large, beautiful building, which is situated amidst some of the most beautiful scenery in Western North Carolina. Secluded as this spot is from the hustle and bustle of the everyday world, and with such men for teachers as Mr. Mott and Mr. Clayton S. Cooper, a man is afforded the opportunity of living on the

mountain peaks not only of the physical world, but of the spiritual and intellectual as well, and there ponder over and solve the greatest problems confronting his life's work. Wake Forest held the distinction last summer of having the second largest delegation at Montreat; it is hoped that this summer's Conference will find Wake Forest's delegation far in the lead of any institution represented at the Blue Ridge Association, which was formerly the Montreat Association.

Senatus Disciplique Boni

Frequently in the dead hours of the night the belated pedestrian in crossing the campus hears the distressing cry of "Newish blacked!" and hurries along to the establishment of the tonsorial artist to find the poor unfortunate taking the most vigorous shampoo and massage ever applied to the cranial portion of his anatomy. But some one says, "I thought Wake Forest had suppressed hazing." Wake Forest today is as free from hazing as it has ever been, thanks to the Student Senate. Wake Forest takes its stand firmly against such brutality, but now and then there are some who take the law in their own hands and mete out punishment to the wayward Freshman, forgetting, perhaps, that the fresh "Newish" is answerable to the Senate for his freshness. But the same is true of the government. The law says, "Thou shalt not kill," and yet murder is being committed every day. Is the fault in the law? Certainly not. Neither is the Senate Committee at fault if a Freshman gets blacked. No good citizen will uphold mob law, still when an atrocious crime has been committed and society has been outraged there is not a great deal said when the criminal is disposed of in any manner. Likewise, when a fresh Freshman brings upon his own head merited disgust by monopolizing conversation, by piggishly diving into the most choice dishes on the dining table before the blessing has

scarcely ended, or by exploiting and discharging pistols on the campus and in the streets, at the same time "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" against any one who dares lay hands upon them as did the Virginia mob,—when he does these things, we say,—it is little wonder that upper classmen at times forget the functions of the Senate Committee and temporarily discolor the countenance of the person in question or administer premature amputation to a long petted pompadour, especially when his later conduct seems to be more discreet than if he had been reprimanded by the Senate. Nevertheless, this business belongs to the committee appointed by the students and it is the duty of every loyal student to stand by the Student Senate. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

College Standards

College is a wonderful place for new ideas. There is a premium here upon originality. It has come to be the generally accepted opinion that the moulders of the thought, the leaders in the life of the college will be the natural leaders in the outside world. This is true, in a sense, but it all depends upon whether or not the college ideals and standards square with those of the world.

College men are not immune from fads. In a place where every one thinks it is only natural that instead of real thinkers there should be mere theorizers, and that senseless habits, mistaken beliefs, and ill-directed movements should run their course for a time, it is also only reasonable that true standards of living should be set aside and that the purest principles be forgotten.

Nor are college men good judges. They are too prone to friendship and prejudice to be just. They are not sufficiently experienced to be accurate. Consequently, certain

appearances, certain habits of life, certain modes of thought have come to be the standards by which a man is measured.

Benjamin Franklin made his first entry into the streets of Philadelphia with a book under one arm, a loaf of bread in his pocket, and a head full of philosophical platitudes. Neither his book, his bread nor his philosophy made him one of the fathers of American Independence.

Abraham Lincoln split his neighbors' rails by day and read their books by torch light. For this he was not called the Saviour of the Union.

It was the spirit of which these things were the evidences that made these men great and worthy of their places in history; but it would now seem that their greatness is attributed to their manners of life. This is the idea prevalent here now.

If I attend church regularly, lead in prayer at the Y. M. C. A., and am never absent from my seat in chapel; if I always express the highest respect for the faculty, never loaf about the drug store, never swear, never drink, never gamble, then I am a good man. Moreover, if I wear unpressed trousers, a soiled shirt, and an unlaundered collar; if I hold a clothes agency, run a pressing club, or sell Bibles in the summer, then I am a strong man and worthy of support in any undertaking. I may be sure of a large following, of the honors of college, in fact, of any position in the gift of an unseeing student body without respect to my ability or the fitness of my opponent. What a farce!

The other agent which has acted to pervert the standards of the college is the false ideas of goodness. There are several men at Wake Forest who are too good to live. In fact, there are more of these saints than a small place like this can accommodate. The reason for it is this: there is not enough real wickedness for them to preach against, therefore they carry on their crusades against petty evils which

are really of doubtful harm; and by their scrupulously correct living, they establish a standard which is practically impossible for one who has enough spirit and animal life in him to do wrong occasionally.

I do not believe in swearing. It is a bad habit which, in reality, gives its possessor a great deal more trouble than it does those who fancy themselves shocked by it. The other night I was interested in the basketball game. The game was going hardly as I thought it should. I expressed my sentiments in rather strong language. There was a student sitting next me. As soon as I exploded he looked around with an expression of horror. Doubtless it was shocking to his finer senses, but that was no reason why he should pull himself a little further away as if he feared contamination. He was not perturbed because of what he judged to be the condition of my soul. He was just so good that it hurt his feelings to hear a man express himself a little too forcibly.

As a matter of curiosity, how many such students, if they were to see a fellow student staggering about the campus completely under the influence of corn whiskey, how many of these would take him to their rooms and try to get him into a presentable condition again? What would they do in fact? It is highly probable that most of them would begin to ponder deeply over the effects of intoxicants and the evils of intemperance. They would resolve never to touch the vile stuff. That is good. They should be congratulated upon their ability to profit by another's example. Others would draw forth their Testaments and deliver on the spot a puritanic temperance lecture. They also deserve credit. Still others would straightway repair to their closets and pray for the man's soul. That also is commendable. Probably the soul is in need of prayer. But the main point is that the man himself, he who is to control the progress of that soul in the way he chooses to send it, needs friendship, compan-

ionship, personal and sympathetic attention. A sermon on moral depravity means about as much to that man as the proverbial stone to him who asks for bread.

I am not arguing that a man should not be good himself, or that he should let his neighbor start down the road to Hell, without laying a detaining hand upon his shoulder. My point is this: You can not help an erring man by standing off and telling him what is right and what is wrong. You can not establish higher standards of living by trying to be a picture saint yourself. It is necessary to come into a closer touch with the man you wish to influence, to rub elbows with him, to understand his way of thinking, to sympathize with him. It is the failure to do this, the assumption of self-righteousness which fears contamination that has divided our student body into two distinct masses. On the one side are the sheep, on the other the goats, and horror flings itself against contempt in mutual and ruinous antagonism. To the elect everything is possible. To the prematurely condemned is closed practically every avenue of self expression.

These are the things which have made so many of our elections farces. They have made society work unbearable to many; they have prevented Y. M. C. A. from reaching those who are most in need of it. They have broken in upon the possibility of personal influence, destroying the boasted equality of men, and poisoning the democracy of the college.

Frank A. Smethurst.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

H. TYRAM HUNTER, Editor

" 'Vaccinised'! handle with care!"

* * *

"One —? —? —? Horner!"

"One — two — three — four — five — six —seven! Wake Forest!"

* * *

The Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College has lost two of its ablest members in the near past: J. H. Tucker, of Asheville, and J. N. Holding, of Raleigh.

* * *

President Poteat made an address in New York City, February 9th, on "Education in the South."

* * *

Recent arrivals bring the total enrollment of the present session of the college up to 433.

* * *

The Student Volunteer Conference for North Carolina was held in Raleigh, February 13th. H. G. Langston, of the Wake Forest Volunteer Band, was elected President.

* * *

Dr. Cullom, Field Secretary of the Board of Education, left Wake Forest March 10th to attend the meeting of the Religious Education Association in St. Louis, Mo., March 10th-14th. An important part of the program of that Association was the discussion of the subject, "Training of Religious Leaders."

Dr. W. T. Carstarphen, Professor of Physiology, is in demand for special addresses. He made an address for the physicians of Henderson the first week in March; and also an address before the Wake County Medical Society in Raleigh, March 16th.

* * *

Dr. C. E. Brewer, Clerk of the Central Association, is conducting, during the month of March, a campaign in the churches of the Association in furtherance of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. He is using several gentlemen of the faculty and student body in this campaign.

* * *

The debate preliminary to our meeting with Baylor University next Easter was held February 29th, with a full complement of contestants. R. S. Pruett, Euzelian, and H. C. Hilliard, Philomathesian, were the successful contestants for the first places. B. U. Ferguson, Euzelian, was the winner of the alternate's place. The experience and metal of these men give our college full confidence in a successful bout for us with the Texans next April.

* * *

There was well nigh universally prompt response to the advice of the college doctors, that the students of the college be vaccinated. For several days about March 12th the hospital was crowded for this purpose.

* * *

Miss Louie Poteat and Miss Louise Heims, sponsor of the basketball team, gave an entertainment in honor of the team, at the home of Doctor Poteat, February 28th.

* * *

On Friday, March 8th, and again the following Tuesday, "The Private Secretary" was presented in the small chapel. There was a large and appreciative audience present at each

performance. For about two hours the spectators were amused by the simple secretary and the blustering Mr. Cattermole. The financial success of the play reached the highest expectations of those who presented it. The proceeds from its first presentation were given to the hospital. The Athletic Association received the benefit of its last presentation.

* * *

Thursday evening, March 14th, the Junior Philathea class of Wake Forest gave an entertainment in Dr. Sikes' recitation room. The game of "Progressive Hearts" was played, and Mr. Moss proved to be the speediest "progressor." The box of candy which he received for a reward, he gave to Miss Rosa Holding, whose attractiveness so materially enhances his heart throbs.

* * *

A second effort is now under way to improve the public school facilities of Wake Forest. A large committee of interested workers is systematically working at the task and Wake Forest citizens are determined to bring their school system and facilities out of their ante-bellum state into the line of progress along with the "Harricane."

* * *

The first baseball game of the season was played here March 16th, against the fast team from Horner Military Academy. The game being the first was of course comparatively slow. Our team, having had little practice at the bat, too often failed to make connection with Horner's high class twirling. But this defect will be remedied and our career of triumph will "continue to go on," as Doc. Tom says.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

P. P. GREEN, Editor

The Cloisters

The thing we most particularly need at Wake Forest is a closer connection with the life outside the college walls. We are fenced in and isolated. As at present conducted the institution is admirably adapted to segregating the students from all things connected with the barbaric outside. Apparently everything possible is being done to envelop them in an atmosphere of what some one has been pleased to call scholarly seclusion and to carefully shield them from the disturbing uproar of a work-a-day world. And this is not good.

In former times there was an occasional lecture to the student body by an outsider, but even that has been discontinued. The only outsiders who are ever allowed access to our retreat now are returned missionaries, Y. M. C. A. speakers, and an occasional minister who supplies for the college chaplain, and even these seem to be warned against introducing anything that would jar upon the cloister-like air of the place. We enjoy having these of course, but we want more. The reasons given for discontinuing the lectures are said by some carping critics to be frail excuses and not valid reasons. The reason given is that the college can not afford the expense incident to a course of lectures. But the students are willing and anxious to pay admission to live lectures upon the topics of the day. Many pay railway fare to Raleigh to hear them. This loophole was of course quite evident to the astute powers that be. It just so happens that there is now a ruling prohibiting any paid admission performance in the college chapel. It may be remarked *en passant* that the college chapel is the only hall of any size in the town of Wake Forest. So there are no lectures.

As said before, it is not good for us to live alone and isolated from the world. Possibly the whole scheme of things is arranged with a view to leaving the student time for leisurely and uninterrupted enjoyment of the fruits of the mind as decorously served up in the classrooms, but there is no reason why between grubbing up Latin roots and unraveling the tangles evolved by Euclid, a man should not keep in touch with the world in which he was born and brought up and which he will reënter upon graduation. This is no plea against pure scholarship, but for a more practical scholarship. If a man finds himself able upon graduation from this institution at present, to enter upon his fight for bread and butter and honor without a pretty complete readjustment of himself he can assure himself it is not the fault of his Alma Mater.

Our very moral standards are indigenous and peculiar to this institution. It is an accepted fact that a man who hazes a Freshman, no matter how deserving the Freshman may be, commits almost sacrilege. He is a worthless, morally stunted wretch who must be hounded out of the college. He is expelled for not less than a year and maybe permanently, and his disgrace is known and read of all men. He is, in short, a pariah. On the other hand, if it is clearly proven that a man has cheated on an examination, he is admonished or suspended for thirty days, very quietly and with all regard for his feelings. It appears to us that these things should be exactly reversed. The Honor Committee is not to blame for this standard. It is merely acting for the students and under their instructions. It is only with the greatest difficulty that they can obtain evidence at all. The ordinary Philistine refuses to report any one and even some who make particular pretension to sanctity will shrug their shoulders and mumble something about it being none of their business. Their brother's keeper! So dicking flourishes as the green bay tree.

Baseball

At the time of writing this very little can be said of baseball except prophecy. The game with Horner resulted in a 7 to 1 victory and revealed a rather alarming propensity to errors. Coach Thompson is as enthusiastic over the team's prospects as he ever permits himself to be over anything. "Long" Smith is back in the box again, and Underwood, Cates, and Cuthrell are showing up well for twirlers. Behind the bat Turner is again in the lead, closely followed by Watkins, Woodall, and Riddick. Captain Faucette, in center field, is on the job with his tar bucket mitt as usual. Billings, a new man, promises to make a star third baseman. We are out looking for scalps and prophesy a considerable collection before the season is over.

The Paragraph on Dicking

There has been a great deal of unwarranted misunderstanding about the paragraph on "Dicking" in the March STUDENT. It has been misinterpreted as being antagonistic to the Honor System, the Honor Committee, disrespectful to the faculty, and generally throwing off on all things great and good about the institution. The exercise of a little intelligence will show the exact reverse to be true. In our opinion a man who dicks is a crook and we have a *pronounced* dislike for crooks and crookery. Anything antagonistic to these has our hearty approval. The last sentence in the paragraph was unfortunate, and it is to be regretted that it was published, not that the ministerial class has no members who dick, for it is conceded that they do, though the majority of the class are straight, but the regret is that they should have been singled out alone, for the evil is prevalent in all the classes of the college. The reason for the mistake was that the article was written with considerable haste and some confusion in the proof caused it to be overlooked.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

C. HERMAN TRUEBLOOD, Editor

"The sun never sets on England's soil," nor does it scarcely set on the sons of Wake Forest. They seem to be scattered all over creation; in every quarter of the globe there is some loyal son holding high the unfurled banner of "Old Gold and Black," that it might "ever wave high."

* * *

Another one of her most distinguished sons has hearkened to the voice across the waters, and has decided to leave us. In the first issue of February of the *British Weekly* we quote the following:

"After long delay and anxious negotiations, Dr. Len. G. Broughton, of Atlanta, Ga., U. S. A., intimated last week his acceptance of the call to Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road. He will begin his ministry from April 1st. On Sunday morning Dr. Douglass Adam, who has occupied the pulpit during the greater part of the winter, congratulated the church on the prospect of their happy settlement. He spoke as follows: 'I rejoice with you this morning with all my heart. Your hopes deferred during these five years, are now within sight of realization. Your first overture, made to Dr. Broughton two years ago, and renewed last summer, is now to have its persistent courage rewarded. I know of no man more gifted than Dr. Broughton for the work of bringing this neighborhood under the power of the Gospel. His coming will be a very real gain in the service of the Kingdom of God in this section. I congratulate you, and believe that the future of your church is assured under the leadership of the man who will be your minister.'"

* * *

John Y. Irvin was graduated from Wake Forest with honors in the class of 1900. After leaving college he taught two years as Superintendent of the Cherryville Graded School, one year as Principal of the Lattimore High School, and from there he went to Hollis and was the able head of the school there. In 1905 Mr. Irvin went to Shelby as

Principal of the Shelby Graded Schools, and later was made superintendent of the schools and served in that capacity till the summer of 1910, when he was elected to the office of County Superintendent of Public Schools on the Democratic ticket. In the summer of 1909 he was given a diploma from the Nashville University, of Nashville, Tenn.

* * *

Mr. J. S. Butler, recently located at Beaufort, N. C., He is with the *Beaufort News,* a newly established printing enterprise of that town.

* * *

Mr. S. M. Brinson, County Superintendent of Schools in Craven County, recently wrote some very pungent articles on the Farm School, one of which appeared in *Charity and Children.*

* * *

Rev. J. W. Spaulding, of Henderson, has launched a new paper, the *Industrial Home.* We understand that he has some very substantial people to back the enterprise. We extend to him our good wishes. The paper will be devoted to the uplift of the home, especially among the laboring people.

* * *

Another prominent son of Wake Forest has passed away, Mr. Jesse Newton Holding. He was a native of Wake County, in his fifty-fifth year, the senior member of the legal firm of Holding & Snow.

"Mr. Holding took an active part in politics, was an earnest advocate of the Democratic party, he was for two campaigns chairman of the Wake County Democratic Executive Committee, one in 1896, and again in 1906. He was a resourceful man, active and thorough in his work, a most vigorous speaker, and the campaigns under his leadership were conducted with ability. For eight years he was the City Attorney for Raleigh, and at one time the County Attorney of Wake."—*News and Observer.*

Rev. Caleb A. Ridley, who recently conducted a series of meetings with the First Baptist Church of Columbus, Miss., and who for the past four years has been pastor of one of the largest churches in the South, and who has supplied the Broughton Tabernacle pulpit for four consecutive summers, announces that he will give up the pastorate for the evangelistic work on June 1st of this year. Dr. Ridley is giving the Associated Press an article on "The Failure of the Average Church to Meet Modern Conditions," which is likely to create a deal of comment from a certain class of church people.

* * *

Rev. R. P. Walker is doing a fine work at Littleton as pastor of the Baptist Church of that place. He went to Littleton from Asheville, N. C., where he enjoyed a very successful pastorate at Calvary Baptist Church. While at Asheville many improvements, such as additional buildings, etc., were made under his leadership. At Littleton the membership is constantly increasing, and contributions to benevolent causes have increased 400 per cent.

* * *

Dr. Rufus W. Weaver, of Nashville, Tenn, delivered recently the Sunday School Board lectures before the Seminary at Louisville.

* * *

Mr. Charles Jeter Jackson (B.A., 1909) is the Field Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association for the State of Tennessee, with headquarters at Nashville.

* * *

Two Wake Forest men had more to do with shaping the policy and curriculum of the Eastern Carolina Training School, Greenville, than all others save the president, namely, Mr. W. H. Ragsdale (B.A., 1880), Superintendent of Pub-

lic Instruction for the county of Pitt, and Prof. Claude Wayland Wilson (B.A., 1893), of the Chair of Pedagogy in that institution.

* * *

Mr. Fred F. Brown (B.A., 1908, and M.A., 1909), who is pursuing his studies in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, is the author of a clear and strong tract on "Power Houses in the Highlands," published by the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, Atlanta.

* * *

Col. H. Montague (M.A., 1880) has the distinction of being the President of the Twin-City Club, the leading literary and social club of Winston-Salem, for the year 1912.

* * *

Mr. John E. Ray, Jr. (B.A., 1908), completed in June the last two years of his medical course in Cornell University Medical School, New York City. The first two years he took at the University of North Carolina. At the competitive examination for an important position in the Bellevue Hospital, February 6th, Mr. Ray carried off first honors and won the position against sixteen men, representing the medical departments of Cornell, Yale, Columbia, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and Pennsylvania.

* * *

Mr. Hubert Hawthorne Mitchell (1900-1904), of Bertie County, died at the home of his father, Hon. C. W. Mitchell, Aulander, N. C., February 4th, a few days after his return from Saranac Lake. He had been ill for some months.

* * *

Mr. Lee McBride White (B.A., 1908) was married to Miss Jennie Lee O'Neal, of Barnesville, Ga., March 7, 1912. Mr. White's friends will be interested to know, further, that

he has decided to enter the Theological Seminary next year and fit himself for the ministry.

* * *

Mr. W. Horace Stillwell (B. A., 1897), of Savannah, Ga., is the Secretary and Treasurer of the Chatham Real Estate and Improvement Company of his city. The issue of the New York *Mercantile and Financial Times* for February 10, speaks in warm commendation of the standing and methods of Mr. Stillwell's company, which was organized in 1885 and has a capital stock of $500,000, and assets of $650,000.

* * *

Mr. Walter Keener (B.A., 1902) is now the managing editor of the *Durham Sun.*

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

D. S. KENNEDY, Editor

Among the magazines that come to our table, the *University of Virginia Magazine* is the only one which has developed a pronounced individuality. Without exception, its articles have an elusive quality characteristic of this magazine alone. We are not prepared to say what this quality is; if we were, it would not be elusive. Perhaps it is the essence of past traditions, or it may be the afterglow of Poe's genius. The fact of the individuality, however, is to be commended more than the kind of individuality. It is a pleasure to turn from the heterogeneous mixture of articles usually found in college magazines to the unified standard upheld by this one. And yet, the kind of individuality we have just mentioned is slightly archaic. The long, flowing sentences and the abundance of metaphors are characteristic of a style that is passing. The modern world demands a story or an essay that is life itself, terse, non-descriptive, epigrammatic in style. But we do not condemn absolutely this unprogressive tendency of the magazine, for its literary style is reminiscent of what we proudly call the *ante-bellum* South.

In its poetry the *University of Virginia Magazine* always excels. The themes are often not well chosen, but the treatment given them is masterly. "Impartial," in its simplicity and suggestiveness, is perhaps more worthy of praise than the other longer and more elaborate poems. "Golondrina" is also good. "A Lover in Dalmatia" is not a parody, yet its melody is decidedly like that of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." The coincidence may be accidental. "The Lonesome Girl" is perfect in construction except a slight uncertainty where the doctor is allowed to

tell his story. In "The Last Ray of the Setting Sun," the rapid, rythmic flow of language is in some respects similar to the style of Ruskin. Still, the effect seems studied in several places. The superfluity of metaphors and adjectives detracts somewhat from the article. It may be due to our stupidity, but even after a third perusal, the point in "To Whom it May Concern" is still hazy. The author should be less obscure in telling his story.

The editorial departments are in exceedingly capable hands. They are well handled. We have noticed, however, that the editorials rarely ever treat of University problems. We can not say whether this is due to the supposition that there are no problems, or whether the editor feels that he has a larger scope than the limits of his own institution. As a whole, the magazine is one of the best, if not the best, of our exchanges.

The *Davidson College Magazine* offers many points for criticism. The contributions are saturated with a "preacheristic" flavor that does not taste well. We are inclined to feel that the writers, who are probably "sky-pilots," are taking advantage of the opportunity to perpetrate some stale philosophy on us. No doubt preaching is needful, and do not understand this to be a kick against preaching in general, but we do not think a college magazine is an appropriate place for it. This fault has been noticeable in every issue of the *Davidson Magazine* during the past year. We sincerely beg the staff of editors that they take proper precautions before the disease becomes chronic. In justice to the magazine, however, it might be well to say that several of the articles have the ring of true merit.

The opening bit of verse, Mortal Life, is not a poem at all. It has rhyme, but neither rhythm nor meter. The last two lines fortunately save it from absolute mediocrity. "The Mystery of the Silver Service" is what might have been

a good detective story. The plot is excellent, but the author starts with a sermonette as a prologue and proceeds in a weak and wabbly way to his conclusion. The verse scheme in "Unforgotten Days" is good, and the writer evidently has poetic appreciation. We can not refrain from wishing, though, that the sentiment were not as old as the hills. "College Spirit, False and True," is an exhaustive discussion of its subject. The author takes a sane view of the problem. "The Fortune Teller" is the best article in the magazine. It is concise, pointed, and refreshing. Though short, scarcely more than a storiette, it deserves commendation. "Immortality" is a poem without rhyme or merit. "Killing a Rattler" would be an interesting sketch if the author did not "let the cat out of the bag" by telling us in his title what to expect. Several of the contributions show the same fault. "The Junior Speech," tucked off in one corner of the magazine, is the only spicy bit of verse in this issue. The underlying humor is strong, but not forced or obtrusive. The editorial departments show the results of good work.

The *Randolph-Macon Monthly* is a fair example of the average college magazine. Compared with our Southern magazines it is above the average. It deserves a part of the same general criticism given to the Davidson monthly. A tone of morbid philosophy pervades many of the articles, especially the poems. As we have said before, these contributions, weighted with concentrated gravity of thought, should be eliminated as much as possible. The average college student is not supposed to look upon life as a burden of immense proportions.

In "Greater Love Hath No Man Than This" the author mixes his tenses considerably more than the incidents justify. His style also is forced and affected. With these exceptions the story is well written, and the dramatic effect is good. "Kings of the West," masquerading under the form

of a poem, is merely prose forced into meter; and the meter is imperfect. "His Return" is an excellent story marred in the telling. The style is rough and unpolished. "The Human Heart" shows us a medley of conflicting metaphors. The author lets his theme master his art, and the result is confusing. "Woman's Suffrage" is a compilation of arguments brought forth hundreds of times before. The article can not have any claim to originality. "Communism" is a poem with several original and striking ideas. The writer could have written an unusual essay on the subject; unfortunately he tried to put his thoughts into poetic form. "The Song" is the best article of the issue. The plot is simple, but well developed. "Fate" is another poem which weeps over the serious aspects of life. "A Mistaken Identity" is an interesting play. In "The Soul's Sojourn" the author attempts a task too large for him. He is entirely too ambitious in his verse structure, and consequently sacrifices sense to meter and rhyme. The editorial departments are good. Altogether the magazine is to be commended on the variety and number of the contributions. Still there is considerable room for improvement in quality.

Exchanges received this month are:

The *Chimes of Shorter*, the *Æsculapian*, the *Buff and Blue*, the *Carson-Newman Collegian*, the *Wahisco*, the *Davidson College Magazine*, the *Trinity Archive*, *Wofford College Journal*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, the *Mercerian*, *Baylor Literary*, *Guilford Collegian*, the *Pointer*, *College Rays*, the *Richmond College Messenger*, *Maryville College Monthly*, *Hamilton Literary Magazine*, the *Palmetto*, the *Messenger*, *St. Mary's Muse*, *Brenau Journal*, the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, the *Lenorian*, the *Acorn*, the *Criterion*, the *Corral*, the *Furman Echo*, the *Concept*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, the *Southern Collegian*, the *Clemson Chronicle*, the *Southern Student*.

CLIPPINGS

The following is the notorious Ballad of the Ozarks that has recently been terrorizing the continent of North America. The police are still unable to locate the author, though the indignant Missourians are blaming it on the Germans now.

THE HOUN' DAWG SONG.

Every time I come to town
  The boys keep a-kickin' my dawg aroun'.
Makes no difference if he is a houn',
  They gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

Sambo, lay that banjo down,
  You good-fur-nothin', triflin' houn'.
Makes no difference if he is a houn',
  You gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

Every time I go to school
  The teacher lams me with a rule.
Makes no difference if I am a fool,
  She's got to quit lammin' me with a rule.

Sift the meal an' save the bran,
  You can't grow taters in sandy lan'.
Makes no difference if he is a houn',
  You gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

My dawg Drum is a good ol' houn',
  Trails the 'possum on the dryest groun'.
Makes no difference if he is a houn',
  You gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

Revised by Woodrow Wilson:

Whenever I approach the town, the urban adolescents
  Delight to irritate my dog; and never the police
Sought to interfere with them. They do it with increscence.
  But, though he be a mongrel, I demand the youth to cease.

Revised by Montague Glass:

"Jedermal I go down town, then roschoyim is all the time kickin' my dawg. I ain't saying, y'understand, the dawg is a Scotch Kohler, understand me, but they could take it from me, Abe, they gotta quit it. Enough is plenty!"

As they sing it in the Fatherland:

Jedesmal ich nach Dörfchen komm'
Stossen die Jungens mein Hund herum;
Mir ist egal was sonst sie thun,
Sie dürfen nicht stossen mein Hund herum.

As they warble it in Sunny Italy:

Ogni volta che vengo a visitare in paeso,
La gente commincia a cacciore il mio canino con calci di piede.
Non fa messun effetto che sia un caninuccio,
Bisogna che finiscono di cacciore il mio canino con calci di piede.

A PLEA.

Oh, play a little Wagner,
And let the cymbals clash;
Or an Italian op'ry,
With fine, melodious dash;
A symphony so solemn—
Oh! bring it right along.
Play anything you like, in short,
Except that houn' dawg song.

It started very tiny,
But it developed soon;
It's worse than a bacillus,
That epidemic tune.
And though the taste for classics
May not be very strong,
Start up your fugues and rhapsodies,
But stop that houn' dawg song.

—*Washington Star.*

AN OPEN COUNTENANCE.

Frederico Gonzalez Garza, Under Secretary of the Interior in Mexico, is a matter-of-fact man who has the habit of holding his mouth open.

The other day Secretary of the Interior Gonzalez walked into Garza's office and exclaimed: "Old chap, you have your mouth open."

"I know it," replied Garza, not looking up from his writing. "I opened it myself this morning."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"This is a dead beat," said the cop, as he made the rounds of the cemetery. And it came to pass that the graves yawned.

THOUGHTLESS.

Talkative Passenger (trying to get into conversation): "I see—er—you've lost your arm."

Gentleman (trying to read): "So I have! How careless of me!"—*Tatler.*

HER LONELY JOURNEY.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Tartleigh, "when you die you expect to meet all your husbands?"

"You are very rude!" retorted Mrs. Muchwed. "When I die I expect to go to heaven."—*Tit-Bits.*

MISER OR GUZZLER?

"He's very tight."

"Lucre or liquor?"—*Williams Purple Cow.*

ONCE AGAIN.

Desdemona: "What do you think of the subway?"

Rigi: "All right, as a whole."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

REGARDLESS OF MICROBES.

"She has the prettiest mouth in all the world."

"Oh, I don't know! I'd put mine up against it any time."—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

A BUMPER CROP.

For a bet a young seedsman of Leeds
Rashly swallowed six packets of seeds;
In a month—silly ass!—
He was covered with grass,
And he couldn't sit down for the weeds.—*Tit-Bits.*

WANTED TO KNOW.

A doctor, attending a wit who was very ill, apologized for being late one day by saying he had to stop to see a man who had fallen down a well.

"Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned the incorrigible wit.—*Texas Magazine.*

FASHIONABLE.

A tapir who lived in Malay
Was reading the fall styles one day;
When he cried with delight,
"My figure's all right—
Tapir waists are the fashion, they say."—*Century.*

BLANK VERSE.

! ,
;
—
, , !
—*Lippincott's.*

ADVICE FROM WELLESLEY.

Women! don't kiss each other in public. It is awful to see a woman doing a man's work.

WASTED.

Prof. Lake (after long-winded proof): "And now, gentlemen, we get x = o."

Shepard (sleepily from rear of room): "Gee! all that work for nothing?"

REMORSE.

King Solomon and King David lived merry, merry lives,
With many, many lady friends, and many, many wives.
And when old age crept o'er them, with its many, many qualms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs and King David wrote the Psalms.
—*Quoted by Dr. S——.*

Bagwell (listening to one of Joyner's hair-raising tales): "You say you heard the bullet whiz?"

Newish Joyner: "Yes. Twice."

Bagwell: "How was that?"

Joyner: "Once when it passed me and once when I passed it."

They do say as how Jimmy Cline embraced Dr. Gorrell very affectionately a few nights ago on the campus. It is a matter of dispute as to whether he proposed or not.

PURELY SPECULATIVE.

"I have always been interested," said little Binks, "in the utilization of waste. Now, where do you suppose all these bursted tires go to in the end?"

"I don't know," said the genial philosopher, "but if they go where most people consign 'em, there must be a terrible smell of rubber in the hereafter."—*Harper's Weekly.*

This was submitted to us for publication. After much cerebration we were unable to decide whether or not it was poetry, so we are shifting the responsibility to the helpless reader.

A SCREECH OWL.

Down the road from College Hill
Strolled John, myself, and my chum Bill.
The sun's retreating, radiant ray
Was marking the close of a winter's day;
Darkening mist fast pursued the trail;
The shadowy, cloudy night was hovering the vale.

Birds and reptiles were all, we thought, asleep;
Not even a frog had yet awaked to "peep";
Stillness crowned the approaching, solemn night;
Mother Earth wore a rugged carpet of white.
Silence was broken with a faint and lonely cue,
"Ku-ku, ku-ku, ku-ku, ku-ku, ku-ku, ku-ku."

"Stop," said Bill, "obey my will;
Of this one thing I want my fill.
Such strange noise I never heard;
I wonder if it could be beast or bird?"
"See," said I, "on yonder limb
Sits an owl, brisk and grim."
"Ku-ku, ku-ku, ku-ku, ku-ku, ku-ku,"
Was the music again that came;
Quivering John said, "I'll be blamed!"
As he braced up from his fright
In that lonely, solemn night.

"Hist!" said I, "make less noise;
Birds, you know, are shy of boys.
Don't disturb his evening outing,
While he sits there bravely shouting."
Alas! the bird so brisk and grim
Shook his tail and left the limb.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXI May, 1912 No. 8

PEARLS FOR MAY

BY ARTHUR D. GORE.

How great, sublime is all unknown,
  And mysteries yet unsolved,—
How dearer that so lately flown,
  And that our lives involved!
I plucked a rose; with careless hand
  Soon tossed it to the earth.
The breeze then softly, sweetly planned
  To prove the flower's worth.
And so it bore it to a spot
  That fed the withered stem,
Which grew to make, although forgot,
  My victor's diadem.
I had old friends who proved unkind
  I thought,—a set of churls—
But lo! in need today, I find
  That they were priceless pearls.

MORAL TRAINING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

W. P. MULL.

"Moral instruction to be effectual, must touch the soul to the quick."—*Compayra.*

In this age of educational advancement there are necessarily many perplexing questions that demand our serious consideration. So much time and thought is given to the construction of buildings that, I fear, this important question of moral training is neglected. It is refreshing, however, to notice that our leading educators are giving more time and thought to this vital question.

The practical importance of moral instruction and training being conceded, the next question relates to its nature and method. Furthermore it is generally conceded that the formation of character should be the leading object of the teacher's endeavor. In the first place we want to accept Mr. J. L. Skrine's statement that, "conferring knowledge is not the teacher's business. * * * He has not to put something into the child, but to draw out from him what is in him." In other words it is the teacher's business to form instead of build character, that is, to educate the individual by training.

Man's brain at birth is pre-eminently plastic, vacuous, hungry, and consequently educable. "The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day." For the purpose of moral influence, I consider, moral training more important than instruction. Training aims at creating good habits, giving ideas, ideals, moral insight or apperception power. Believing that education gives power, that the educated rascal is a source of danger to society rather than benefit,—the teacher must always and unwearied ly study by what means the good character may result from his labors.

W. L. Eddinger
Business Manager

The great problem—how shall the school accomplish its high aim of character-building?

No question at present is claiming more attention and anxious thought on the part of both teachers and all interested in the right direction of education. There seems to be no difference of opinion as to the end; but much difference of opinion as to the means of reaching the desired end.

For the development of character three factors, at least, are essential: first, the genesis of right and inspiring ideals; second, the activity of the will in yielding allegiance to these ideals; third, the consolidation of right impulse and resolve into habit. "High ideals and a good will flowering into habit," says Salisbury, "are the ends sought in moral training."

The question naturally arises, how shall worthy and uplifting ideals be infused into the minds and hearts of youth? The youthful mind must, by every possible means, be moved and stimulated towards a true conception of the perfect man, the ideal life. This will induce the longing of aspiration, and a vital effort towards, at least, its partial realization. If the youth cannot be made to admire the good and morally heroic, education must be counted a failure in his case. For such admiration is the first step towards the goal of character. All the teaching of the school should help in this direction, especially that in history and literature, through their portrayal of the leaders of the race and the ideal characters created by novelist and poet.

The most immediate agency of all in this direction is found in the personality of the forceful and worthy teacher. The first and highest requisite for moral inspiration is that the teacher should be just that which he wishes his pupils to become. "The school is a manufactory of humanity." It would follow, then, that training of the judgment to caution and clear insight in dealing with moral questions, whether

related to one's own personal behavior or to the problems of society, is a most important factor in character building. All good teaching, which must aim always towards the cultivation of accurate judgment and clear conception, will conduce towards the development of sound moral judgment.

Matthew Arnold once said, "Character is three-fourths Conduct." We might further add that conduct is three-fourths habit. Right habit is the rudder of a worthy life, holding it true to its chosen course. Because of the child's limited view of life it is not possible for it to know or comprehend what habits it is for its eternal interest to form. The teacher in most cases is at a loss to know just what habits he ought to make a point of establishing. But this need not occasion any great perplexity. It is the process of habit-forming which needs his most careful attention.

Formation is easier than reformation,—hence the inculcation of desirable habits should begin early, while the brain is still in a plastic state. Some of the most important habits must be established so early that the duty belongs to the home rather than to the school. Next in order comes the primary teacher, and upon her more than on any of her successors, fall the burden and the duty of habit-training. Moral habits, such as kindness, truthfulness, obedience, etc., all claim the primary teacher's attention and effort. In the intermediate grades, however, we come upon a new plane of habit-training. Here, the chief work of the pupil is the formation of a host of intellectual habits.

But the great problem of moral education is the forming of the will. Salisbury says: "Conduct is the outcome of the will; moral conduct is the fruition of a good will. Will is rooted in desire, from which it ascends through choice to execution. Desire is rooted partly in instinct, and partly in knowledge." It is unquestionably true that all habits in their inception were voluntary acts and through repetition by

free choice have become so automatic as no longer to need the direction of the will. It is equally true that will, moved by desire of some sort, was their author. There must have been, somewhere and somehow, a persuading force that made the repetition possible. Obviously the very center of the teacher's problem is the bringing into action of this persuasive force, thus creating a temporary and recurring desire, to do the right thing.

Since no action can truly be called moral unless the child has *chosen* to do it,—it seems, then, that it is the teacher's task to furnish such occasions as will make right choice rational and easy for the pupil. Kant's maxim, "So act that thy conduct might become the law for all," may be too abstract to take vital hold on the mind of the impulsive or tempted youth, but it is the ideal towards which the teacher should patiently and hopefully strive.

Let us turn from the general and philosophical view and approach the matter from the practical side of ways and means. What are some of the methods by which influence can be brought to bear upon pupils in school for the creation of high ideals, the training of the moral judgment, and training of the will which will result in right life habits.

Some five or six lines of practical effort have been advocated, and all have been, to some extent, employed. Briefly I mention five:

The Personal Example of the Teacher. If the teacher is a person of high character, one who acts from principle, with evident sincerity and sympathetic interest in his pupils, his unconscious personal influence will be much more effective than his conscious efforts. The child, however, needs something more than silent example to give that intelligence and moral judgment which are necessary elements of sound character.

Incidental Instruction and Discipline as Conditions Necessitate. In the daily discipline of the school we have morality in the concrete. Here is the place for the teacher to press home the right principles of conduct, by instruction, argument, and appeal.

The Power of Regular School Activities to Impress Moral Habits and Ideals. The regular work of the school, with its routine of class work, its organized movements, its games and athletics, the power and quality of the teacher,—furnish an unconscious moral discipline of much importance.

Indirect Moral Instruction in Connection with School Subjects. Mathematics and Natural Science, by their insistence on absolute accuracy, make for truthfulness. History and literature offer a most favorable opportunity for the development of high ideals of human efficiency and character. Some great writer asks: "Who can measure the silent influence which has been exerted by the story of youthful David, of William Tell and Winkelried, Washington from the cherry tree to the presidential chair, and perhaps above all others, of Abraham Lincoln, 'the first American.'" There is much truth in the statement that the best teachers of humanity are the lives of great men.

> "Lives of great men all remind us,
> We can make our lives sublime;
> And departing leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time."

However much moral discipline may be gotten from school subjects—it still remains true that improvement in one special power, rarely, if ever, means equal improvement in general. One element reaches over into another only so far as they have identical elements.

Systematic Instruction Through Principle and Precept. There is much diversity of opinion concerning the value and effciency of formal instruction in ethical precepts. Not-

withstanding that "character is caught—not taught"—it is the opinion of most educators that anecdotes, stories, and illustrations must serve as the basis of such lessons leaving the pupils to draw the moral themselves.

Lastly, we realize that religious belief and feeling often constitute, where they exist, the strongest motive towards right conduct. Naturally we might feel that no effort at moral training can be thoroughly successful or complete which does not develop and utilize the religious basis. Yet, in many states, it is even unlawful to read the Bible, as a part of a devotional exercise, in schools. There seems to be so much difference of opinion as to the use of the Bible in the public schools—whether it shall be devotional or academic—that its elimination from the schools entirely seems to be the inevitable end. The total conclusion, for American public schools, is—not teachers of religion, but *Religious Teachers.* The Bible, if used at all, must be the devotional instead of the academic.

RUTS, OR WHY FINXTUS LOCKS UP THE HYMNALS

L. G. B.

A rut has been defined as "a grave with both ends knocked out." This is a good definition, for it is true that a man can not resuscitate himself and extricate himself when he has fallen into a rut. Imagine the soul of a man, or the body either, should it come to life, wandering forever in a grave that has neither head nor foot. The countryman has practically the same idea of a rut. A rut to his mind is the long narrow gutter on either side of the road in which his wagon wheels run on and on till they are worn out. He thinks of the straining and tugging of his horses, the snapping of traces and the creaking of the wagon if he decides to turn his team from the beaten track. Then what is a rut? It is a gutter into which the wheels of a carriage run continually; it is the habit of doing certain things into which a man falls; it is anything that keeps men and affairs continually doing things in the same old way.

Ruts are prevalent in every calling in life. Students fall into ruts when they ride the same old Latin pony year after year till his back is sore and as raw as Wake Forest beefsteak. The teacher falls into ruts too. He will tell the same old stale jokes that were worn out twenty years ago which our ancesters guffawed at in their efforts to "leg" the faculty. The up-to-date student will laugh at these same jokes and declare that they are the richest they ever heard. And there's your rut.

The college machinery, too, although mounted on its great and broad wheels of wisdom, has, perhaps unconsciously fallen into the inevitable rut. But its ruts having become

corrugated by the revolution of cogged wheels, sometimes become clogged with timbers that have been applied to shift the wheels to new tracks. Consequently a cog becomes broken, and before the ponderous machinery can be stopped so many cogs are displaced that the whole college mechanism comes to a standstill.

Such was the case on a beautiful morning in April when that part of the college machinery known as the Chapel Service was *derutted.* The deepest rut into which it has fallen is known as the "unihymnal rut" or the custom of singing Number 356 five times every week—once on Sunday, once at the Y. M. C. A. on Monday night, once at the weekly prayer meeting, and twice at the chapel services during the week.

On the occasion that is about to be recorded there was nothing unusual in the appearance of things to denote what was about to take place. The brawny arm of Dr. Tom was measuring out the strokes of the old bell while the boys from every direction straggled into the chapel and sprawled awkwardly over the benches. The "are lights" and dawdlers were knotted about in little groups just outside the door to take a last turn at the little white coffin screw which they held between their discolored fingers.

The last stroke of the bell died away and the President, in his usual manner, arose and announced that, "Our hymn this morning is Number 356." There was a scramble for the hymn-books and a shuffling of many feet as the students squirmed to a standing posture with their lungs inflated to bleat out on the first note of "356." Prof. Judives Barson, the manipulator of the great organ, had settled himself before it, and now began running his fingers over the familiar keys.

But just at this moment from the brazen throats of the great pipes proceeded a most terrible sound. Instead of the

notes of Number 356 there thundered forth what sounded like the groans of a dying man wailing for his lost child. At the first strange sound Prof. Judives Barson turned pale and swooned across the pedals of his instrument. Hessiod Holmer, who had been bellowsing the organ, had not succeeded in cranking out but two revolutions of his wheel, and although assistance had come, their combined efforts were unable to move the wheel another inch.

Meanwhile consternation had seized the President, who had looked several hymnals through and through without finding "356." All over the chapel, those who had not fled from the dreadful sound, preferring to stick to their posts to the last rather than face an absence from chapel, were frantically turning the leaves of the hymnals vainly looking for hymn 356.

Once more Dr. Tom, unconscious of the calamity impending his beloved college, was ringing out the call to the classrooms before the student body had become quiet enough to hear the words of the now composed President.

"Permit me to say, gentlemen, that we have made a very serious mistake in trying to carry on this service without first having been certain that these books contained Number 356. I declare unto you that this failure in carrying out our usual programme is to be greatly regretted. I make bold to say that Prof. Judives Barson's conduct this morning is extravagant, to say the least; although his skill as a performer on the pipe organ has been unquestionable in the past, yet it is conceded by all musicians that not a single key should be struck till the piece has been selected and the music is before the eyes. I hope that this public denunciation of his conduct will be sufficient to avoid a repetition of this deplorable situation. Allow me to say further, that chapel services, together with all other work of the college, are suspended and will not be resumed till this auditorium

is supplied with an ample number of hymnals containing Number 356. Furthermore, these books—"

What the President's last sentence would have been can only be surmised; for he was interrupted by the lord of French and German lore, who had rushed up the stairs breathless with several expressions in rapid succession.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Ach Himmel!! Monsieur President, I have the miserabiles."

"Whom have you, and where are they?" inquired the President.

"The thieves. They are in la Petite Salle," replied the French professor.

"Thieves in the Little Chapel?" demanded the President.

"Certainment! Come see for yourself," was the reply.

The President followed his informer to the front door of the Modern Language lecture room and on to the door that opens upon the stage of the Little Chapel. Here a great din from within made them open the door cautiously, the other doors of the Little Chapel having been securely fastened. What was the President's astonishment when he stood before the celebrated Professor Lastivinter's Ragtime Band. The sunlight through the windows falling upon the long array of horns momentarily dazzled the eyes of the intruders, but when they recovered their sight the mystery of the Number 356 missing from the hymnals was solved; for arrayed on the bandmaster's music racks were the missing leaves of the hymn-books, while the lord of semiquavers stood beating the time of 356 to a large class of beginners who were trying something *familiar* for their first piece.

It is needless to record the trial and condemnation of Professor Lastivinter. Suffice it to say that he and his band are serving out their term on the bleachers of the athletic park where they add their tooting to the rooting just to make a noise.

The missing leaves were soon restored to the mutilated books and next morning the college machinery was running in its same old ruts with an additional rut added by Finxtus who, unto this day, at a quarter to eleven o'clock every Sunday morning, may be seen gathering up all the hymnals to be found, and stowing them away in his own private vault, where the creaking of a great iron bolt defies the touch of purloining hands.

NIGHTFALL

J. B. ALDERMAN.

While the wind is softly sighing
And the tinted clouds are flying
In the sunset's after-glow,
When the songbirds by their singing
Set the hills and valleys ringing
With the notes we love and know—
Then the tinkling of the bells
Out of lane and meadow wells
As the cattle homeward go
From their feeding in the dells.

Now the night is slowly falling
As the maid the cows is calling
With a mellow ringing sound,
And the cows are softly lowing
As they now are slowly going
O'er the heath and dewy ground.
Now the moon is making bright
With its white and silvery light
All the merry meadows 'round
On this peaceful summer night.

H. T. Hunter
Eu. Editor-in-chief

BIG LEAGUE MIGGY

PAUL E. HUBBELL.

I.

Miggy stood before the fire with an elbow resting on the mantelpiece and a wistful look hovering about his face.

"I've been thinking," he began.

"What have you been thinking about?" Venus broke in sarcastically.

"About going out for baseball," Miggy resumed without noticing the interruption. "Piker says I've got a chance and I'm going to try."

"Aw, you'd better be studying Polly's Math instead of trying to play baseball. Besides the fellows will laugh at you. We'll give up those walks in the country after evening Lab, too."

"Don't say Math or Doctor Polly to me. I'm tired of so much studying."

"Well, do as you like and see if I care how much fun the jokers have out of a big beef like you."

Venus was in bed now. A truce was called and Miggy pulled the swinging light low so it would not shine in Venus's eyes. He straightened up and said to himself,

"I don't care how awkward I may be or how much the fellows laugh, I'm going to learn how to play baseball."

Miggy sat down in the rocker and tossed lump after lump of the black coal into the flickering flames. The dying fire threw his shadow on the wall and magnified his figure, sufficiently generous and awkward by nature, to a weird and ghostly grandeur.

"If we beat Greenville College tomorrow, we'll have the State championship. Those Greenville fellows have got a pitcher who hasn't allowed but six hits this season."

"He's a dandy," Piker said, "I hate to pitch against him. I don't believe any of us can hit him unless it is Billy."

"I want just one hit off that sucker," said Billy, lying down on the lounge.

"Miggy, you want to keep alive in right field tomorrow, for they've a bunch of left-handed batters and they'll hit to you."

After which Piker filled his pipe with "Twin Oaks" and sat down on the table.

"Better hit that tobacco light," Miggy cautioned, "you'll need all the powder you've got tomorrow."

"You are right. We want to win that game. We are going to let Greenville down a peg or two. They haven't lost a game this season."

"What time is it, Piker?" Billy asked from his comfortable position on the lounge.

"Quarter to nine," he replied. "We'd better go. Good night, fellows."

"Good night," Miggy said, "Don't rush."

Piker had gone out at the door, and Billy followed, rubbing his eyes.

"See y'all in the morning," he said as he slammed the door.

"It's bedtime for me. So excuse me tonight. I must obey orders, you know." Miggy chucked his cigar stump into the fire after an affectionate puff.

"You didn't obey orders about smoking," snapped Venus.

"That's my first smoke in a month and I won't smoke until tomorrow night now."

"We'll have to finish that box from home and the scupper-

nong wine tomorrow night if we win," Venus commented later.

"Yes, suh, I'm just living for tomorrow," Miggy declared.

When Coach Johnson opened Miggy's door at nine o'clock he saw by the light of the embers in the grate two figures lying side by side wrapped in sound and silent slumber.

V.

Venus and Reddy were at the ball ground early today. They saw the practice of both teams and heard the game called with heightened interest. Piker faced the Greenville College batters and our Kingsport men shouted in great glee as he fanned one after another of their heavy hitters.

Then the famous Greenville pitcher came up on the mound. The boys knew his name was Swanson and everybody called him Swanny. He didn't like it, but his nickname only seemed to help him pitch better ball. The students groaned as three of our fellows went up and struck out. Even the coach hid his face in his hands.

The game was a pitchers' battle. Piker would strike out two or three men each inning and then Swanny would do the same despite our yells and shouts. No outside influence seemed to affect the fortunes of the game.

Miggy came to the bat in the third inning with two men out. He fanned the air in vain. Despite his ill success Miggy kept cool. The pitcher and the catcher laughed at him, but he did not lose his head. He walked back to the bench with his head as high as when he left it.

The game went on. Piker began to weaken and the Greenville men hit him hard. As yet neither side had scored. It was the sixth inning and Miggy came to bat again. To our discouraged men he seemed a power. Yet amid the deriding shouts of two hundred Greenville rooters he struck out again.

"Get the hook for him. He couldn't hit a barn. Rail-splitter. Go home and salt your calves, old country."

It was the ninth inning. Piker was hit hard and often. Three runs crossed the plate and the boys of Kingsport almost ceased rooting. The last Greenville College batter hit a high fly. A faint cheer greeted Miggy's pretty run and difficult catch. It was one redeeming feature in the midst of defeat.

We came to the bat. Swanny hit the first man up. The next one got a base on balls. The third man drew a pass and filled the bases. Three runs would tie the score. A murmur of disapproval ran through our fellows. Miggy was at the bat.

"He can't hit," was heard on every side. Even Venus said to me:

"They ought to put a hitter in now."

In the silence that followed Piker broke out on the coaching line:

"Lam it away, Miggy; save the game."

One ball whistled by the batter's knees and Miggy's bat tore through the air.

"Strike one."

A second ball passed by Miggy's waist, but he did not strike at it.

"Strike two," rang out loud and clear.

"He's yellow," shouted a Greenville College rooter.

"Shut up, you steer driver," commanded a voice from the Kingsport bleachers. It was Venus.

"Give him that fast one," the catcher cried.

"Hit it, Miggy," a few loyal voices still cheered.

The ball came shoulder high like a white-winged bird. Before the shout had died away there was a crackle from Miggy's bat as it met the whirling ball. The ground was strewn with splinters and the ball flew high into the air.

"Too high," a thousand voices cried as the fielders ran back toward the houses behind centerfield.

"Hold your bases," the coach shouted.

All eyes were on the speck of white as it flew high over the wagon road.

Suddenly a change, a magnetic shock, passed through the crowd.

"Run," shouted the coach leaping into the air.

"Come home," shouted the Kingsport College boys.

The fielders kept chasing back in hopes of catching the ball, but in their eagerness they stumbled over a boxwood hedge and rolled in a heap on the mayor's lawn. The ball seemed as high as ever when it sailed over a two-story residence. Then it disappeared from view and every one lost sight of it.

Meanwhile every rooter yelled himself hoarse, the girls in the grand stand screamed and clapped their hands, and the "scrub band" struck up "Dixie." Only the Greenville College rooters were "mum."

Miggy was standing still with his mouth open at this sudden change.

"Fly, Miggy, I want to see how fast you are," Piker roared with laughter.

Miggy hurried around the bases with three men sprinting before him. In turning second he hung his foot on the bag and fell sprawling in the dust. Piker ran and helped him up. Billy Watkins grabbed Miggy's hand and the two dragged him, puffing, blowing, dusty, and grimy around to the home plate.

Hundreds of boys covered the field with shouts of "Four to three," and "Home run," as they smothered the big fellow with cheers and hearty slaps on the back. They shouted complimentary baseball English in Miggy's ears.

A big fellow passed the crowd running toward the gymnasium. His cap was pulled down over his face.

"Hello, Swanny," Miggy said to him.

There was a twinkle in the pitcher's eyes as he looked back at an awkward, overgrown fellow riding on the shoulders of a crowd of laughing schoolboys.

* * * * * * *

Two weeks later Miggy heard a knock on the door. He opened it and saw a dirty little negro boy standing there.

"What do you want, nigger?" he asked.

The boy pulled off his ragged cap and showed his kinky head.

"Mistah, here's yo' ball what yoh been lookin' foh. Ah foun' it down in 'Squire Clute's watahmelon patch on de creek 'bout half a mile fum yere."

THE EDUCATIONAL OBLIGATION OF THE SOUTH

J. M. KESTER.

The people of the South acknowledge their educational obligation, and in most places are awake to bring about a change. The subject of the improvement of our educational condition seems to be next to national politics in the minds of our serious men. The people are beginning to realize that our natural resources are valuable, but that our human resources are more valuable; that our industries are essential, but that education and development of the South's greatest asset—her young manhood and womanhood—is more essential. They are learning further that ignorance in the whole history of the world has never solved a single problem; that it has never built a factory, penetrated a jungle with a railroad, nor lifted a burden from the backs of the people of the world. Our late United States Commissioner of Education, with almost prophetic insight, some ten years ago, said: "They are building a new South, and its corner stone is a school."

Other sections have gone far in advance of us in the matter of providing adequate educational advantages for the best development of their children. We have urged as an excuse for our failure in this particular the hard conditions thrust upon us by the war. This plea was not without ground, but now our financial and industrial conditions have improved, and are no longer such as to forbid our doing what is needed for the equipment and endowment of the schools of the South.

The great need now is a good school building in every community whose architectural lines will be an expression of

parental love and the modern conveniences of which will make it an important factor in the development of American manhood. And in that schoolhouse every healthy child is needed for ten months in the year. It is a sad fact that about half of the children of school age do not attend school regularly, if at all. Mr. T. J. Coates, State Supervisor of the Rural Schools of Kentucky, after a survey of Whitley County, says, in his report for 1910, that 63 per cent of all the children in that county are out of school. In the same year North Carolina had in daily attendance in all schools only 63.7 per cent of the enrollment, which, according to the census report, was only 70.8 per cent of her children. Thus we see less than half of her children were in daily attendance at school. Even in comparison with the so-called heathen nations we are put to shame. For instance, Japan is said to have 98 per cent of all her children of school age in daily attendance at schools that run from eight to ten months in the year. The Oriental nations look to us as an exemplary nation, then should we not set them a standard in education as well as in religion and industry?

Judging by our record in daily attendance, it seems that it is high time that we were putting into effect a compulsory attendance law. The crushing penalty of the law should fall upon the father who counts cash above character and who would block the pathway from his home to the schoolhouse. Compulsory attendance would mean a better school system in every respect—better teachers, more pupils, and a more enlightened citizenship for the future that must of necessity stand for better schools.

The high schools and colleges are sending out today, as perhaps never before, some well equipped teachers—teachers who know the "what" and the "how" of teaching; teachers who stand for teaching that makes for good citizenship;

teachers who know that teaching is more than telling, reciting, or lecturing to another, but "causing another to know." And when the people as a whole more fully appreciate good teaching; appreciate it enough to pay the price; when teachers are selected solely on the basis of their merit and their tenure of office depends upon the conscientious discharge of duty; and when we realize that "life is too short for anything but the best, and that the best is none too good for our own Southern children"—when such things come to pass, then we shall have good attendance and a better system of schools.

Of course many difficulties must be overcome before we can build up a great system of education in the South. We have a bi-racial population that demands a division of the educational appropriation of the States. We have a rural population scattered over wide areas of territory, demanding and necessitating a support of many small schools. And in addition to this we have a people whose per capita wealth is only one-third of the average per capita wealth of the United States. But back of these somewhat discouraging facts stands the glorious thought that we have a population that inherits the best blood and traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race. That race is one that has crossed the highest mountains and the widest seas; that race has defied death in the discharge of duty; and if it so resolves it will accomplish the educational redemption of the South.

During the last ten years the average length of term for rural white schools has increased only from 76 to 93 days in North Carolina, and a similar increase in most Southern States. A six months' term in the elementary school is a necessity now to maintain a proper symmetry of the parts of the whole, and to do justice to all. In regard to North Carolina, Superintendent Joyner says: "This is the next prime necessity in the development of our system, and to-

wards its accomplishment all friends of education should labor, unremittingly, unitedly, and uncompromisingly." He also says that the State is well able to afford it.

The progress of education in the South, particularly during the last two decades, has attracted national attention, and in its motives and achievements has enriched the history of our country. The leaders of this movement have sought to reinterpret the facts in the life of the South in terms of education, rather than in terms of politics, sectionalism, or racial prejudice. It is good to know that North Carolina men have led in this educational movement since about 1890.

The great problems of the South—economic, social, political, and racial—must all be worked out through the school. The coming teacher must share the spirit of the statesman and regulate his work accordingly. The school must stand for all the normal activities of a progressive community. For instance, we must look to the school to supply the skill that will enable us to utilize all our material resources to the fullest extend. The school is also the chief agency in the making of a national spirit. "The schoolhouse on the hill overlooks all America." The school likewise makes for racial adjustment, by teaching the interdependence of classes, nations, and races. The school educates for constructive leadership, State and national. For that reason it must stand for teaching, democratic in spirit, free from partisan bias, practical in its bearing upon the home, the farm, and the factory, and national in outlook.

In laying emphasis on the practical side of education, I mean to say that technical or industrial education is no insignificant factor in the building of a great country. The South, with natural advantages vastly superior to those of other sections, is awakening to the marvelous possibilities that lie in her fertile fields, in her rich deposits of coal and

ore, in her forests and wonderful water-power. Industries are springing up on every hand. The school must become linked more closely to this industrial life and must prepare its students for efficient service in the life into which it sends most of them. It is safely estimated that of the twenty million young people in the schools one-fifth pass out into the world every year to join the army of workers. Industrial training, therefore, in the public school has not been a question peculiar to school people.

In saying this I would not lessen the cultural influence of the school, its noble work in the development of character, or the high ideals of conduct that may be placed before the youth, but all this, says a prominent educator of the South, can be made a prominent feature of the work even in the school that leans toward the industrial side of education. In the past almost no thought seems to have been given to the vast majority, possibly 98 per cent, of our youth who for one reason or another could not reach the end of the college or university course. But now the wonderful achievements in engineering, in manufacturing, in commerce, and in agriculture are forcing the Southern people to regard these occupations as in every sense quite as honorable as the so-called learned professions. And the schools are coming more and more to realize that those studies which prepare the youth for successful experience in these occupations have as legitimate a place in the school curriculum as the other cultural studies.

If the South is to have an unchecked development and an unbroken march towards industrial greatness, she must have efficient human labor supplied in adequate quantities. This labor can come to the industries of the South best from the training of our own people. And in turn, our own people should have the blessings that come from industrial effi-

ciency. A pamphlet of the Western Kentucky Normal School reports that Canada's country schools increased the average yield of wheat five bushels per acre. The same increase in the grain crops of the South would have meant enough money to pay our school expenses for several years. And it is not an impossible task, for what Canada can do with an extreme cold climate, the South ought to do with a temperate climate and good soil. But to do such will call for capable teachers and a system of education which is not afraid to teach agriculture in the public schools.

These facts, gathered from the proceedings of the Southern Commercial Congress and from the experience of the leading educators of the South, it is hoped will bring to each of us a clear call of duty. Our obligation, based on the glory of the past, involves not only the present but the future. Our past is secure, our present is a vast unprecedented opportunity. Therefore it is incumbent upon us to transmit to posterity conditions that will make for their equity, their commercial integrity, and their political purity. "Yesterday, today, and tomorrow these three, but the greatest of these is tomorrow."

TRANSITION

JUDSON DUNBAR IVES.

Refulgent day has winged its onward flight.
  The shades appear in place of western glow.
All nature sleeps, where darkness rules with night
  Beneath the earth, in frozen depths below.
When winter reigns with all its cruel might,
  The earth lies chill beneath its coat of snow.

Soon crystal graves the sunlit beams dispel.
  The balmy gales refreshing showers bring.
The birds and bees o'er meadow, wood, and dell
  Their tuneful notes in raptured chorus sing.
The fairy sprites in dulcet whispers tell
  Of boundless joys that come with gentle spring.

The call of spring from vale to mountain height
  Rebounds from crags in one long echoing peal.
All nature wakes, rejoicing at the sight
  Of heavenly tints which open buds reveal.
From frozen realm to earth of fair delight,
  The work of God! in homage do we kneel.

THE RAY OF LIGHT

KEN.

The Hermit of the Moor was an enigma. Several years before he had for the first time appeared near Kildunkirk. A party of peasants had seen him seated upon a rock on the borders of the moor. He had seemed to them a visitor from another world. His emaciated form was clothed with garments of ragged black. Drawing nearer, the peasants were struck with the peculiar magnificence of his eyes. Large and dark, they seemed to glow with the lustre of hidden fires. His whole personality bore the impress of mystery.

After this he was seen only at intervals. He took his place among the superstitions of the countryside. To the simple peasants he was one of the powers of darkness, a wanderer of the night. The old grandfathers had begun to weave legends about his name.

I only, after months of endeavor, had won his confidence. Seated upon a barren hillside he told me his story.

"My friend," he said, "perhaps you think I am mad. You are right. A man can not endure ceaseless torture and not become mad. But I have not always been so. When I was a sailor in Indian waters I was sane. Even now I often regain my sanity. If I were mad at the present moment I would not be talking to you. Many things can rob a man of his mind. A cog that does not work as the maker intended sometimes puts the whole machine out of gear. Listen!

"Thirty years ago a slave, working in a diamond mine in India, found an immense diamond. As usual he was compelled to give it to the manager of the mine, but he did not forget it. He was poor. The diamond was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. It meant more than that to him.

It meant life, love, years of luxury. Day by day he saw the huge mill slowly polish the rough diamond into a gem of priceless value. Cunning plans began to work in his brain.

"The diamond was finished. The manager was afraid to leave it in the safe, the combination of which was known to several of his employees. Accordingly he put it under his pillow for the night. The next morning a lithe form glided along his floor. A cunning hand worked its way under the pillow, and five minutes later the Indian stood outside with the glittering diamond.

"But he was still within the palisades of the enclosure. On leaving and entering every slave was thoroughly searched and forced to change clothes. The Indian, however, did not hesitate. Drawing his long knife, which he used in cutting through the earth of the diamond beds, he cut a quick gash in his thigh. In spite of the pain he forced his finger into the cut and separated the skin from the flesh for several inches. He pushed the diamond into the pocket thus made. An old rag tied about the wound completed his arrangements.

"It was about the hour for the night shift to leave the mine. A few minutes before time the Indian limped up to the guard and asked to be let out. He explained that he had struck himself with a pick and the wound was swelling painfully. The guard examined the Indian's clothes, glanced at the cut, and turned him out. Scarcely was the Indian out of sight when a cannon sounded and a great commotion was raised in the enclosure. He knew that the theft had been discovered.

"Five days later," continued the hermit, "the Indian approached me in Calcutta and told me what I have just described. He promised me a fourth of his fortune if I would help him escape to England in my ship. The search for him was becoming too keen.

"I took him on board and we sailed for England. Then the devil began to visit me. Within reach of my hands lay a fortune. No one except myself knew that the Indian was on the ship. Suppose he should disappear? No one would be the wiser. I fought off the thought resolutely. But it always returned.

"One night when I carried the Indian his food I struck him with a bar of wood. He fell unconscious. There was no one around. I dragged him on deck. I drew my knife; I placed it above his heart and pushed it slowly through the yielding flesh. I felt his heart give a tremendous bound as the point of the knife touched it. Taking the diamond from a fold of his clothing I heaved the body overboard. It fell sullenly into the water and disappeared. As I turned away a streak of light from a keyhole struck upon the diamond. Reflected twenty times in intensity by the prismatic cuttings the ray threw its strength directly upon my eye. Unable to move, I stood gazing at it like a bird charmed by a snake. I stared until the ray of light seemed to be a streak of fire burning its way into my brain. At last by a desperate effort I tore myself away from the fascination of the thing and rushed to my cabin."

The voice of the hermit flowed on in a dull monotone, roused only in fitful flashes of excitement. It was now absolutely dark around us. In the distance I could hear the mutterings of a rising storm.

"I stopped at Paris," said the hermit, "and sold my diamond for a fabulous sum. It is now one of the most treasured possessions of the French Government. From there I sailed to England. I gave myself up to a life of ease. My conscience had forgotten the murder and I enjoyed myself. For years I lived as a gentleman. I tried high society; I traveled; I became a man of the world, a cosmopolite.

"Suddenly my pleasures began to pall upon me. My

travels became dull. Life lost its zest. Wine tasted insipid. My appetite failed, and I grew thin. I also began to grow nervous. My sleep was uncertain, and fantastic dreams often disturbed me. I remember one night especially. I could not sleep. Something kept tugging at my memory, I knew not what. The atmosphere was hot and sultry. Throwing the window open I leaned out for a breath of fresh air. Through a crack in a window opposite streamed a small ray of light. It struck me squarely in the eye. I felt something snap within me. A sound as of floods and thunders rushed upon my brain. My mind surged under the tides of emotion that swept me. The ray of light! Ah, yes, I feel it burning its way into my soul. Look! do you see it? Does it taunt me thus?"

I looked. And from the distant village could be seen one small light gleaming from the tower of the church. I was depressed beneath the weight of something uncanny closing down upon me. I remember noticing that the storm was drawing nearer. The wind was beginning to whistle over the bare hills in the darkness.

"From that night," continued the hermit, "I have been mad. Not often do I regain my reason. I recollect how the people began to look at me suspiciously. I told them that I was all right, that nothing was the matter with me. No; no doctor; I did not need him. The nights were a continuous horror to me. Everywhere I could look there would glare at me an accusing finger of light. It seemed to be an agent sent by the devil to torment me. I asked the people to put out their lights at night. I spoke of asking the Board of Councilmen to abolish the lighting systems.

"People began to avoid me and look at me still more suspiciously. One day I was seated in my room. The door opened and three officers entered. One had a brace of handcuffs. I knew that they were after me. Something gave me

the strength of a demon. I burst from their grasp and rushed from the house. Two days later I found myself here.

"But the horror of these nights! It is unendurable. A thousand devils torment me. In the moaning of the winds I can hear their taunting laughter. They shriek their glee in every storm. And through it all the ray of light is burning its way into my heart. How long? Do you not hear the demons coming? Do you see their forked swords unsheathing themselves in the blackness? The rays of light are coming. Soon; now, soon!"

The tone of the madman's voice had wrought me up to a high pitch of excitement. The wind was now blowing a gale, and the black clouds were piling up. Crashes of thunder were close at hand. In the flashes of lightning I could see the hermit standing erect with his face toward heaven and his hands stretched out before him. Suddenly the air was rent by a lurid streak of flame. I felt the rock blast into a million fragments, and I remembered nothing else.

Later I awoke; I knew not how much later. The storm had passed. I was numb and sore. Striking a match I looked around. About ten feet away lay the hermit. He was dead. Upon his face was such an expression of horror as I hope I shall never see again. Through his left breast was a small hole, from which the blood was still trickling. The ray of light had found him!

L. G. Bullard
Phi. Editor-in-chief

PAST YEARS

M. S. HORRELL.

Vanished, past, I pray you, call me
  Back to thy caressing arms;
Now the future doth appall me,
  Call me from the night's alarms.

It was in thy fond embraces
  That I learned to love thee so,
And I see again the places
  You and I were wont to go.

Even now I hear the murmur
  Of the streamlet just ahead,
Make the dam a little firmer,
  Crafty eels have loosed the bed.

See the dam, 'tis as we fixed it,
  Save it lacks a little dirt;
Here's the same old gourd-neck 'twixt it,
  And the same old purple skirt

That we used when we were seining;
  Cats and redfins fared the same.
We stopped not because 'twas raining,
  Only stopped when work-time came.

But alas, thy face hath faded.
  I shall see thee nevermore.
There is still the branch not waded
  Since you trod the other shore.

THE ROSE IS SWEETER FOR THE DEW

J. L. ALLEN, JR.

"Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shapes, her features
Seem to be drawn by love's own hand, by love,
Himself in love."

Of this every one who looked upon the beautiful and exquisite young daughter of Professor Morris would assure you in the most enthusiastic terms. It is small wonder then that both Dick North, the most popular student in college, and Harry Vane, the most handsome, were numbered among the most ardent of her many admirers. As to which of the two ranked higher in the esteem of the fascinating Kitty neither could say. At the opening of the present session Dick had fancied himself well in the lead because of the diligent court which he had paid to her the preceding session, while Harry had met her at a summer resort only a few months before. While at the seashore, however, Harry had made good use of his one short week, and since his entrance in college two months ago he had been rooming in the professor's home. His father and Professor Morris had been schoolmates and chums at this same college.

On this particular night Harry was one of a number of boys lounging around Dick's coal stove in the latter's room near the boarding house. Harry was the only Freshman in the group, all of whom were Dick's special friends. The talk had drifted from one topic to another, until finally Tom Selfridge, Dick's particular chum, spoke of the thievery of the initiation secrets of the Henry Clay Literary Society, of which all present were members. They had been stolen by the rival organization, the Patrick Henry. Harry, who had heard nothing of this fictitious deed, committed only in the

brains of this knot of conspirators, immediately inquired what they meant.

"Well," continued Tom, "it was this way. Last year, while we were having our spring term initiations, some beggarly Pat's succeeded in worming past our guards without being detected and watched the whole proceeding. Of course they spread it over the whole college, and we have been the laughing stock of the community ever since. But we will have our revenge!"

"How will you do that?"

Without replying to Harry Tom turned to the others.

"Boys, I know he has been a member of our society for only a few weeks, but I believe that he is as loyal a member as any of us, and that he is game to help us in our revenge tonight."

"Of course I am loyal, and game to boot," indignantly replied Harry, "and I'll never forgive you if you don't let me have my taste of the revenge."

"Well, tonight the Patrick's are having their initiations and we have planned to return their compliment at once. Of course they will be on the lookout. That will increase the danger. If you are afraid you had better back down right now."

"Hang it, I'm not a quitter! Go on."

"Our plan is this: We have learned that the initiation is to be held down near the creek in Brewer's old barn. We must climb the fence surrounding it and watch through knotholes. Too many of us would augment the danger of detection, so only three are to go. Dick, you deal the cards three times. Those who get the Black Jack will be the lucky ones to avenge our insult."

Dick easily manipulated the pack so that Tom, Harry, and himself received in turn the fatal knave.

Before they set out on their venturesome mission Dick drew his two associates together.

"Boys," he said in his most impressive tone, "this may prove even more dangerous than we think. They regard this service as almost holy. If we are detected they may even fire upon us. If they do, even should one of us be hit, each must make his own escape and call our friends to the rescue. So every man for himself, and 'the Devil take the hindmost!'"

* * * * * * *

Kitty sat alone in the parlor. She was absorbed in her novel and paid no attention to the repeated shots fired in the distance—that was a common occurrence. A few minutes later some one stumbled up the steps into the hall and fell heavily through the door of the next room. It was Harry. The book fell to the floor unheeded.

"Oh, Lord, what shall I do! They've killed him!"

This she heard. Without waiting to hear more Kitty rushed from the parlor into Harry's room.

"Harry! Harry! What has happened to you? Your clothes are all torn and you are covered with mud. Where *have* you been?"

"Oh, Kitty, it's too terrible to tell! Dick, Tom, and I went to the Patrick's secret meeting and they—they—shot Dick!"

"What in the world did you go for?"

"To discover the secrets of their initiation, in revenge for their stealing ours last spring."

"Nonsense! They are only hazing you."

"But I saw Dick fall off the fence when the first shots were fired. He cried that he was shot in the back, and to run for assistance. So I ran. Perhaps Tom is shot too."

"Oh, come now; brace up! If Tom was in it I know it was only a joke. He is the greatest practical joker in col-

lege. But who is that? I mustn't be seen in your room. Tell me the rest later."

With grave faces Tom and the original group of boys came slowly in. They bore the limp body of Dick, his head bound with a bloody handkerchief. Laying him tenderly on the couch, Tom said:

"Klemm, go for a doctor. Urk, get your water and sponge."

Tenderly placing his arm under Dick's head he said in a broken voice:

"Dick, old pal, how did it happen? Do you know who fired the shot?"

Turning to the others he continued:

"I became separated from Dick and Harry and was some distance from them when the firing began."

The wounded Dick turned his eyes toward Harry, feebly pointed his finger at him, and murmured with great difficulty:

"He—is—my—murderer!"

Harry seemed dazed by this accusation. He gazed appealingly at each boy, but saw only condemnation written on every face. Uttering a low moan he covered his face with his hands.

The door was thrown forcibly open. The doctor came in with hurried tread and a grave countenance. Harry raised his eyes eagerly.

"Doctor, will he live?" he whispered in a choked voice. An interval of breathless silence. Then:

"He is—dead!"

Harry sprang suddenly from his chair. With an unearthly shriek he struck his head with both hands and screamed:

"Oh my head, my head!"

He jerked open a table drawer, drew forth a revolver, and placed the muzzle to his side. Just at this moment Kitty,

who had heard him scream, threw open the door. Before any one could reach him Harry had fired. His body fell prostrate on the floor.

For a brief second no one moved. Then pandemonium reigned. The dead man sprang up from the sofa, uttering an oath. The bogus doctor tore off his false beard. Every one dashed about the room as if crazy.

Harry weakly raised himself on one elbow. Pointing his finger accusingly at Tom and Dick, he cried:

"You have murdered me!"

Kitty caught him as he fell back. With his head in her lap and her arms around his neck she wept. A dark red stream slowly crept from under his body. The hot tears fell unheeded on the dying man's face.

"Oh, Harry, how could you!"

He struggled to speak. Kitty bent her head over his lips.

"Kitty—there is—one thing—I want you—to know—Ever since I first met you—in the surf—I have loved you with all my heart and soul!" The last words were burning with intensity.

"Kitty—is it—too much—to ask—will you—kiss me—just once?" Her body shaken by sobs, she kissed him—not once, but many times. The boys looked on in awed silence.

"Dear—tell me—before—I cross—into Eternity. Would there—have—been—any hope—had—I—lived?"

"Harry, Harry, don't you see how I *love* you?" Her burning lips pressed his again.

With more vigor than could have been expected from a dying man, Harry rose quickly to his feet. He picked the pistol from the floor and leveled it at the huddled group across the table. "'Two is company, *this* is a crowd.' Get out!"

And they got.

Emptying the remaining blank cartridges on the floor, where they mixed with the red ink, he turned toward Kitty with a smile. Mueh to his surprise he found the tears flowing even faster than before.

"I'm so happy, Harry."

He lifted her tenderly in his arms, and kissing the tears from her eyes, her lips, he found "The rose the sweeter for the dew."

THE CLASS OF 1902

GILBERT T. STEPHENSON.

There were 39 members of the class of 1902, including the M.A.'s and LL.B.'s. The two who took the Master's degree also took the Bachelor's degree, and so, should not be counted twice. We have heard from all but five of the 37 men, and have got the addresses of three of the five This summary, of course, does not include the men we have not heard from. So far as we have learned not a single member of the class has died.

LOCATION.

Of the members of the class, 28 are living in North Carolina, three in South Carolina, two in Virginia, and one each in Arizona, Tennessee, Maryland, New York, and Wisconsin.

GRADUATE WORK.

The members of the class pursued graduate or professional studies in the following institutions: Eight, Wake Forest College; four, the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky.; two each, the University of Chicago, and University of North Carolina; one each in University of Tennessee, University of South Carolina, University of Virginia, Johns Hopkins University, North Carolina Medical College, Maryland School of Medicine, Maryland School of Pharmacy, North Carolina A. and M. College, and Harvard University. Five of them took the degree of Master of Arts; two, Doctor of Medicine; two, Graduate of Theology; three, Bachelor of Laws; and one, Bachelor of Divinity.

OCCUPATIONS.

Five of the class are Baptist ministers, eleven lawyers, two teachers, three engaged in agriculture either as farmers

or as demonstrators for the Department of Agriculture, two physicians, two journalists, two County Superintendents of Schools, two in the real estate and insurance business, one banker, one cotton seed oil manufacturer, one in the lumber business, and one in the refining and smelting business.

POLITICAL HONORS.

One of the class has been Private Secretary to the Governor of South Carolina, one Code Commissioner of South Carolina, three County Superintendents of Schools, four members of the General Assembly of North Carolina, two County Attorneys, one Secretary of the County Democratic Executive Committee, two on the Board of Education of the county, two chairman of the County Democratic Executive Committee, one prosecuting attorney in the recorder's court, and two mayors of towns.

PUBLICATIONS.

Five of the class have written for magazines, two have published books, and a majority of them have contributed to the local and State papers.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES.

Nine of the class are Sunday School teachers, six Sunday School superintendents, five deacons, three church clerks, one church treasurer, one organist, two president of the local B. Y. P. U., one president and one vice-president of the State B. Y. P. U., one steward in a Methodist church, one State evangelist, one corresponding secretary of the Ministers' Relief Board of North Carolina.

HOME LIFE.

Twenty-six of the class are married. The wives of three of them have died. Two of the three have remarried. There are thirty-one children of the members of the class of 1902.

The first child born to any member of the class, or the class baby, is Miss Juanita Arnette, daughter of Rev. J. M. Arnette, of Durham.

THE CLASS OF 1902.

PAUL REPTON ALDERMAN, Alcolu, S. C.—Alderman went into the lumber business with his father immediately after graduation and has been so engaged ever since. On the 10th of March, 1910, he married Miss Mina Blanchard, a daughter of Rev. C. W. Blanchard. They have one child, aged seven months, named Paul Repton Alderman, Junior. Alderman is organist of his church.

JOHN MADISON ARNETTE, 1010 Mangum St., Durham, N. C.—In 1902, after leaving Wake Forest, Arnette organized and was pastor of Edgemont Baptist Church, Durham, N. C. In 1903 he was a student for five months in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky. From June, 1903, till December, 1904, he was pastor of Western Avenue Baptist Church, Statesville, N. C.; and from January, 1905, till October, 1906, of the First Baptist Church of Albemarle, N. C. During the session of 1906-'07 he was a student at the Seminary. For the past five years he has been the pastor of North Durham Baptist Church, Durham, N. C., which he organized. This is said to be the only church in the State that has from its organization paid its pastor for his full time without the aid of the Mission Board. During the five years of its existence this church has received, upon an average, forty members annually. During the last two years Arnette, in addition to his duties as pastor, has been corresponding secretary of the Baptist Ministers' Relief Board for the North Carolina Baptist State Convention. While he was still a student at Wake Forest Arnette married Miss Annie Jones McIntosh, of Sanford, N. C. They have four children—Juanita, aged eleven; John

McIntosh, Jr., aged nine; Odessa, aged four; and Lois, aged ten months.

CHARLES MAYNARD BEACH, Delway, N. C.—Beach has been teaching ever since he left Wake Forest. In the fall of 1902 he took charge of the Dell School, Delway, N. C., and is still its principal. He was chairman of the committee of the Baptist State Convention which presented to the Convention the plan inaugurating the present system of Baptist Secondary Schools, and was from the first vice-president of the board directing this system. For the past two years he has been president of this board. He is a deacon in the Delway Baptist Church. On the 23d of December, 1902, Beach was married to Miss Bessie Hagwood, of Wake Forest. Two children have been born to them—Joseph William, aged seven years, and Herbert Lee, who was born December 11, 1905, and died May 9, 1906.

ANDREW JACKSON BETHEA, 1209 Washington St., Columbia, S. C.—Bethea was at the University of Tennessee a while in 1904 doing special work in English and Latin, but took no degree. He received the Master's degree at Wake Forest in 1904, having practically completed the work for the degree in 1902. During the session of 1909-'10 he was at the University of South Carolina making a specialty of English and Economics, for which he received the Master's degree. Upon leaving Wake Forest in 1902 he taught school for three successive years, serving as principal of the Downer Institute, Beech Island, S. C.; of Hopkins Graded School, Hopkins, S. C., and of Camden Graded School, Camden, S. C. In the summer of 1905 he went to Darlington, S. C., to become editor and proprietor of the *Darlington Press*, a weekly, which he conducted until January, 1907, when he moved to Columbia, S. C., to become private secretary to Governor Ansel, in which capacity he served four years. Since

that time he has been practicing law in Columbia. At the session of the General Assembly of 1911 he was elected Code Commissioner of the State of South Carolina for a term of ten years. He is superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Baptist Church of Columbia and deacon in the same church. This is the church in which the first Secession Convention was held. Besides editing a paper for two years, he has written considerably for the papers of the State and has contributed to the *National Monthly*.

THOMAS EVERETT BROWNE, Ahoskie, N. C.—During the sessions of 1902-'03 and 1903-'04 Browne taught Latin and Higher English in the Atlantic Collegiate Institute, Elizabeth City, N. C. Because of the death of his father he returned to the farm in 1904, and lived near Murfreesboro, N. C., till January, 1909. In 1905 he was elected County Superintendent of Public Schools of Hertford County. In October, 1911, he resigned the superintendency of schools to accept the position of District Agent in the Farmers' Cooperative Demonstration Work for Eastern North Carolina. Two years previous to this he had been doing this work along with his school work. He is Secretary of the Board of Deacons, clerk, and teacher of the Baraca class of his church. In January, 1906, he was married to Miss Martha Broadus Farrar, of Culpeper County, Va. They have one son, Thomas Everett Browne, Jr., nearly four years old. For five years Browne has been helping in the Farmers' Institutes of the State, under the State Department of Agriculture, lecturing on Peanut Culture, Commercial Fertilizers, Corn Growing, and Soil Building.

BENJAMIN HOWARD BROWNING, Littleton, N. C.—After leaving Wake Forest, Browning attended Johns Hopkins University and the Maryland College of Pharmacy. In 1908 he was licensed by the State of North Carolina to practice

pharmacy. He is assistant cashier of the Planters' Bank of Littleton, N. C. He is a member of the town council of Littleton. On June 22, 1910, he married Miss Helen Johnston Perkins. They have one child, Nora Browning, one month old.

WILLIAM ALBION DUNN, Greenville, N. C.—Dunn studied law at Wake Forest two years after graduation. Since then he has practiced law, being at present a member of the firm of Dunn & Dunn, with offices at Scotland Neck and Greenville, N. C. He has been married twice: first to Miss Grace Galloway, of Mt. Airy, on January 9, 1907, who died on March 19 of the same year; then to Miss Irma Cobb, of Greenville, N. C., on December 30, 1909. They have one child, Albion Dunn, Jr., born December 2, 1910.

JOHN THOMAS BUFF, Casar, N. C.—During the session of 1902-'03 Buff taught school at Ellenboro, N. C.; and during the session of 1903-'04, at Bunn, N. C. In 1905 he was manager of the Casar Manufacturing and Supply Company. During the years 1906-'08 he was a student at the North Carolina Medical College, graduating with the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1908. Since then he has been practicing medicine at Casar, N. C. In 1905 he married Miss Ada Dixon, a cousin of Thomas and Clarence Dixon. They have two children—James Edward, a boy of five, and Johnny Pauline, a girl of two.

FORREST G. HAMRICK, 165 Broadway, New York City.—Hamrick was with Mr. Thomas Dixon the first five years after he left Wake Forest as tutor or secretary, or as manager for his business enterprises. The last five years he has been an accountant with the American Smelting and Refining Company, of New York City. On June 27, 1906, he married Miss Carrie Jeanette Thomson, of New York City. They have one child, Forrest G. Hamrick, Jr., two years old.

EDWIN ROWLAND HARRIS, West Point, Va.—From 1902 to 1906 Harris was pastor of Edgemont Baptist Church, Durham, N. C. From the fall of 1906 to the fall of 1907 he was pastor of the Baptist Church at Hamlet, N. C. During the sessions of 1907-'08 and 1908-'09 he was a student in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, graduating with the degree of Th.G. While he was a student there he was associate pastor of the Walnut Street Baptist Church of Louisville. On July 30, 1902, he was married to Miss Sallie Rogers, of Wake County. To them were born two children, Jeffrey Lucile, now eight years old, and Sallie Ruth, who died at the age of nine months. Mrs. Harris died in Durham. On September 27, 1906, Harris married Miss Nora Styron, of Durham. They have two boys, Edwin Rowland, Jr., three years old, and William Styron, four months old.

JAMES KENNEDY HENDERSON, Fountain, N. C.—During the session of 1902-'03 Henderson taught at Dabney, Vance Co., N. C. The next year he taught at Dawsons and preached at Gethsemane, Halifax County. In 1904-'05 he taught at Crowells and preached at Dawsons, Gethsemane, Hobgood, and Speed. During the session of 1905-'06 he was a student at the Seminary in Louisville From 1906 till 1908 he was a pastor at Roanoke Rapids. The next three years he was pastor of country churches in Transylvania County. At present he is preaching at and near Farmville, N. C. On June 4, 1907, he was married to Miss Helen C. Perry. Their first child, Mary Fowle, died in infancy. Jesse Perry was born February 23, 1910. The same day the child's mother died.

ALLISON WILLIAM HONEYCUTT, Greenville, S. C.—Most of Honeycutt's work since 1902 has been for the Furman University Fitting School. He has been at different times Master of English, Treasurer, and Headmaster of the Fitting

School. He has been interested in different phases of the work at Furman University, having represented the University Y. M. C. A. at the International Student Volunteer Convention in Nashville in 1906, having been faculty manager of the baseball team in 1907, and for the past five years having been president of the Furman Glee Club. In 1908 he studied in the Department of English of the University of Chicago. For four years he served as president of the B. Y. P. U. of the Central and First Baptist Churches of Greenville. Each year he has been a teacher in the Sunday School of fthe First Baptist Church. For several years he has been student agent either for Furman Fitting School, Furman University, or Greenville Female College, traveling in all sections of the State. On November 1, 1911, he married Miss Mabel Laurena Wilson, of De Land, Florida, a student of Stetson University and graduate of Greenville Female College.

WALTER NEY KEENER, *Durham Sun* Building, Durham, N. C.—Keener took the Bachelor of Laws degree at Wake Forest in 1903 and was licensed to practice law that summer. On January 1, 1904, he purchased the *Lincoln Journal,* Lincolnton, N. C., and with A. L. Quickel published that paper until 1906. In 1906 he bought out Mr. Quickel's interest and became sole owner and editor. In the fall of 1906 he was elected to the House of Representatives of the General Assembly, serving in the regular session of 1907 and the special session of 1908. In 1909-'10 he was city editor of the *Raleigh Times;* in 1911 he published the *Apex Journal,* and is at present managing editor of the *Durham Sun.* On February 2, 1904, he married Miss Mamie Dunn, of Wake Forest. They have two children—Walter Ney, Jr., aged seven, and John W., aged two. He has taken interest in fraternal work, being Past Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias, Past Councilor of the Junior Order, and Senior Warden in Masonry.

CHARLES EVANS MCBRAYER, U. S. Army, Fort Howard, Md.—McBrayer was in the medical department of the University of North Carolina 1904-'06, and the University of Maryland School of Medicine 1906-'08, graduating from the latter school in 1908 with the degree of M.D. During his first year out of Wake Forest he was a clerk in the general freight department of the Seaboard Air Line Railway at Portsmouth, Va. The next four years he spent in school. From 1908 till 1910 he was on the staff of the United States Marine Hospital, Chicago, Ill. In 1910 in a competitive examination he was admitted to the Medical Corps of the United States Army. 1910-'11 he was on duty at the Army Medical School, Washington, D. C. March, 1911, to July, 1911, he was on duty with the Maneuver Division of the United States Army at San Antonio, Texas. Since July, 1911, he has been surgeon in the army, stationed at Fort Howard, Md.

JOHN ARCHIBALD MCMILLAN, Asheboro, N. C.—During the session of 1902-'03 McMillan took a graduate course at Wake Forest in the Medical Department. At the end of the year he gave up the study of medicine because of trouble with his eyes. The next four years he was managing his father's plantation in Robeson County. In January, 1908, he entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary for the spring term of lectures. From June, 1908, to October, 1910, he was pastor of the Burnsville Baptist Church. His pastorate was marked by the beginning of a new church building which has been completed since he left. In October, 1910, he returned to the Seminary. In June, 1911, he became pastor of the Asheboro Baptist Church, which charge he still holds. He was married in December, 1905, to Miss Louise Fant. They have one son, named Elbert, three years old.

JOSEPH PLATO MCSWAIN, Mooresboro, N. C.—After he left Wake Forest McSwain was assistant foreman of the spinning department of a cotton mill until December, 1903,

when he became foreman of the department. He remained in a position of that kind until he went to Mooresboro on July 1, 1901, to become Secretary-Treasurer and Manager of the Mooresboro Cotton Oil Company. In 1908 he was ordained a deacon in the Baptist church. He has served also as clerk and treasurer of his church and a greater part of the time he has been a Sunday School teacher. On October 5, 1905, he married Miss Carrie Stribbling, of Spartanburg, S. C.

ODES M. MULL, Shelby, N. C.—Mull returned to Wake Forest in 1903 and completed the law course, taking the Bachelor of Laws degree in 1903 and obtaining his license in August of that year. He located in Shelby and practiced alone for one year when he formed a partnership with Congressman E. Yates Webb. He was elected to the lower House of the General Assembly in 1907 and served in the regular session of 1907 and the special session of 1908. He was a member of the Liquor Traffic Committee, and as such helped to pass the present prohibition law. For the past seven years he has been clerk of the First Baptist Church of Shelby. For the past nine years he has been superintendent or assistant superintendent of the Sunday School of that church. In June, 1907, he was married to Miss Montrose Pallen McBrayer. They have one child, Montrose Mull, a daughter of three.

LEWIS TATE ABNER ROYALL, Smithfield, N. C.—Royall has been engaged in school work ever since he left Wake Forest. The first year after graduation he taught at Stuart, Va. That summer he conducted a summer school for teachers in Patrick County, Va. Since that time he has been in Johnston County, N. C. The last two years he has been Superintendent of Schools of Johnston County. He spent the summer of 1908 at the University of Virginia studying in the School of Method. He has been superintendent of

the Sunday School and teacher. On June 28, 1910, he was married to Miss Flossie Abell, of Smithfield.

MARVIN B. SAWYER, Elizabeth City, N. C.—Sawyer has been in the insurance and real estate business in Elizabeth City since he left Wake Forest. He is associated with Mr. G. R. Little in this business. In 1908 he and Mr. M. P. Gallop organized the M. P. Gallop Company to do a wholesale and retail grocery and farm supply business, and Sawyer was made secretary-treasurer of the company.

HARTWELL VICK SCARBOROUGH, Afton, N. C.—The next year after he left Wake Forest Scarborough taught Latin in Chowan College. Since then he has been farming, first in Northampton then in Hertford, and now in Warren County. From time to time he has worked with the State Department of Agriculture and has written an article on Peanuts, which appeared in a bulletin on the Farmers' Institute Work. He took a short course at the North Carolina A. and M. College. On January 9, 1908, he married Miss Bessie Camille Hoggard. They have two girls—Julia Moore, born October 28, 1908, and Frances, born January 25, 1910. For six years from the fall of 1902 till the fall of 1908, he was superintendent of the Sunday School of the Murfreesboro Baptist Church. At present he is an active worker in Brown Baptist Church of Warren County.

JOHN CUTHBERT SIKES, Monroe, N. C.—Sikes has been practicing law at Monroe ever since his graduation. At present he is a member of the firm of Redwine & Sikes. He was a member of the General Assembly of North Carolina in 1911. On the 20th of June, 1906, he married Miss Maggie Crowell. They have three children—Margaret Dixon, aged five; Louie Crowell, aged three; and Jane Austin, aged one year.

DELOW WENFORD SORRELL, 201 1-2 East Main St., Durham, N. C.—Sorrell took his LL.B. degree at Wake Forest

in 1902, along with the Bachelor of Arts degree. In 1904 he took the Master's degree at Wake Forest. During the session of 1905-'06 he studied law at the University of North Carolina, but did not take a degree. In 1902-'03 he was Principal of Fruitland Institute, Fruitland, N. C. The next session he was Principal of Nelson Public High School, Nelson, N. C. In 1904-'05 he was bookman in the Planters' Warehouse, Durham. He was licensed to practice law in February, 1906, and has been practicing law in Durham since that time. He was County Attorney of Durham County from 1906 till 1908. During the same years he was Secretary of the Democratic Executive Committee of his county. He was Chairman of the Board of Education of the county, 1907-'09. He is a teacher in the Sunday School of the First Baptist Church of Durham. He was married to Miss Margaret Dean Holloway on November 28, 1906. He is an active Knight of Pythias, having served as past chancellor commander, deputy chancellor commander, and at present he is district deputy grand chancellor of the Fifth District. He is also a member of the Junior Order.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN STAFFORD, Johnson City, Tenn.—After leaving Wake Forest Stafford engaged in school work in North Carolina and Virginia for a period of five years. In 1907 he gave up educational work and opened a real estate and insurance office at Graham, Va., where he continued a brokerage business until two years ago, when he moved to Johnson City. He is now engaged altogether in the insurance business. He has been steward in the M. E. Church. In 1908 he married Miss Emma P. Davis, of Warrenton, N. C. They have one son, Benjamin Stafford, Jr., two years old.

GILBERT THOMAS STEPHENSON, Winston-Salem, N. C.—Stephenson was Principal of Pendleton School the year after graduating; returned to Wake Forest the following year, 1903-'04, for the M.A. degree; entered the Graduate School

of Harvard University in the fall of 1904, and was awarded the Master's degree in 1906 for work in the departments of History, Government, and Economics; was a member of the debating team for the Harvard-Princeton debate in 1906 and represented the Graduate School as commencement orator the same year; 1906-'07, was Secretary of the Peanut Growers' Association; in the fall of 1907 returned to Harvard for the study of law, graduating in 1910 with the LL.B. degree; was Assistant in American Government during 1908-'09, and found time to write a book, *Race Distinctions in American Law*, published by Appleton; during the summer of 1910 attended the Wake Forest Law School and secured license to practice law from the North Carolina Supreme Court in August; after a few months' vacation at his home near Pendleton, during which he served as Chairman of the Democratic Convention of Northampton County, he located in Winston-Salem for the practice of law; is a member of and deacon in Brown Memorial Baptist Church and teacher of the Baraca Sunday School Class. At its meeting in December, 1911, he was elected Vice-President of the Baptist State Convention, and is also Vice-President of the State Baraca Convention. Besides writing his book he has contributed articles to the *American Political Science Review*, the *American Law Review*, the *Harvard Advocate*, and to the local, State, and denominational papers. He is entitled to the credit of first advocating in this State the much-discussed Preferential Voting. Recently he has been elected Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Forsyth. He is a member of the American Political Science Association.—*Wingate M. Johnson, Winston-Salem, N. C.*

WILLIAM HERBERT TYLER, Goldston, N. C.—Since the fall of 1902 Tyler has taught at Goldston, with the exception of one year spent at Elizabethtown, Bladen County, where he taught school and worked in a printing office. In 1909

Wake Forest awarded him the Master's degree on non-resident study. At present he is farming in addition to his school work. He has been one of the active promoters of the Farm-Life Schools. Tylor says: "Now, after ten years of experience and experiment in illusive and delusive fields of education, sociology, and politics, I am about to turn it all over to the presidential nominess, the trusts, the women, the legal fraternity, and college students, and take refuge at the plow handles, where, if there be but little achieving, there is much of the red blood of living." On December 23, 1910, Tyler married Miss Mary Lee Miller, of Albemarle, N. C.

LEON THOMAS VAUGHAN, Nashville, N. C.—After leaving Wake Forest, Leon Vaughan became Principal of the Church Hill School. During the summer of 1903 he was at Wake Forest studying law, taking the Supreme Court examination that September. He returned to Church Hill and taught another year. In June, 1904, he went to Nashville, N. C., and opened a law office. He was Chairman of the Anti-Saloon League and was active in the prohibition campaign. He has been Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of the county since 1910. He has been prosecuting attorney in the Recorder's Court for a year. He has been superintendent of the Sunday School of his church for four years, and teacher for two years. In 1906 he married Miss Mary Laura Ross. They have two boys—Leon Thomas, Jr., five years old, and Ross LeRoy, three years old.

WILLIAM LEROY VAUGHAN, Washington, N. C.—The next two sessions after leaving Wake Forest Roy Vaughan taught in the Raleigh Male Academy with Professor Hugh Morson. During the session of 1904-'05 he was Principal of Wakefield Academy. In September, 1905, he returned to Wake Forest to do special work in English, receiving the Master's degree in May, 1906. The following January he became Instructor in the Department of English. The summer of 1906 he spent in Rockbridge County, Va., doing

survey work. He took up the study of law in the summer of 1907 and was licensed to practice that fall. The next three months he was acting editor of the *Scotland Neck Commonwealth* during the sickness of Mr. E. E. Hilliard. On January 1, 1908, he located at Washington, N. C., to practice law. In September, 1909, he was elected Superintendent of Public Instruction of Beaufort County, which position he has held ever since. He is teacher of the Baraca class of his church and has been assistant superintendent of the Sunday School. He was one of the leaders in the movement to establish a public library for Washington. On the 20th of last December he married Miss Carrie V. Simmons, of Washington, whose father was for many years a leading member of the Washington bar.

ROBERT PERCY WALKER, Littleton, N. C.—Immediately after leaving Wake Forest Walker began a mission work at Henderson, N. C., which he continued until December, 1903. During this period he organized the North Henderson and South Henderson Baptist churches, and built and paid for the houses of worship. In January, 1904, he went to Morehead City. In the fall of 1905 he resigned that pastorate to enter the Seminary at Louisville, where he was a student until May, 1907. Then he returned to North Carolina and took up the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Lenoir, N. C. In May, 1909, he went to Calvary Baptist Church, West Asheville, N. C. On October 1, 1910, he became pastor of the Baptist Church of Littleton. While he was at Morehead City Walker edited the *Atlantic Messenger,* and since he has been at Littleton he has launched the *Baptist Messenger,* a monthly publication. On June 30, 1909, he married Miss Margaret Taylor, daughter of Dr. George C. Taylor, of Springfield, Mo.

EVERETT J. BRITT, Lumberton, N. C.—Britt has been practicing law at Lumberton ever since he left Wake Forest

in 1902. He was a Representative from Robeson County in the Legislature of 1903 and again in 1905. He has been County Attorney of Robeson since 1904. During the years 1907 and 1908 he was Mayor of Lumberton. He has been a teacher of the Baraca class of his church since 1906, when it was organized. He is a director of the Bank of Lumberton, Vice-President of the Freeman Printing Company, and stockholder in the Dresden Cotton Mills.

FREDERICK DELMAR HAMRICK, Rutherfordton, N. C.—Fred. Hamrick went to Ada, Indian Territory, immediately after he left Wake Forest and practiced law there the balance of the year. In January, 1903, he returned to Shelby, N. C., and formed a partnership with Mr. J. H. Quinn. At the same time he was editor of the *Shelby Aurora*. In 1907 he dropped his editorial work and devoted his whole time thereafter to the law. In 1908 his firm opened an office in Rutherfordton and Hamrick moved to that office. In December, 1906, he married Miss Natalie Rose Harris, of Fredericks Hall, Va., a granddaughter of Col. W. B. Pettite, of Palmyra, Va., President of the late constitutional convention of Virginia, and also a granddaughter of Frederick Harris, first president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. They have one child, Frederick Hamrick, Jr., four years old.

OSCAR PAUL DICKINSON, Wilson, N. C.—Dickinson has been practicing law in Wilson ever since 1902. He has been a member of the firm of Barnes and Dickinson since 1906. He was elected mayor of Wilson in April, 1911. He has been Chairman of the Board of Elections for Wilson County for six years.

FRANCIS EDGAR THOMAS, Wadesboro, N. C.—After taking his degree at Wake Forest, Thomas was engaged in teaching for several years. He had charge of the Peachland Academy and was later principal of the Wadesboro Public

School. During the summer of 1907 he attended the University Law School and stood the Bar examination in August of that year. He went to Wadesboro and went into partnership with H. H. McLendon. On the 9th of November, 1910, he married Miss Lucy Josephine Hawkins, of Louisburg. They have one child, Francis Edgar, Jr.

WILBURN EDGAR WOODRUFF, Phœnix, Arizona.—Woodruff was at the University of Chicago the next two sessions after he graduated from Wake Forest working in the Divinity School and specializing in Psychology. In the summer of 1905 he was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. He became student pastor of the First Baptist Church of South Chicago. In the spring of 1905 he took a fourteen hundred-mile wagon trip through New Mexico and Arizona. Later that summer he took a trip up the Pacific Coast through Western Canada. In the fall of 1905 he returned to the University of Chicago to do graduate work. Later in the fall he became State Evangelist of the Baptist denomination in Minnesota, serving in that capacity for a year. The next two years he was pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church, Minneapolis, Minn. From March, 1908, till March, 1911, he was in Arizona in search of health, spending the time "hunting big game, trapping, writing short stories, and just fooling around." The summer of 1911 he was in Los Angeles, California, editing *Huntington Park Signal.* Since the fall of 1911 he has been in Phœnix, Arizona, editing the *Arizona Magazine,* a monthly publication. For awhile he was President of the State B. Y. P. U. of Minnesota. He has published "Hints to Health-seekers, a Book of Information on the Outdoor Life for Tubercular Patients." In December, 1905, he married Miss Nannie Emma Shugart, of Yadkin County, N. C. They have one child, Lorita, four years old.

C. Herman Trueblood
Eu. Associate Editor

The Wake Forest Student

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LOCAL EDITOR
P. P. GREEN

MAY, 1912.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

LESLIE G. BULLARD, Editor

Echoes from our Readers

In order that our friends may know what our readers think of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT we are giving below some extracts from the many letters we have received. These extracts are not given merely in a self-congratulatory manner, but they are given in the hope that the supporters of THE STUDENT may see how every effort to keep the magazine up to its high standard is

appreciated by the readers. We feel, too, that these remarks will be an incentive to the incoming staff, upon whom devolve the responsibilities of publishing this magazine with the close of our work on this issue. Furthermore, many of these letters are words of appreciation concerning the Carlyle Memorial Number, and they show the high esteem in which our beloved John Bethune Carlyle was held throughout the country:

"I have received the Carlyle Memorial number and am much pleased with it. It reflects credit upon those who have gotten it up. * * * You are getting out a good magazine—a much better one than we used to get out when I was there."—*R. C. Lawrence, Lumberton, N. C.*

"I wish to congratulate the management on the success of the Carlyle Memorial Number. It is a fine tribute to Professor Carlyle, and a most creditable undertaking worthily carried out, for the editors."—*W. H. Vann, Columbia University, New York City.*

"It gives me pleasure to acknowledge receipt of your special edition, 'John Bethune Carlyle.' This is a splendid edition and shows that Wake Forest College not only has literary genius, but some live wires in commercialism."—*C. C. McDonald, Raleigh, N. C.*

"I was a great admirer of Professor Carlyle and am glad of the opportunity of sending for this number of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT."—*E. Lee, Dunn, N. C.*

"I always enjoy its (THE STUDENT'S) visits, and look forward each month to the coming of the next issue."—*R. H. Shanks, Williamsburg, Ky.*

"You have lost a chance to make some money. Why did you not at least charge one dollar (for the Memorial Number), instead of twenty-five cents?"—*Donald MacRacken, Whiteville, N. C.*

"I knew Professor Carlyle well; we were in college together, and I admired him as a student, and subsequently kept in close touch with his work as an educator, publicist, and great moral and civic leader."—*J. A. Holloman, Jacksonville, Fla.*

"I would not miss getting the Memorial Number of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT because of my esteem and friendship for Professor Carlyle. He was patriotic, loyal, and brilliant—and as we think of him the thought comes, 'How well could he have been spared and less worthy taken'—that, however, is the human side. * * * It

may be said of Professor Carlyle that he was so pleasant in soliciting and obtaining subscriptions that one would always feel like saying, 'Thank you, Professor, for my subscription.' I wish there were more like him."—*C. J. Cooper, Fayetteville, N. C.*

"With great delight I enclose twenty-five cents for the Carlyle Memorial Number of THE STUDENT. I'm so glad you have fallen upon this plan to do honor to this most worthy nobleman and to give his hosts of friends a sketch of his life and work."—*Rev. J. A. Beam, Prestonburg, Ky.*

"I am glad to send the amount for the Memorial Number of THE STUDENT. I was once one of the editors of THE STUDENT, and when I wanted data with reference to the alumni I would go direct to Professor Carlyle and get it."—*G. T. Brandon, Spur, Texas.*

"Let me congratulate you on the April number of THE STUDENT. It is the best regular number that the magazine has issued in a long time. By the way, where did you get your poets? They (the poems) are all good. * * * The departments are excellent."—*Gerald W. Johnson, Lexington, N. C.*

"The magazine is certainly a very creditable publication, and I am very glad indeed that a suitable tribute to Professor Carlyle's great worth could be put in a permanent form. He was a remarkable man."—*R. W. Haywood, New Bern, N. C.*

"I have just received the April STUDENT, and enjoyed it very much. The 'Carlyle Memorial Number' is one of my most cherished possessions."—*A. B. Ray, Blue Ridge College, Md.*

We have many others like these, but lack of space denies them publication.

Some Valuable Contributions

We are highly pleased with the interest in THE STUDENT by so many of the alumni of the college. From time to time throughout the year different ones have contributed articles of real value, and it is always a pleasure to the staff to publish these articles. In this number appears an excellent article by Mr. Gilbert T. Stephenson, who graduated from Wake Forest with the honor of *summa cum laude* in 1902. He gives a

summary of his class which is to have a reunion here at commencement.

This reunion, supervised by Mr. Stephenson, suggests a very interesting department for THE STUDENT. Why shouldn't there be more of these reunions and class histories? It would be an exceedingly interesting and helpful feature to have a class reunion every year, and have its history published in THE STUDENT. We would suggest that the historian elected during the Senior year in college be the permanent historian of that class to keep in touch with his classmates and collect data for a reunion in years to come. If there are any who are interested in a thing of this kind, the editors will gladly coöperate with them in any way they can.

"A Big Night To-night"

This old song has been going the rounds at Wake Forest of late, for no other song has been quite so appropriate. Since the memorable night of April 15th, every night has been a "big night." After flinging defiance in the face of Wake Forest for over five years, the great giant, A. & M., fell prostrate before the face of the little man, Wake Forest, by a smooth stone from the battery. On the arrival of the joyful message at Wake Forest, a celebration began the like of which is only seen on great occasions. The old bell began ringing out the news of victory as if its brazen throat would burst for joy; bonfires shot their flaming tongues high in the air to make bright the walks over which the victorious team passed from the special to the steps of the gymnasium, where the shouts of students, and the playing of the band applauded the members of the Faculty who made their best speeches over the returned victors, while far on high from the sides of the water tank gleamed, by the flaring light of a signal torch, the large characters, "W. F. C. 4; A. & M. 2." But sometimes sudden joy

is fatal, and this occasion did not spare its victim. While the triumphal procession was passing under the arch, bearing the scalp of A. & M., the capstone of that piece of masonry rent in twain with fervent heat. But this rending asunder has an interpretation; and this is the interpretation thereof: A. & M.'s baseball kingdom is numbered and finished. She has been tried on the diamond and found wanting. Her victories are divided and given to the Baptists. Her rabbit foot has been captured; the spell is broken; and Wake Forest has a *baseball team.* And to think because A. & M. would not play W. F. C. on Saturday, the 20th, that Dr. Tom would accuse her of having cold feet!

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the telegraph's clicking,
Whose big four and small two through the clamorous night
To the tank side we watched were so glaringly sticking?
And the bonfire's red glare, the shouts rising in air,
Gave proof through the night that the score was still there,
And this red-lettered message forever must be
"The Farmers' defeat, and the Baptist vict'ry."

That Clash with Baylor

While Wake Forest is "up in the air" over her baseball victories, the debating banner is hanging at half mast. It was a bitter and unexpected pill that Wake Forest gulped down on Easter Monday night when the news came from Waco, Texas, that our debating team had gone down before the decision of the judges in the Wake Forest-Baylor debate. The loss of the victory, however, is due to no fault of our team; for it is one of the strongest that has been sent out in years, and the college would not hesitate to send this same team against any college with which a series of debates could be arranged. But the loss of one debate in a series is not bad, for next year in Raleigh an audience of thousands will see Baylor swept entirely off her feet.

The following paragraph taken from an article that appeared in the *Times-Herald,* of Waco, Texas, explains why Wake Forest lost the decision:

"While the Baylor men won a unanimous decision last night, it was rather a tribute to the fact that her representatives had the more favorable side of the question, in the minds of the judges, than to any superior qualifications on the part of the men themselves. In fact, the visitors were more experienced speakers, more polished orators, and more at home on the stage, and they put up a character of debate that was forcible and enlightening. The Baylor men were much younger, but no less enthusiastic, though not quite possessing the confidence that marked their opponents from the Tar Heel State."

Our Aim

Whatever else may have been planned for THE STUDENT at the beginning of our work in the fall, it was the unanimous consent of the staff to get out a clean magazine, not only in regard to contributed articles, but also in regard to the advertisements. A man is judged by the company he keeps; and a magazine is judged by the advertisements it carries. We have reference to the elimination from our columns of all forms of tobacco advertisements. No longer does that glaring advertisement of the American Tobacco Company, calling the attention of Wake Forest students to its cigarettes, appear in our columns; nor does any other tobacco company advertise with us. We can't afford it.

But some one may say that the students are going to continue smoking, so why not take the money for the cigarette ad. Why, such ads. are rejected on just the same grounds that whiskey ads. are rejected. When an honest paper advertises any article, it practically says, "This article is wholesome for use; we recommend it to the consumer." Now, could THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, a magazine that represents the best life of the college, say this of the cigarette? It cannot, and maintain its self respect. The Business

Manager in his department calls the attention of the students to the advertisements and invites them to patronize the advertisers. That means to say if a cigarette ad. appeared, "Boys, smoke Blank & Company's cigarettes," which in its final analysis would be saying, "Boys, smoke cigarettes."

Now the whole medical profession is agreed that cigarettes are injurious, the Faculty as a whole is outspoken in its denunciation of the cigarette habit, and the finger-stained fiend himself will tell you that the obnoxious habit is gradually sapping out his very life. In view of the judgments of these wiser heads, and in the face of our own better judgment we cannot advertise an article that all the world knows to be a curse to the human race.

Our views on this matter coincide with those of many publishers of the very best papers in the country. The *Youth's Companion,* one of the very best papers published, and which goes into thousands of homes every week, is entirely free from such undesirable advertisements. And in our own State, the *Progressive Farmer* and the *Biblical Recorder* may be mentioned as examples. So here THE STUDENT takes its stand; though nothing but a college magazine, but one of the college's best representatives, it proposes to stand firmly hereafter against the cigarette habit, which is a curse to so many students at Wake Forest and to every one who is too much of a weakling to hold himself aloof from the things that "steal away his brains."

The End

It is with a feeling of sadness that we lay aside our work as editors of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. While our duties in this capacity have been manifold, and the responsibilities at times seemingly too great for our weak hands, yet the work has

been attended with many pleasures. It has brought the members of the staff in closer fellowship with one another while they were laboring in a common cause, namely, that of putting forth their best efforts in behalf of our college magazine. The coöperation of the staff has been hearty, and the very best spirit has prevailed. Each one has performed his task uncomplainingly and with very little friction indeed. Now as we take an affectionate leave of each other we desire to tender our thanks and words of appreciation to all who have helped THE STUDENT to whatever degree of success it may have attained. First of all, we desire to thank Dr. Gorrell, the Faculty Editor, for the way he stands by THE STUDENT. It can be safely said that no college magazine is more fortunate than THE STUDENT in having at its head such an untiring worker as Dr. Gorrell. Our Business Manager, too, deserves great praise for his faithful work in keeping the financial side in good shape, and for adding so materially to the subscription list. Neither would we forget our advertisers, by whose patronage THE STUDENT lives, nor our contributors, whose articles have filled the magazine's pages. Last of all, but not least, our thanks are due to Dr. Sledd and Professor Hubbell, whose suggestions and aid in securing articles have been given so cheerfully. As we now step down and out our best wishes follow the incoming board of editors. May their work be attended with great success, and whatever we may have failed to do may they carry it on to completion in Volume XXXII of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. *Vale et vale.*

A Word by the Faculty Editor

It is not the custom of the Faculty Editor to appear in person before the readers of THE STUDENT. As the editors have, however, suggested a word from him, he begs to say that no period of his life has been more fruitful of inspiration and genuine pleas-

ure to him than the six years that he has been associated with his fellow-editors among the student body. It is a constant source of wonder to him that the Literary Societies have always been able to choose such a uniformly excellent staff of men to edit the magazine, and it is a source of encouragement to find that these editors have always received the loyal support of the students. Seldom have they been at a loss to secure material. They have endeavored to set the literary standard high and the articles "not accepted" would themselves form a magazine not far inferior in size to the monthly issue.

For this cordial support of his fellow-editors and of the student body the Faculty Editor returns his heartfelt thanks.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

H. TYRAM HUNTER, Editor

PROGRAM FOR MAY.

Cramming—by the Fellows.
Examinations—by the same.
Commencement—ditto.
Home-going—ditto.

* * *

March 25th Dr. Provence, missionary, lectured before the college Y. M. C. A.

* * *

Rev. W. M. Johnson, pastor, was at Chowan College April 7th in the interest of the church building fund.

* * *

Dr. C. E. Brewer made two addresses before the Baraca Rallies at Henderson, April 14th. Dr. Brewer also made an educational address at Concord, April 22d, and a commencement address at Severn, Northampton County, Friday, April 19th.

* * *

A concert was given in the large chapel April 15th by Miss Helen Day, Head of Voice Department in Meredith College, and the Meredith Glee Club. Miss Day has been conducting a class in voice here once a week. The class is composed of a number of students and some of the ladies of the hill.

* * *

President Poteat made two addresses at Fremont, Wayne County, March 30th-31st, and an address before the Fortnighty Club at Raleigh April 9th on "The Biological Revolution and Darwin's Relation to It."

An address was given by Dr. Poteat April 15th at Salisbury before the State Baraca and Philathea Convention on "Christian Patriotism."

* * *

At the closing exercises of the Clement School, Wake County, April 6th, Dr. Poteat made an address.

* * *

The new catalog shows a total enrollment of 433, of whom 28 are graduate students. Twenty-eight more students than ever enrolled before, and the largest proportion of graduate students—these facts are very suggestive. The following is the number of applicants for degrees: M.A. 6, B.A. 47, B.S. 12, LL.B. 11; or 6 more than any previous graduating class.

* * *

A deputation of five members of the Faculty and about twenty students attended the funeral service of ex-Governor Aycock at Raleigh, April 7th. Dr. E. W. Sikes gave an address on Governor Aycock at chapel April 9th.

* * *

Dr. W. T. Carstarphen, Dr. W. R. Cullom, and Dr. W. L. Poteat have received commission from the Governor of the State appointing them delegates to the Sociological Congress convening in Nashville, Tenn., May 7th-10th.

* * *

Prof. J. H. Highsmith spoke before the B. Y. P. U. Association of the city of Richmond, Va., at Highland Park Church, Sunday, April 7th. He also gave commencement addresses at the following High Schools: Morven, April 9th; Snow Hill, May 1st; Grifton, May 3d; and Windsor, May 9th.

* * *

Dr. E. W. Sikes made commencement addresses at Atkinson, April 4th; Delway, April 19th; Tyro, April 24th; Chadbourn, April 26th; and will speak at Ahoskie May 23d;

Bethel, May 9th; Aberdeen, May 10th; and Oxford College, May 21st. Dr. Sikes will also make an address before the Thomasville Orphanage in June.

* * *

Mr. C. C. Holmes is now out of the hospital, where he has been for the past few days recovering from an operation for appendicitis. Dr. E. E. Stewart, assisted by Dr. Carstarphen, performed the operation. Mr. Holmes has made a beautiful recovery and is now at his regular work.

* * *

In the campaign for better school facilities in the town of Wake Forest (the special tax election falling on May 4th), the following members of the college faculty are doing valuable service on the steering committee: Dr. G. W. Paschal, Dr. C. E. Brewer, and Dr. J. H. Gorrell.

* * *

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

Board of Trustees meet May 15th, 3 p. m.

Baccalaureate Sermon, by Doctor Newell Dwight Hillis, of Brooklyn, Wednesday evening.

Presentation of Portraits and Medals, Thursday evening.

Literary Address, by Doctor Hillis, at 11 a. m., Thursday morning.

Class Day Exercises at 3 p. m., May 16th.

Participants:

President—M. A. Huggins.
Orator—J. M. Kester.
Poet—D. S. Kennedy.
Prophet—L. G. Bullard.
Historian—W. B. Edwards.
Statistician—J. S. Edwards.

Alumni Address, by Rev. John E. White, of Atlanta, Ga., Thursday evening.

Graduating Exercises at 11 a. m., Friday, May 17th, including orators by representation of the Senior Class, in competition for the A. D. Ward Medal.

Speakers:

Euzelian—W. M. Scruggs, B. V. Ferguson, R. R. Blanton.
Philomathesian—A. T. Allen, C. R. Sharp, S. C. Hilliard.

For some time past our campus has been afflicted with an afternoon collection of colored private nurses (with their little charges) and incidentally an equal number of shady beaus. This aggregation of the sons and daughters of Ham has shown a decided inclination to monopolize our pleasantest walks, our choicest rustics, and our most inviting shades for their obnoxious gatherings. And these gatherings are characterized by obscene language in the very presence of the little children for whom they are supposed to care, and by occasional fights and continuous obstreperous langhter.

In behalf of the college boys and of the little children who are perhaps the greatest sufferers, we wish to thank the Civic League for its recent action in relieving us of this evil. Once more in our own sanctum we smoke our pipes in peace.

* * *

Our record in baseball this season demands a remark just here. At the present writing (April 17th) we have won ten games out of twelve (P. C. .833), and that is the best college record in the State so far as we know. Easter Monday we played our first "big" game with A. & M. College, of North Carolina. Our opponents made all their scores in the first two innings, it being Cates' "day off." Smith then took the mound for Wake Forest and A. & M.'s hitting and scoring ceased. His pitching was superb.

Monday (April 15th) we played our second game with A. & M. and won it unequivocally. Underwood pitched seven innings with only twenty-one men up. At the beginning of the eighth his arm failed and the opopnents scored two beautiful home-runs. Cates came to his relief and stopped further scoring. With the exception of these runs A. and M. did not reach the third sack. A. and M. played beautifully, but the whole team from the Forest starred. Both games were played on A. and M.'s ground, and now that team refuses to come to our ground to play off the tie. What's the matter with A. and M.?

On the evening of April 3d a preliminary contest was held for the purpose of electing a representative for Wake Forest College in the intercollegiate oratorical contest to take place in the auditorium at Raleigh April 19th. It was a lively occasion, as all the contestants realized the honor of election to the larger State contest.

Following are the names of those taking part in the preliminary, with their subjects:

1. H. T. Hunter—"The Brotherhood of Man and the Union of Nations."
2. G. C. Kirksey—"The Dawning of Universal Peace."
3. R. A. Marsh—"Commerce and International Unity."
4. G. G. Wall—"Shall America Lead in Peace?"
5. J. M. Kester—"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"
6. T. C. Holland—"Universal Peace, the Result of Arbitration."

The judges were Professors Sikes, Paschal, and Brewer. They were to select a first orator and an alternate, the two coming from different societies. H. T. Hunter, from the Euzelian Society, was elected for first place, and G. G. Wall, from the Philomathesian Society, was elected as alternate.

* * *

"We have met the enemy and we are his'n." This is said to be the first report received from the Wake Forest-Baylor debate, from Mr. B. V. Ferguson to a friend in Wake Forest. The old bell didn't ring; we waited for particulars. Our forlorn hope came back raging for a second chance on neutral grounds with equal backing. They insist that circumstances *halter* cases.

Col. Richard Wynne, Superintendent of the Confederate Home (Waco); Mr. Sidney G. Samuels, a prominent lawyer of Fort Worth, and Mr. H. B. Terrell, State Senator, were the judges who rendered the decision in favor of the Baylor debaters. The query was: "Resolved, that the Initiative and Referendum and Recall (the Recall not to apply to the Judiciary) is a good governmental policy."

Baylor defended the negative. After the debate our representatives were banqueted in a near-by Chinese restaurant, where they distinguished themselves for capacity for celestial soup.

Next after a great victory Wake Forest bears most gracefully a defeat, and now we are wearing this grace until a better day next April.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

P. P. GREEN, Editor

Class Spirit

Normal class spirit is not altogether an unmixed evil. In fact, sometimes it is one of the best things about college. By normal class spirit is meant the spirit of rivalry and hostility that exists, or is supposed to exist, between the Freshmen and Sophomores, and so on through the other classes. It unifies and consolidates the classes, particularly the Freshmen. It is the quickest and most effective method yet discovered for making college men out of the fresh batch of unlicked cubs supplied at the beginning of each session. And on occasions when the college meets an outside rival all this class spirit is fused into a college spirit against the common enemy. But class spirit of this kind is practically extinct at Wake Forest. Instead we have a perverted, abnormal growth that is productive of much evil and little good. We have little healthy rivalry and much hostility between the Lawyers, the Meds, and the Ministerials. It is not necessary to go into the various, and sometimes vicious, results of this hostility. They are apparent everywhere, on the campus, student gatherings, and particularly in the society elections. The class to which a man belongs determines largely for what man he will cast his vote in any given contest, and so on through the various interests of the student body.

This is of course productive of much strife and ill feeling without the accomplishment of any real good to counterbalance it, and we desire to enter a plea for the return of the normal spirit.

Baseball

This has been a great baseball year with Wake Forest. We have had a steady, winning team. Up to the time of going to press we have lost but two games out of thirteen. Catawba, Guilford, Davidson, and Trinity, of this State, and Randolph-Macon and Eastern College, of Virginia, were defeated without any particular difficulty. A run of ill luck lost the Easter Monday game with A. and M., but the Baptists were so manifestly the better team of the two that it was no occasion for surprise when they handed the Farmers a 4 to 2 defeat April 15th at Raleigh. It was a matter deeply regretted at Wake Forest that the A. and M. manager suddenly unearthed numerous reasons why they could not play the game scheduled for April 20th at Wake Forest. U. N. C. defeated us at Fayetteville at the beginning of the season, but the result would be doubtful if another game were to be played.

And much of the credit should be given where it is due—to a large, quiet person with a remarkable working knowledge of men and baseball—our well beloved Frank Thompson. But thanks to the labors of the astute and enthusiastic president of the athletic association the entire student body has been playing ball with the team. The bleachers have been crowded at every game and a creditable amount of first-class rooting has been done.

A. and M.

It is hard for a man of average intelligence to understand certain matters. Why was it that immediately after Wake Forest defeated A. and M., April 15th, the latter discovered it would be impossible to play the game scheduled for April 20th, and so play off the rubber? They unearthed an obsolete faculty ruling against playing more than three games in one week and triumphantly pointed to the three other games

scheduled for that week. The faculty considerately met in haste and repealed the ruling. But like the Hydra of old, no sooner was one head amputated than another appeared in its place. Unnumbered reasons were evolved why the game was impossible. Also why was the false report assiduously circulated in Raleigh that Wake Forest had cold feet and refused to play? This in the face of the frantic protests of Wake Forest against canceling it.

Why did the *News and Observer* and *Evening Times* refuse absolutely to carry any Wake Forest story of the controversy even when signed by the correspondent? What was the fly in the ointment? Surely no one was putting hobble chains on a free press!

Be it known of all men by these presents, that it isn't Wake Forest who is wearing the cold feet.

D. S. Kennedy
Phi. Associate Editor

BOUQUETS AND BRICKBATS

D. S. KENNEDY, Editor

During the present year it has been our good fortune to secure criticisms from most of our exchanges. In this, the last issue of the current session, it may be of interest to our readers to know what others think of us. Accordingly we are appending a number of the critical reviews which have been given us, and are eliminating none because of their favorable or unfavorable attitude.

Before passing, it must be said that most of our exchange magazines have been lenient with us. Other editors, knowing well the work and worry involved in publishing a college magazine, have, to a great extent, overlooked our faults and praised our merits. It has also been a pleasure to note the coöperative spirit which exists among our Southern magazines. All seem imbued with the idea of uplifting college journalism. Nor has this feeling been passive. A plan is at present on foot in one of our Southern universities for the closer union of our magazine editors and the upbuilding of journalism among college men. We predict a successful outcome from the attempt. This instance merely accentuates the good will which exists among the institutions of the South. We extend to our exchanges our best wishes for another year of progress.

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Richmond College Messenger:—Without hesitation we pronounce THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT the best magazine we have seen this month. We were inclined to view "Letters From the Trenches" as a mere space filler at first glance, but having read them and then counted the three poems, six stories and two essays which the magazine contains, we real-

The author occasionally leaves cold argument and rises to oratory, and he always presents his material in a way which holds the attention of the reader. "Gœthe: The Man of Science," gives evidence of serious investigation and deep thought. If students could see the needs of the college magazine and spend some labor on their productions the character of all our publications would be greatly improved. A noticeable weakness is the absence of real stories. A detective sketch, a short account of an attempted crime and one other compose that department. A few good stories really worth while would make the STUDENT one of the best magazines in the South.

* * *

The Tattler:—THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT (Wake Forest, N. C.), has a good number for November. The poems are well written and not too pretentious. The stories, five in number, are entertaining, "Tadpoles, a Sow and Two Shoats," being a good example of that same "meanness" so often manifested in other directions. "The School of Public Health" is an excellent article on a question of vital import. "Shadows of Greece in Modern Civilization" is a pithy resumé of the subject which should be especially interesting to those of us engaged at this time in that research.

* * *

Davidson College Magazine:—In THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT we find a mixture of good contributions with others that are, to put it mildly, of very indifferent merit. The story, "When Precaution Played a Part," is without point or originality and can be classed as cheap fiction. "The Mystery of Mona Lisa" is distinctly better. But it is in its verse that the STUDENT shows its greatest weakness; for the efforts in this department are inferior in quality and labored in expression. We do not wish to be too severe, but "A Sabian's Prayer" seems to us absolutely barbarous. Some

of the serious articles are of high merit; "The Call of Public Health," and "Gœthe: The Man of Science," are worthy of especial commendation, and "The Œdipus Myth in Greek Drama" is good, though the subject dealt with would not be particularly interesting to the average reader. The STUDENT has our best wishes for the session just begun.

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Mercerian:—THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is another magazine above the average in its general make-up. It contains verse and prose in a proportion which is very effective. It is a large magazine, full of wholesome reading matter. "The Call of the Hills" makes us feel that its author has been there.

* * *

Randolph-Macon Monthly:—In THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT he has found a publication which is among the best. Its essays are particularly good, though they suggest the classroom and assigned literary work very strongly. Among the short stories "Mose" is perhaps the best. The dialect is natural and the interest is gradually aroused until it stands at fever heat at the conclusion. In "Boreen Mookergee and His Clock" we are certainly curious to know what sort of a machine a prayer-mill is, and at the conclusion we are startlingly informed of its nature. We were glad that the Cub's "scoop" was not what it usually is in such stories of the newspaper reporter "who never got a chance." It is not bad. Of the poetry "The Southland" and "Under the Old Gum Tree" are both suggestive of thought and picture. We are doubtful, however, as to whether the "Letters From the Trenches" add to, or detract from, the character of the magazine, as they take up a good deal of space, and to us seem hardly the material for a college publication despite the historic interest. "Storiettes" is not a bad heading under which to include these productions which can not be handled elsewhere. On the whole, the magazine is very good.

Guilford Collegian:—THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, always a strong college magazine, is about up to its usual standard. "Letters From the Trenches" are interesting to any one who has any interest in the lives of our fathers during those perilous days of 1861-65. They give a clear insight into the camp life of a private during the Civil War. "The Christ Idea in Browning" is, no doubt, the strongest thing of its nature that has come to our table. It is enlightening as well as interesting. The story, "Mose," is a real Southern story and a good one of its kind. We never tire of hearing the stories of those good old negroes that are no more.

* * *

Central Collegian:—THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is by far the neatest, best and most perfect paper we receive. We like their style and are pleased to exchange in that quarter. We notice them, too, as being somewhat on the football map, as well as the literary one.

* * *

Baylor Literary:—We find all the contents of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT interesting. "Tadpoles, a Sow and Two Shoats" is a clever little story. "Bloody Breathit" and "The Handwriting on the Wall" are well handled and have pleasant endings. The verse is good; perhaps more thought is expressed in "The Call of the Hills" than in either of the other two pieces.

* * *

King College Magazine:—The next magazine on our table is THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, not one of our usual exchanges, but one whom we welcome to our number. Congratulations to our North Carolina brothers on their excellent publication. On looking over the contents we find a very pleasing list of titles. "The Letters From the Trenches" are very interesting memoirs of that great struggle and por-

tray a fine picture of the soldier's life. However, to one not especially interested in that kind of literature, twenty of them would prove tedious, it seems. We wish to commend all of the story writers. You have a great variety and all are good. "Booren Mookergee and His Clock" is a strange, peculiar story, and shows a great deal of inventive power. "The Christ Idea in Browning" gives us a deep insight into the thoughts and nature of this great poet. "Mose," an interesting story of the slavery time, in the negro dialect, was read with much pleasure. Among the fiction, we miss a good story of college life, which I am sure such capable young authors could write if they would turn their talents in that direction. The exchange editor says that he has exchanges with all the principal colleges of the South. It seems that he might have offered suggestions and criticisms on more of them than he did, unless all of them are perfect, which is hardly probable. We thoroughly enjoyed all the poetry in this issue. "The Late German Examination" shows a very adept knowledge of parody.

* * *

State Normal:—As a usual thing a college magazine is hardly justified in going outside the student body for material. THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, however, rightly calls itself fortunate in having the privilege of devoting thirty-four of its pages to "Letters From the Trenches." These papers are interesting not merely from an historical standpoint; they make extremely good reading from the standpoint of human interest. "Mose" is a tale, old in theme but ever fresh in appeal to the Southern heart. The "Old Skull Hunter" has touches that suggest Poe. It is the type of study that is rarely successful in amateur work. Hans Heinrick has eliminated much of the rawness and incongruity of amateurism in handling his subject.

Newbury Stylus:—THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is one of the largest and most complete magazines we have on our table. We are glad to see that the literary department is abounding with good stories, essays and poems.

* * *

Red and White:—THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is a well-balanced magazine, presenting poems, fiction and scientific articles in due proportion. "The Call of Public Health," "Gœthe: The Man of Science," and "Himself as Another Saw Him" are deserving of special mention.

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Baylor Literary:—One of our best exchanges this month is THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. It contains several good stories, alternating with thoughtful verse. Besides these, there are five splendid essays—not on trivial subjects.

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University of North Carolina Magazine:—"The Mystery of Mona Lisa" in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is a clever story, and the typical length of a story for a college magazine.

* * *

The Criterion:—The opening poem of WAKE FOREST STUDENT is one that would appeal to every Southerner, "The Southland." The meter and rhythm of this poem are above that of the average verse in the magazines. "The Christ Idea in Browning" and "The Evolution of Madness in Lear" show thought and study. "Mose" is a very good story of its kind. The faithfulness of the slave to his master is thoroughly tested. The "Letters From the Trenches" are interesting, but most too much space is devoted to them.

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The Trinitonian:—THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT merits a high rank among the Southern magazines on our table. We come to this conclusion for several reasons: First, THE

STUDENT deals with various subjects—extending from letters written from the "trenches" by an alumnus of the institution during the Civil War to a criticism on the "Christ Idea in Browning," and a treatise on "The Evolution of Madness in Lear." The space between is occupied by poems and stories. We do not feel that our statement is without just foundation when we say this publication comes nearer realizing the true form and the great breadth of treatment that thinking men expect of college students. It would be minimizing our ecstacy when we say we enjoy a broadly planned and broadly executed magazine. This is the only kind we can conscientiously respect.

Another reason for our ranking this magazine in the foreground is the further fact that it comes most nearly representing the great section from which it comes to us, than others. How often does a lack of genuineness, coupled with a stiff, formal, and deceptive method of delivery, incite us to protest against the hypocrisies common in our schools. We often wonder if hypocrisy is the natural outcome of a college education at the present time. But, still, it can not be the object of education by honest, thinking men! We are relieved, however, upon noting the true and genuine representative spirit shown in THE STUDENT. If its planners or framers are hypocritical, they succeed in thickening an opposite illusion so nicely we are deceived. We believe it is genuine.

Lastly, we like THE STUDENT, in that its atmosphere soothingly arouses our sympathy. True to its section, the first title is of a poem, "The Southland." We would like to repeat the whole of it, but we can only join in with the poet and say:

> "Come and be one of us
> In the land of joy and song,
> Where life is worth the living,
> Merry as the days are long."

From a treatment of a subject of such import, we pass into the world of Shakespeare. Another tragedy is added to the record when Lear becomes a madman and dies. Some men think "Lear" is Shakespeare's greatest play. We do not forget Hamlet and his supposed insanity when we consider the growth of the disease on Lear. We do not forget the awful examples all around us, and the direful causes which drive men mad. But Lear was not a common man! His insanity was not the insanity of the common man! His insanity was not the insanity of the common. He was a King, and the production of *Shakespeare.* The treatment of "The Evolution of Madness in Lear" is done masterfully. We believe the facts presented here are vital in a study of this character. We like the practical and scientific method of handling the essay.

Again to the North Carolina atmosphere! We are glad to make the change and rest! We wonder if every one could, without the feeling of prejudice, credit some of our modern negroes with the final sentence in "Mose": "He wuz sholy a good niggah." It seems that in everyday life we see little to interest us in the negro, but did it ever occur how much like a child they seem in simplicity when they are trying to please? Again and again the negro problem meets us squarely in the face. Are we absolutely fair to the men who used to be our slaves but now are free? Do we deal with them as thoughtful college men should.

The storiettes are snappy and interesting. We like the variety, and think such an addition to the magazine is an advantage. The editorials do not rank with the contributions in the Literary Department. They lack breadth of treatment. The remaining departments are very well edited.

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The Acorn:—THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT for January does not come up to its usual excellent standard. The story,

"Booreen Mookergee and His Clock," loses much from divided interest, while the author of "Mose" violates the theory of the short story by the rather trite introduction. He also lacks confidence, in that he translates some of his dialect. Anticlimaxes are always rather amusing, and "The Cub's Scoop" is no exception. The short sentences, however, give it a jerky effect. The essay, "Christ Idea in Browning," does not show the attention worthy of the subject. Quotation of one's author is an excellent thing but should not compose the entire essay. The other essay, "Evolution of the Madness in Lear," avoids this mistake, and is stronger in other ways. It shows much thought and research. This and "Letters From the Trenches," are of most value in the magazine. The Student is very fortunate in procuring the latter.

In treating of supernatural things, the writer of the "Skull Hunter" should have created his atmosphere with more care so as to make his reader feel it more definitely. We are always sorry to see such things as "So Sudden" in college magazines. Its wit is rather ghastly, not to say bad taste. "The Flying Tackle" is vivid and realistic—a well-written incident with good descriptive touches. The Student always has poetry, and usually of an excellent quality for college magazines. The tone of the "Southland" strikes us, however, as being mechanical. The department work is well done and in good proportions.

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The Southern Collegian:—We welcome to our table the first issue of The Wake Forest Student for 1911. In appearance it is neat and attractive, and for a college magazine, it has an unusually varied and lengthy table of contents. The feature article, from the viewpoint of the Wake Forest man, is an Historical Study of the Wake Forest Church prior to the Civil War, which is well written, and

possesses interest even for outsiders. We were deeply affected by the sad history of that erring member, Brother Blank, whose propensity for denying to people's faces what he had previously said behind their backs, coupled with a weakness for vinous liquors, led to very untimely consequences. The article on "The School and Public Health" embodies some excellent ideas on a subject of vital importance to all good citizens. But the best thing in the magazine is the story of "Bloody Breathit." It is not long—more of a sketch than a short story—and the plot is simple. But the naturalness with which the events are related and the realistic touches with which it abounds, easily distinguish it from the other stories. The *motif* is likewise well brought out—that the noblest natures are hidden, sometimes, beneath the roughest exteriors, to be revealed only when kindled into life by the spark of human kindness. Unfortunately, however, the closing paragraph is rather weak. The same fault is even more accentuated in an otherwise very well done story, "The Handwriting on the Wall." Of the remaining pieces of fiction, "Monsieur," though possessing few elements of strength, otherwise is certainly vivacious "Tadpoles, a Sow, and Two Shoats" is all that its title proclaims it to be; while "The Forage" is perfectly unpardonable. Please, Mr. Editor, what are blue pencils made for? And was there ever a more potent reason for their existence than this disjointed, schoolboyish, scrap, extremely improbable fiction? The poetry, on the whole, is fair, with the exception of the lines entitled "Beth," which though good in form, are in bad taste. The editor should remember Solomon's advice about "sparing the rod," and apply it to his blue pencil. THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT seems to be fortunate in the cordial support it receives from the students, both financial and literary, and there is no reason why it should not be one of the best college magazines in the South.

State Normal Magazine:—The editors of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT are certainly to be congratulated upon getting out their Christmas issue so early. The stories in this month's STUDENT are a decided improvement over those of last month. The would-be dramatic ending of "Coals of Fire," however, falls rather flat—in fact, comes little short of the ridiculous. "The L'il Darky Babe" is one type of verse that should be encouraged by our Southern college magazines. It does credit both to THE STUDENT and to its author.

* * *

Red and White:—THE STUDENT is by far the best magazine on our desk. "The History of Wake Forest Baptist Church" is a historical document written by one of the faculty. THE STUDENT is indeed fortunate in securing the good will of the faculty. "Monsieur" admirably tells of the experiences of a wandering Frenchman in America. The writer of "The School of Public Health" discusses an important phase of our lives with tact and skill. "The Handwriting on the Wall" is not as interesting as some of the other stories. The characters seem far away. The author's descriptions are excellent, and the climax is well placed. The two stories, "Foraging" and "Tadpoles, a Sow, and Two Shoats," are of the humorous type. They are fairly well written. "Bloody Breathit" is the best story of the issue. The scene of the story is laid in the breezy West, and the writer uses a crisp, easy, free style, that adds much to the interest of the story. The writer sounded the bottoms when he dove into "Shadows of Greece in Modern Civilization." This is a well-thought-out article. The poetry of THE STUDENT is the best we have seen this season. The editorials also are well written.

Charity and Children:—THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT was always among the very foremost of our college magazines. It is fully sustaining its ancient record as a bright and readable publication, and reflects credit on the college and the vigorous young men who make it. We find the November number unusually interesting. Dr. Gorrell contributes a valuable and delightful paper on "The Wake Forest Baptist Church." As Dr. Gorrell well says, "It may possibly be asserted, without prejudice to truth, that no other Baptist church within the bounds of our State offers a story in any degree comparable with it in the personnel of its membership and its State-wide and world-wide influence." And yet this mighty church with its inspiring history worships in a public hall, having no home of its own The contributed articles to THE STUDENT are excellent and some of its poetry is poetry. The editorial matter is especially fresh, timely, and strong.

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Carson-Newman Collegian:—THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, a memorial number of their late Professor John Bethune Carlyle, who died July 10, 1911, gives us in splendid literary style an insight into all the phases of the life of this great man. To all who enjoy reading biographies of great, unselfish men, we would advise that you read the life of Professor John Bethune Carlyle as presented in the February number of the above mentioned magazine.

This number being wholly devoted to the memory of Professor Carlyle, we do not learn the work of all of the departments of the magazine. We will be glad to see the next number with all its departments represented.

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Black and Gold:—WAKE FOREST STUDENT, of Wake Forest, North Carolina, is another one of the best we have ever

received. All the departments are fine and show great care on the part of the editors.

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University of North Carolina Magazine:—The Wake Forest Student devotes the February issue, as a memorial, to Professor J. B. Carlyle, lately deceased. It is a most excellent tribute to a most worthy man. Not only did Wake Forest experience a sad misfortune in the death of Professor Carlyle, but the State as well suffered an irreparable loss when that noble, self-sacrificing worker ceased to be. Truly The Student does well to dedicate the largest and fullest issue to him who so devotedly loved and served his college.

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Central Collegian:—We have received two numbers of The Wake Forest Student since our last issue, one of them being a memorial number in honor of John Bethune Carlyle. There is a rare dignity about the articles, perhaps due to the influence of this man's life. Their March magazine is almost an ideal college publication.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

C. HERMAN TRUEBLOOD, Editor

In this our last issue of THE STUDENT for this year, we yield most of our space to the class of 1902. And in doing so, we wish to make a reiteration relative to the suggestion made by Mr. Gilbert T. Stephenson, in the January issue of THE STUDENT. We simply want to say, as we said before, that we are in hearty sympathy with his plan to have the various classes to hold reunions at each commencement. That the reunion of the class of 1902 this year be the beginning of what shall ever after be an established precedent, is our sincere wish.

Mr. Andrew J. Bethea, of the class of 1902, who is the private Secretary to the Governor of South Carolina, has the following to say in support of Mr. Stephenson's plan:

COLUMBIA, S. C., January 27, 1912.

MR. C. HERMAN TRUEBLOOD, *Editor Alumni Dept. The Wake Forest Student, Wake Forest, N. C.*

DEAR SIR:—A copy of THE STUDENT has just fallen into my hands, and I note with pleasure the suggestion made by Gilbert T. Stephenson. I heartily second his plan to have the class of 1902 to hold a reunion at Wake Forest next Commencement, and I shall be pleased to coöperate in the effort to have all of the members of the class present.

I have always observed that the one characteristic which seems to mark "Wake Forest" men is their loyalty to the institution, and I do not believe that there is any better way to keep alive this fine college spirit than a reunion of the classes from year to year. I am therefore in hearty sympathy with the suggestion of Stephenson and I shall take the matter up with him direct, and we will try to have all the boys of '02 on hand at Commencement.

I congratulate you and your corps of editors upon the high standard of THE STUDENT, and I am looking forward to the Carlisle Memorial number with eager interest.

Yours very truly, ANDREW J. BETHEA.

P. P. Green
Phi. Associate Editor

'97. The following extracts are taken from a letter written to Dr. J. H. Gorrell from Mr. Richard J. Biggs, Jr., who has taken up his duties as United States Consular Agent in Carcacas, Venezuela:

"Last January I was offered, unsolicited, the double position of private secretary to the American Minister to Venezuela and Consular Agent at Caracas, at a combined salary of $500 in excess of what I was making at the Postoffice Department at Washington. A knowledge of Spanish and shorthand was required, so I happened to 'fit in.' French also is standing me in good stead, as the United States Legation is temporarily in charge of the interests of France, which has had no Minister here for several years.

"I have been here now just a month. Since recovering from the effects of seasickness, from which I invariably suffer on the ocean, I find Caracas a pleasant place to live in. The elevation is 3,100 feet, which insures an agreeable temeprature the entire year. My work, too, is congenial and less strenuous than in Washington, where I frequently had to return to my office at night.

"The Minister offered me a room in the legation free of charge, to have me near him. My meals I take in a near-by boarding house, where the twelve persons at table represent seven nations—Venezuela, Italy, France, Belgium, Great Britain, Cuba, and the United States, the conversation being indifferently in Spanish and French. This cosmopolitanism is quite interesting.

"A few days ago I accepted an invitation to witness a Spanish bull fight. This one time will suffice for the rest of my life. It is hard to realize how so many people can take pleasure in this horrible torture of dumb animals. Any items of news you might send me about the college and the people will be read with great interest.

"With every best wish, I am,

"Very sincerely, RICHARD J. BIGGS, JR."

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One of last year's M.A. men who is making a fine record at present is Mr. Arthur B. Ray. Mr. Ray is at present Professor of Science in Blue Ridge College, Union Bridge, Md. The following are some extracts from a letter recently received from him:

"Just a word about my 'doings,' if you will allow. I am teaching—if my way of instructing can be dignified by that name—

courses in Biology, advanced College Physics, Inorganic Chemistry, and Qualitative and Volumetric Analysis. My work is hard and long but I am getting a great deal of good out of it and hope I am giving satisfaction. My laboratory is nicely equipped now and altogether I am splendidly situated. By the way, these people are nearly all of German descent and many can talk German. We have a 'German club' and my speaking knowledge of the language is on the increase. I shall probably go to Cornell next year as assistant in Chemistry."

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Rev. J. L. Jenkins will close his work as pastor at Southport June 1st.

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"Rev. J. B. Willis has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Sanford, beginning the first Sunday in May. He will give one-half his time to the Sanford church and the other to Jonesboro and Holly Springs."—*Lee County News.*

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"In the recent *Baptist World* short story contest the first prize was won by Rev. Charles L. Greaves, a North Carolina exile, now at Hawkinsville, Ga., one of the brightest writers as he is one of the best preachers and pastors in all the land."—*Biblical Recorder.*

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Rev. E. M. Harris became pastor at Marion, Va., April 1st. He is an excellent young preacher and will do good work on that very inviting field. We congratulate both pastor and people.

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Rev. L. J. Powell, of Grafton, West Va., has just closed a most excellent meeting in his church, making the fourth series he has conducted since becoming pastor. He is a Tar Heel and a W. F. C. man.

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Rev. C. V. Brooks began his work as pastor of the Enfield Church on the fifth Sunday in March. We gladly welcome him back to North Carolina.

The *Mars Hill Record* recently said some flattering words concerning the good work which Prof. J. B. Clayton is doing in that institution. Particular mention was made of the excellent and helpful chapel talks, which Professor Clayton has been making.

* * *

"Santford Martin, City Editor of the *Journal,* did a fine piece of work yesterday morning, in writing a sketch of ex-Governor Charles B. Aycock. In fact, it was a remarkable piece of work, consequently the *Journal* was able to present a reasonably complete and remarkably interesting sketch of the lamented man's life and activities in behalf of the State he loved so well."—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

CLIPPINGS

The Clippings Department begs to tender Messrs. Thaxton and Horrell an apology for inadvertently omitting their accustomed dialogue from the April STUDENT.

MAY NUMBER.

Horrell (watching the game): "Does a home run count a hit?"
Pud Thaxton: "No; it counts an error against the pitcher."

WHAT!

Sing a song of gasoline,
Bottles full of rye,
Four and twenty chauffeurs
Traveling pretty high.
When the court was opened,
And all the fines were read,
I really wonder what it was
The happy owners said.

—*Satire.*

THE SHE-MALE OF THE SPECIES.

"The female of the species is more deadly than the male."—*Rudyard Kipling.*

When the Modiste of the City meets the Shopper in her pride,
He hangs gowns in all his windows with the doodads all outside,
For he knows she'll stop and grab 'em as the harpoon nabs the whale,
For the Shemale Shopperino is more grasping than the Male.

When the early Pilgrim Fathers ate their Puritanic beans
In those days of savage peril, 'mid those grim and rugged scenes,
Hemale cooks were sequestrated in the poorhouse and the jail,
For the Shemale Chef-de-cuisine cooked beans better than the Male.

When the toiler from the Coal Mine cometh forth upon a spree
He will seek a Lady Manicure as quickly as can be,
For to get a polish brilliant and a pinkier finger nail,
For the Lady Manicure is popularer than the Male.

When a Lover takes his Lassie to a supper on Broadway,
And secures a quiet table at some ultra swell cafe,
She rejoices, he is weary, and his pocketbook grows stale,
For the Shemale of the Species is far hungrier than the Male.

So it goes through all the Species—doesn't matter what you do—
You will find the little Shemale is the better of the two—
And, no matter what her foibles or her quality of mind,
You will find her in the forefront, with some Male not far behind!
—*Doddgast Stripling, in Harper's Weekly.*

NATURE STORIES.

Algy met a bear;
The bear was bulgy;
The bulge was Algy.

Percy thought the lion cute;
He went too near the stage;
And so was Persecuted.
—*St. Mary's Muse.*

WHICH?

A suffragette lady named Hopper
Donned clothes of a fashion so proper,
That her infant son, Brooks,
Looked up from his books,
And asked, "Is this my mommer or popper?"
—*Satire.*

ANATOMICAL TERMS FROM AN EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

"Mrs. Jones, of Cactus Creek, let a can opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry."

"A mischievous lad of Piketown threw a stone and struck Mr. Pike in the alley last Tuesday."

"John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak and fell, striking himself on the back porch."

"While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the church social last Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green several times on the public square."

"Isaiah Trimmer of Running Creek was playing with a cat Friday when it scratched him on the veranda."

"Mr. Long, while harnessing a broncho last Saturday, was kicked just south of the corn patch."

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and quit smacking?—*Mercerian.*

HOLLOW, ALL RIGHT.

Griggs—"What odd expressions these novelists use. For instance, in this book you loaned me the author tells of the heroine speaking 'in a hollow voice.'"

Briggs—"Well, that's all right in her case. You see she had tried her voice on the stage, and there was nothing in it."—*Exchange.*

A STEP FURTHER.

"Yes," said the male half of the cabaret team, "we do a sensational dance."

"Ah!" remarked a friend. "The grizzly bear?"

"No. We call it the cinnamon bear. It's so much spicier."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

AT MEREDITH.

"Did Mr. B—— kiss you last night?"

"Dear, do you suppose he came all the way from Wake Forest just to hear me sing?"

MODERN COMPETITION.

"With the good position you had in view, why did you break your engagement?"

"My fiancée took the position."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Dunbar—"Mr. Jenkins, what plants flourish in excessive heat?"
Jenkins—"Ice plants."

EDITORIAL.

"Here is a poem from a man in Sing-Sing."

"Print it to serve as a warning to other poets."

MADE A HIT.

"The ancients used to write in clay and then bake it."

"Yes," replied the man who was reading the latest speech. "In those days when they spoke of hurling epithets at a man, it meant something."—*Washington Star.*

"Politeness pays, raymimber this,"
Said courteous Mike O'Grady;
"An' be a gintleman—unless
It happens ye're a lady."

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

WHY IS THIS?

The idols vanish that we love;
'Tis very sad.
Today we hear but little of
The Liver Pad.

—*Pittsburg Post.*

Belton (at the A. & M. track meet)—"How much does a point count?"

Pride goes before a fall—so long before, in some instances that envious folk get weary waiting for the catastrophe.—*Puck.*

AN OBSERVATION.

We do not sing Recessionals
At churches now; without a doubt
The ministers must realize
Recessionals are going out.

—*Lippincotts.*

IN THE MANNER OF SPEAKING.

Bill (cheerfully)—"Hello, Jack! Married yet?"
Jack (sadly)—"Yes, married yet"—*Lippincotts.*

A LECTURE ROOM BALLAD.

When Plato taught the ancient Greek
'E 'ad a string of yarns to tell,
'Bout one for ev'ry page he'd speak;
The Greek 'e 'eard and laughed like 'ell.

The Greek 'e knew them yarns was dead,
And Plato knowed 'e knew, w'ats wuss;
But 'is exam is o'er 'is 'ead,
And so 'e laughed—the same as us.

So when "The Doctor" springs some tale
That's kicked about since Gawd knows when,
We do not yawn to show it's stale,
But laugh like 'ell—the same as then.

—*Trinity Archive, Jan. 1898.*

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